



THE  
WILLIAM R. PERKINS  
LIBRARY  
OF  
DUKE UNIVERSITY



Rare Books

S

















*Experience withdrawing Infancy from the  
Allurements of Pride and Folly.*

*Published by Nuttall, Fisher, Dixon & Gibson, Liverpool, Oct. 25, 1813.*

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
HENRY  
*EARL OF MORELAND.*



LIVERPOOL:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY NUTTALL, FISHER, AND CO.

~~~~~  
Stereotype-Edition.



HISTORY

HENRY

EARL OF ARUND

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, at the Press of the University of Oxford, in the Strand, near St. Dunstons Church.

1711



## TO THE READER.

*THE whimsical Title formerly prefixt to this book, gave me such a prejudice against it, that I expected to find nothing in it worth reading. So I just opened it, and threw it aside. But some time after, having read one page, I was clearly convinced it would be worth while to read the whole. I was indeed a little disgusted with the spinning out of the story, so as to fill five volumes; and wished some of the digressions had been pared off, that it might have come within a reasonable compass.*

*This is now done, by retrenching at least one-third of what was published in those five volumes, more to the satisfaction of the bookseller than of the judicious reader. I have omitted, not only all the uninteresting Dialogues between the Author and his Friend, but most of the trifling and ludicrous incidents, which would give little entertainment to men of understanding. I likewise omit the remarks upon the feudal government, which are of little use to the generality of readers; as also great part of the Mystic Divinity, as it is more philosophical than scriptural.*

*I now venture to recommend the following treatise, as the most excellent in its kind of any that I have seen, either in the English or any other language. The lowest excellence therein is the style, which is not only pure in the highest degree; not only clear and proper, every word being used in its true, genuine meaning;*

## TO THE READER.

*but frequently beautiful and elegant, and, where there is room for it, truly sublime. But what is of far greater value, is, the admirable sense which is conveyed therein; as it sets forth, in full view, most of the important truths which are revealed in the Oracles of God. And these are not only well illustrated, but also proved in an easy, natural manner: so that the thinking reader is taught, without any trouble, the most essential doctrines of religion.*

*But the greatest excellence of all in this treatise, is, that it continually strikes at the heart. It perpetually aims at inspiring and increasing every right affection; at the instilling gratitude to God, and benevolence to man. And it does this not by dry, dull, tedious precepts, but by the liveliest examples that can be conceived; by setting before your eyes one of the most beautiful pictures that ever was drawn in the world. The strokes of this are so delicately fine, the touches so easy, natural, and affecting, that I know not who can survey it with tearless eyes, unless he has a heart of stone. I recommend it therefore to all who are already, or desire to be, lovers of God and man.*

BRISTOL, March 4, 1780.

J. W.

# HISTORY

## OF

### HENRY EARL OF MORELAND.

---

**R**ICHARD, the grandfather of our hero, was ennobled by James the first. He married one of the ancient family of the Goodalls, in the county of Surry, and, at seven years distance, had two sons, Richard and Henry; but dying early, in the reign of Charles the first, he bequeathed 12,000*l.* to his youngest, and near 20,000*l.* annual income to his eldest son. He appointed his brother-in-law executor and guardian, who, educating the children agreeable to their different fortunes and prospects in life, in about seven years after the death of their father, sent Richard with a tutor to take the tour of Europe, and bound Henry apprentice to a considerable London merchant.

During the travels of the one, and the apprenticeship of the other, the troubles happened; and Cromwell assumed the regency before the fortune of the Morelands could be forfeited or endangered, by siding with the crown or commonwealth.

Richard returned to England a short time before the restoration, and soon withdrew to the mansion-house of his forefathers.

On his landing, he had inquired for his brother Henry; but hearing that he was lately married, and wholly absorbed in matters of merchandise, as he had the utmost contempt for all city and traders, he took no further notice of him.

In the country he amused himself with his bottle, hounds, hawks, race-horses, and the like; till, on the restoration of his majesty, he hastened to court, where he rolled away and shone as in his native sphere. But towards the latter end of this droll reign, being advanced in age, and still older in constitution than in years, he began to think of providing an heir to his estate; and as he had taken vast pains to impair it, he married a citizen's daughter, and with her got a portion of one hundred thousand pounds.



With his lady, he again retreated to the country, where, in less than a year, she made him the exulting father of a fine boy, whom he called Richard.

Richard speedily became the centre of all his mother's solitudes and affections. And though, within the space of the two succeeding years, she was delivered of a second boy, yet, as his infant aspect was less promising than his brother's, she sent him forth to be nursed by the robust wife of a neighbouring farmer, where, for the space of upwards of four years, he was honoured with no token from father or mother, save some casual messages, to know if the child was in health.

This boy was called Henry, after his uncle by the father's side. The Earl had lately sent to London, to make inquiry after his brother, but could learn no tidings concerning him.

Meanwhile, the education of the two children was extremely contrasted. Richard, who was always entitled my little lord, was not permitted to breathe the rudeness of the wind. On his lightest indisposition the whole house was in alarms; his passions had full scope in all their infant irregularities; his genius was put into a hot-bed, by the warmth of applauses given to every flight of his opening fancy; and the whole family conspired, from the highest to the lowest, to ruin promising talents.

Young Harry, on the other hand, had every member as well as feature exposed to all weathers; would run about naked, for near an hour, in a frosty morning; was neither physicked into delicacy, nor flattered into pride; scarce felt the convenience, and much less understood the vanity, of clothing; and was daily occupied, in playing and wrestling with pigs, and two mongrel spaniels, on the dunghill; or in kissing, scratching, or boxing, with the children of the village.

When Harry had passed his fifth year, his father, on a festival day, humbly proposed to send for him to his nurse's, in order to observe how the boy might turn out; and my lady, in a fit of good humour, assented. Nurse, accordingly, decked him out in his holiday petticoats, and walked with our hero to the great house, as they called it.

A brilliant concourse of the neighbouring gentry were met in a vast parlour.

The cloth had been lately removed, and glasses and decanters glowed on the table, when in comes young Harry escorted by his nurse.

All the eyes of the company were, instantly, drawn upon him; but he advanced, with a vacant and unobserving physiognomy, and

thought no higher of the assembly than of so many peasants at a country wake.

Dicky, my dear, says my lady, go and welcome your brother; whereat Dick went up, took Harry by the hand, and kissed him with much affection. Harry, thereupon having eyed his brother, I don't know you, said he, bluntly; but at the same time held up his little mouth to kiss him again.

Dick, says my lady, put your laced hat upon Harry, till we see how it becomes him; which he immediately did; but Harry, feeling an unusual incumbrance on his head, took off the hat, and having for some time looked contemptuously at it, he cast it from him with a sudden jerk, as he used to cast flat stones, in order to make ducks and drakes in the mill-pond. The hat took the glasses and decanters in full career; smash go the glasses, abroad pours the wine on circling laces, Dresden aprons, silvered silks, and rich brocades; female screams fill the parlour; the rout is equal to the uproar, and it was long ere most of them could be composed to their places.

In the mean while, Harry took no kind of interest in their outcries or distresses, but spying a large Spanish pointer, that just then came from under the table, he sprung at him like lightning, seized him by the collar, and vaulted on his back with inconceivable agility. The dog wholly disconcerted by so unaccustomed a burden, capered and plunged about in a violent manner; but Harry was a better horseman than to be so easily dismounted: whereupon the dog grew outrageous, and rushing into a group of little misses and masters, the children of the visitants, he overthrew them like ninepins; thence proceeding, with equal rapidity, between the legs of Mrs. Dowdy, a very fat and elderly lady, she instantly fell backward with a violent shriek, and, in her fall, unfortunately overthrew Frank the foxhunter, who overthrew Andrew the angler, who overthrew Bob the beau, who closed the catastrophe.

Our hero, mean time, was happily dismounted by the intercepting petticoats, and fairly laid, without damage, in the fallen lady's lap. From thence he arose at his leisure, and strolled about the room, with as unconcerned an aspect as if nothing had happened amiss, and as tho' he had neither act nor part in this frightful discomfiture.

When matters were once more, in some measure, set to rights, My heavens! exclaimed my lady, I shall faint, the boy is positively an idiot; he has no apprehension or conception of persons or things. Come hither, sirrah, she cried with an angry tone: but instead of complying, Harry cast on her a look of resentment, and sidled over

toward his nurse. Dicky, my dear, said my lady, go and pretend to beat his foster mother, that we may try if the child has any kind of ideas. Here, her ladyship, by ill fortune, was as much unadvised as her favourite was unhappy in the execution of her orders: for while Dick struck at the nurse with a counterfeited passion, Harry, instantly reddened, and gave his brother such a sudden push in the face, that his nose and mouth gushed out with blood. Dick set up the roar; my lady screamed out, and rising and running at Harry with all imaginable fury, she caught him up, as a falcon would truss a robin, turned over his petticoats, and chastised him with all the violence of which her delicacy was capable. Our hero, however, neither uttered cry nor tear, but, being set down, he turned round on the company an eye of indignation, then cried, Come away, mammy; and issued from the assembly.

Harry had scarce made his exit, when his mother exclaimed after him, Ay, ay, take him away nurse, take him away, the little devil, and never let me see his face more.

I shall not detain my readers with a tedious detail of the many and differing opinions that the remaining company expressed with regard to our hero; let it suffice to observe, that they generally agreed that, though the boy did not appear to be endowed by nature with a single faculty of the *rational Animal*, he might, nevertheless, be rendered capable, in time, of many places of very honourable and lucrative employment.

One alone presumed to dissent from the sense of the company. I rather hold, said he, that this infant is the promise of the greatest hero that our age is likely to produce. By refusing his respect to those superficial distinctions, which fashion has substituted as expressions of human greatness, he approves himself the philosopher; and by the quickness of his feelings for injured innocence, and his boldness in defending those to whom his heart is attached, he approves himself at once the hero and the man.

Harry had now remained six months more with his nurse, engaged in his customary exercises and occupations. He was already, by his courage, his strength, and action, become tremendous to all the little boys in the village; they had all things to fear from his sudden resentment, but nothing from his recollection of a wrong; and this also was imputed to his native stupidity. The two mongrel dogs were his inseparable play-fellows; they were all tied together in the strictest bonds of friendship, and caressed each other with the most warm and unfeigned affection.







*His Tears stopped!*

*Published by Suttell, Fisher, & Dixon, Liverpool Sep<sup>r</sup> 2 1831*

On a summer's day, as he strolled forth with these his faithful attendants, and rambled into a park whose gate he saw open, he perceived, in a little copse that bordered on a fish-pond, a stranger seated on a bench of turf. Harry drew near with his usual intrepidity, till he observed that the man had a reverend beard that spread over his breast, that he held something in his hand on which he gazed with fixed attention, and that the tears rolled down his cheeks, without ceasing, and in silence, except the half suppressed sobs that often broke from his bosom. Harry stood, awhile, immoveable, his little heart was affected; he approached the old man with a gentle reverence, and looking up in his face, and setting himself by his side, the muscles of his infant face began to relax, and he wept and sobbed as fast as his companion.

The old gentleman turned and gazed at the child, as on some sudden apparition. His tears stopped. He returned the picture, which he held, into his bosom. And lifting up his eyes, Great Power, he cried, is this the one, of all the world, who has any feelings for me? Is it this babe, whom thou hast sent, to be a partaker in my griefs, and the sharer of my afflictions? Welcome, then, my little friend, said he, tenderly turning and caressing the child; I will live the longer for thy sake, and endeavour to repay the tears thou hast shed in my behalf.

The language of true love is understood by all creatures, and was that of which Harry had, almost, the only perception. He returned his friend's caresses with unaffected ardour, and no two could be more highly gratified in the endearments of each other.

What is your name, my dear? said the old gentleman. Harry Clinton, Sir. Harry Clinton! repeated the old man, and started. And pray who is your father? The child, then looking tenderly at him, replied, I'll have you for a father, if you please, Sir. The stranger then caught him up in his arms, and passionately exclaimed, You shall, you shall, my darling, for the tenderest of fathers, never to be torn asunder till death shall part us.

Then asking him where he lived, and Harry pointing to the town before them, they both got up, and went towards it. Our hero was now again all glee, all action; he sprung from and to his friend, and played and gamboled about him, like a young spaniel in a morning, just loosed from his chain, and admitted to accompany his master to the field. As his two dogs frisked about him, he would now mount one, then bound upon t'other, and each pranced and paraded under him as delighted with the burden. The old gentle-



man beheld all with a pleasure that had long been a stranger to his breast, and shared in the joys of his young associate.

Being arrived near the farm house, nurse, who stood at the door, saw them approaching, and cried out, Gaffer, Gaffer, here comes our Harry with the dumb Gentleman. When they were come up, Good people, says the stranger, is this your child? No, no, Sir, answered the nurse, we are but his fosterers. And pray who is his father? He is second son, Sir, to the earl of Moreland. The earl of Moreland! you amaze me greatly: is this all the notice and care they take of such a treasure? Sir, replied the nurse, they never sent for him but once; they don't mind him, they take him for a fool. For a fool! cried he, and shook his head. I am sure he has the wisest of all human hearts. I wish it may be so, Sir, said the nurse; but he behaved very sadly, some time ago, at the great house. She then made a recital of all our young hero's adventures in the mansion-parlour; whereat the old gentleman for the first time, of some years, permitted his features to relax into a smile of cheerfulness.

Nurse, said he, every thing that I hear and see of this child serves the more to bind me to him. Pray, be so good as to accompany us to my house; we will try to equip him better both as to person and understanding.

As this stranger's seat made part of the village, they were soon there. He first whispered his old domestic, who then looked upon the child with surprize and pleasure. The footman was next sent to bring the tailor, and some light stuffs from the town shop. Matters being thus dispatched, with respect to our hero's first coat and breeches, nurse was kept to dinner; and after the gentleman had entertained his young guest with a variety of little childish plays, toward evening he dismissed him and his nurse, with a request that she would send him every day, and a promise that he should be returned every night, if she desired.

Harry, being thus furnished, became an inseparable friend and playfellow to his patron. At times of relaxation, the old gentleman, with the most winning address, endeavoured to open his mind and cultivate his morals, by a thousand little fables; such as of bold sparrows, and naughty kids, that were carried away by the hawk, or devoured by the wolf; and of good robins, and innocent lambs, that the very hawks and wolves themselves were fond of. At the times of such instruction, Harry beheld his patron as his father, would hang upon his knee, look up to his face, and greedily imbibe the sweetness of those lessons, whose impressions neither age, nor any occurrence,



W.M. Craig del.

T. Dixon sculp.

*Sir, because he loved me.*

*Published by Nisball, Fisher, Dixon & Gibson, Liverpool Aug' 11, 1815.*





could ever after erase; so prevalent are the dictates of the lips that are beloved.

There was a cock at Harry's nurse's, the lord of the dunghill; between whom and our hero a very particular intimacy had been contracted. Harry's hand was his daily caterer; and Dick, for the cock was so called, would hop into the child's lap, and pick his clothes, and rub his feathers against him, and court Harry to tickle, and stroke, and play with him.

Upon a Shrove-Tuesday, while Harry was on his road from his patron's, intending a short visit to his nurse and foster-father, a lad came to the door, and offered Gaffer a double price for Dick; the bargain was quickly made, the lad bore off his prize in triumph, and Gaffer withdrew to the manuring of a back field. Just at that crisis Harry came up, and inquired of the maid for his daddy and mammy; but was answered that neither of them was within. He then asked after his cock, but was told that his daddy had, that minute, sold him to yonder man who was almost out of sight.

Away sprung our hero like an arrow from a bow, and held the man in view till he saw him enter a great crowd, at the upper end of the street. Up he comes at last quite out of breath, and, making way through the assembly, perceived his cock at some distance, tied to a short stake, and a lad preparing to throw at him with a stick. Forward he rushed again, and stepped resolutely before his bird, to ward the blow with his own person, at the instant the stick had taken its flight, and that all the people cried out, hold! hold! One end of the stick took Harry on the left shoulder, and bruised him sorely; but not regarding that, he instantly stooped, delivered his captive favourite, whipt him under his arm, caught up the stick, flourished it, as in defiance of all opponents, made homeward through the crowd, and was followed by the acclamations of the whole assembly.

The old gentleman was standing before his court door, when his favourite arrived all in a sweat. What's the matter, my dear? says he; what made you put yourself in such a heat? What cock is that you have under your arm? In answer to these several questions, Harry ingenuously confessed the whole affair; and, when his patron with some warmth cried, Why, my love, did you venture your life for a silly cock?—Why did I? repeated the child; why, Sir, because he loved me. The stranger then stepping back, and gazing upon him with eyes of admiration; May Heaven for ever bless thee, he exclaimed, and continue to utter from thy lips the sentiments that it

inspires. Then catching him up in his arms, he bathed him with his tears.

In a few days our hero was restored to the use of his arm; and his dada, as he called him, and he returned to their old recreations.

As Harry's ideas began to open and expand, he grew ambitious of greater power and knowledge. He wished for the strength of that bull, and for the swiftness of yonder horse; and, on the close of a serene summer's evening, while he and his patron walked in the garden, he wished for wings, that he might fly up and see what the sky, and the stars, and the rising moon, were made of.

In order to reform this inordinancy of his desires, his patron addressed him in the following manner.

I will tell you a story, my Harry:—On the other side of yonder hill there runs a mighty clear river, and in that river, on a time, there lived three silver trouts, the prettiest little fishes that any one ever saw. Now God took a great liking and love to these pretty little silver trouts, and he let them want for nothing that such little fishes could have occasion for. But two of them grew sad and discontented; and the one wished for this thing, and the other wished for that thing, and neither of them could take pleasure in any thing that they had, because they were always longing for something that they had not.

Now Harry, you must know, that all this was very naughty in those two little trouts, for God had been exceedingly kind to them; he had given them every thing that was fittest for them, and he never grudged them any thing that was for their good: but, instead of thanking him for all his kindness, they blamed him for refusing them any thing that their silly fancies were set upon. In short, there was no end of their wishing and longing, and quarrelling in their hearts, for this thing and the other.

At last, God was so provoked, that he resolved to punish their naughtiness, by granting their desires.

For this purpose, he called out to the three little silver trouts, and told them they should have whatever they wished for.

Now the eldest of these trouts was a very proud little fish, and wanted to be set above all other little fishes. May it please your Greatness, says he, I must be free to tell you, that I do not, at all, like the way in which you have placed me. Here you have put me into a poor, narrow, and troublesome river, where I am straitened on the right side and on the left, and can neither get down into the ground, nor up into the air, nor go where, nor do any one thing I have a mind to. I am not so blind, but that I can see well enough

how kind and bountiful you can be to others. There are your favourite little birds, who fly this way and that way, and mount up to the very heavens, and do whatever they please, and have every thing at command, because you have given them wings. Give me such wings also as you have given to them, and then I shall have something for which I ought to thank you.

No sooner ask than have. He felt the wings he wished for growing from either side, and, in a minute, he spread them abroad, and rose out of the water. At first he felt a wonderful pleasure in finding himself able to fly. He mounted high into the air, above the clouds, and looked down with scorn on all the fishes in the world.

He now resolved to travel, and to take his diversion far and wide. He flew over rivers and meadows, and woods and mountains; till, growing faint with hunger and thirst, his wings began to fail him, and he thought it best to come down to get some refreshment.

The little fool did not consider that he was now in a strange country, and many a mile from the sweet river where he was born and bred, and had received all his nourishment. So, when he came down, he happened to light among dry sands and rocks, where there was not a bit to eat, nor a drop of water to drink; and so there he lay faint and tired, and unable to rise, gasping and fluttering, and beating himself against the stones, till at length he died in great pain and misery.

Now the second silver trout, though he was not so high-minded as the first, yet he did not want for conceit, and he was moreover narrow-hearted and very selfish, and provided he himself was snug and safe, he did not care what became of all the fishes in the world. So says he to God:

May it please your Honour, I do not wish, not I, for wings to fly out of the water, and to ramble into strange places, where I do not know what may become of me. I lived contented and happy enough till the other day, when, as I got under a cool bank from the heat of the sun, I saw a great rope coming down into the water, and it fastened itself, I do not know how, about the gills of a little fish that was basking beside me, and he was lifted out of the water struggling and working in great pain, till he was carried I know not where, quite out of my sight: so I thought in my mind, that this evil, some time or other, may happen to myself, and my heart trembled within me, and I have been very sad ever since. Now, all I desire of you is, that you would tell me the meaning of this, and of all the other dangers to which you have subjected us poor little mortal fishes; for then I shall have sense enough to take care of my own safety.



No sooner said than done. God immediately opened his understanding; and he knew the nature of nets, hooks, and lines, and of all the dangers to which such little trouts could be liable.

At first he greatly rejoiced in this his knowledge; and he said to himself, Now surely I shall be the happiest of all fishes; for, as I am forewarned of every mischief that can come near me, I love myself too well not to keep out of harm's way.

From this time forward he took care not to go into any deep holes, for fear that a pike, or some other huge fish, might swallow him up. He also kept away from the shallow places, especially in hot weather, lest the sun should dry them up, and not leave him water enough to swim in. When he saw the shadow of a cloud coming and moving upon the river, Ah! said he to himself, here are the fishermen with their nets; and immediately he got on one side, and skulked under the banks, where he kept trembling till the cloud was past. Again, when he saw a fly skimming on the water, or a worm coming down the stream, he did not dare to bite, however hungry he might be: No, no, said he to them, I am not such a fool as that comes to neither; go your ways, and tempt those who know no better, who are not aware that you may serve as baits to some treacherous hook, that lies hid for the destruction of those ignorant trouts that are not on their guard.

Thus this over-careful trout kept himself in continual frights and alarms, and could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep in peace, lest some mischief should be at hand. He daily grew poorer and poorer, and sadder and sadder, for he pined away with hunger, and sighed himself to skin and bone; till, wasted almost to nothing, he at last died, for fear of dying, the most miserable of all deaths.

Now when God came to the youngest silver trout, and asked him what he wished for? Alas! (said this darling little trout) you know, that I am but a very foolish and good-for-nothing little fish; and I do not know, not I, what is good for me, or what is bad for me; and I wonder what you could see in me to take any care about me. But if I must wish for something, it is that you would do with me whatever you think best; and that I should be pleased to live or die, even just as you would have me.

Now, as soon as this precious trout made this prayer, God took such a liking and a love to him as was never known. And God found it in his own heart, that he could not but take great care of this sweet little trout, who had trusted himself wholly to his love and good pleasure; and God went wheresoever he went, and he was always

with him and about him, and was to him as a father, and friend, and companion; and he put contentment into his mind, and joy into his heart: and so this little trout slept always in peace, and waked in gladness; and whether he was full or hungry, or whatever happened to him, he was still pleased and thankful; and he was the happiest of all fishes that ever swam.

Harry, at the close of this fable, looked down and grew thoughtful, and his patron left him to himself to ruminate on what he had heard. Now Harry had often heard talk of God, and had some general, tho' confused, notions of his power.

The next day he requested his patron to repeat the story of the three little trouts. When he had ended, Dada, says Harry, I believe I guess a little at what you mean. You would not have me wish for any thing, but leave every thing to God; and if I thought that God loved me half so well as you love me, I would leave every thing to himself, like the good little trout. He does, my Harry; he loves you a thousand times better than I love you, nay, a thousand times better than you love yourself. God is all love; it is he who made every thing, and he loves every thing that he has made. Ay, but Dada, I cannot, for the heart of me, help pitying the two poor little naughty trouts. If God loves every thing, why did he make any thing to die? You begin to think too deeply, Harry: we will speak more of these matters another time. For the present, let it suffice to know, that, as he can kill, he can also make us alive again, at his own pleasure.

Harry had now remained about twelve months with his patron, when it was intimated to the earl and his lady, that the dumb man had taken a fancy to their child, and that he was almost constantly at his house. Alarmed at this, and apprehending that this man might be some impostor or kidnapper, they once more sent orders to the nurse to bring the boy home.

Nurse ran in a hurry to the stranger's, and having informed him of the necessity she was under to take away the child, many mutual tears were shed at parting; but Harry was the sooner pacified when nurse told him, that it was but for a short visit.

When they came to the castle, there was no company in the parlour but the earl and his lady, with lord Richard, and some other masters of quality about his age and size. Harry, however, looked about with a brow of disgust; and, when my lady desired him to come and kiss her, May be you will whip me, answered he, sullenly. No, she replied, if you do not strike your brother Dicky any more. I will not beat him, says Harry, if he will not beat manmy. Come then

and kiss me, my dear, said my lady: whereon Harry advanced with a slow caution, and held up his little mouth to receive her salute. He was then kissed by his father, his brother, and the little masters, and all things promised future amity.

A number of glittering toys were then presented to Harry on all sides; he received them indeed, in good part, but laid them all aside again as things of whose use he was not yet wise enough to be apprehensive.

My lady piqued thereat, told the earl that she resolved once more to prove the wits of the youngster; and whispering to Dicky, he immediately went out and took with him his companions. Soon after Dick returns without his shoes, but with a pitiful face, and cries, Brother Harry, I want a pair of shoes sadly, will you give me yours? Yes, I will, said Harry; and instantly strips and presents them to him. Then entered another boy, and demanded his stockings in the like petitioning manner; another begged his hat, another his coat, another his waistcoat, all of which he bestowed without hesitation; but when the last boy came in and petitioned for his shirt, No, I will not, said Harry, a little moody; I want a shirt myself. My lady then exclaimed, Upon my conscience there is but the thickness of a bit of linen between this child and a downright fool. But my lord rose up, took Harry in his arms, and having tenderly embraced him, God bless thee, my boy, he cried; and make thee an honour to Old England.

Dinner soon after was ordered up, and Harry permitted his nurse to retire to the kitchen during the interval; as he and all the masters were then on terms of amity.

My lady placed Harry next herself at table; but no peer ever paid such a price at Pontac's as our distressed hero did that day for his ordinary: for he must sit up just so, and hold his knife and fork just so, and cut his meat, and open his mouth, and swallow his victuals just so, and so, and so. And then, between every two words, there was to be so many my lords and my ladies, and I thank you sir, and I thank you madam, and master this, and master that, that poor Harry, no longer able to contain himself, cried, I wish I was with my mammy in the kitchen.

After dinner, the children were set to questions and commands; but here our hero was beaten hollow, as he was afterward at draw-glove and shuffle the slipper. They next played at hot-cockles, and Harry, being first down, had his left hand well warmed for near a quarter of an hour, till, more by good luck than any good policy, he fixed upon a delicate little gentleman, the son and heir of lord and



lady Toilet, who lay down accordingly ; when Harry, endeavouring to sum up all the favours he had received in one payment, gave master such a whirrick, that his cries instantly sounded the *ne plus ultra* to such kind of diversions. But Harry being chidden for his rudeness, and obliged to ask pardon, all was soon whole again.

Now throughout these several amusements, though this groupe of little quality behaved themselves with great good manners towards our hero, yet as my lady's judgment of his intellects became current through the country, and that all took him to be little removed from a natural, these small gentry also held him in the lowest contempt.

Two or three of them, having maliciously contrived to set him in a ridiculous light, prevailed upon his brother to join in the plot. They accordingly proposed a play, wherein Harry was enjoined to stand in the centre for so many minutes, without motion or resentment, let his companions do what they would about him.

Our hero, consequently, fixed himself to a posture and countenance altogether determined. The attack instantly began ; some grinned, some pointed, some jeered and flouted at him, some twitched him by the hair, some pinched him by the breech, one tweaked him by the nose, another spirted water full in his face ; but Harry bore all with the firmness of a stoick philosopher, till my lady, quite impatient, cried out, Did you ever see the like ? such a stock of a child, such a statue ! Why, he has no kind of feeling, either of body or mind.

While she was pronouncing these words, young Skinker, eldest son to a wealthy 'squire, a chubbed unlucky boy about the age of lord Richard, put one hand within the other, and desired Harry to strike thereon, which he did accordingly ; but feeling unusual smart, and fired at the treachery that he, justly, conceived was in the case, Harry gave him such a sudden fist in the temple as drove him staggering backward several steps. Skinker, wholly enraged, and conscious of superior strength, immediately returned, and with all his might gave Harry a stroke on the head, which compliment he returned by a punch in the eye as rapid as lightning. All the boys stood aloof and amazed at the combat. My lady vehemently cried out to part them ; but my lord rose, and peremptorily commanded fair play. Meanwhile young Skinker, wholly desperate to be foiled by one so much his inferior in strength and understanding, flew on Harry like a fury, and fastened the nails of both his hands in his face, from which gripe our hero as quickly disengaged himself, by darting his head into the nose and mouth of his adversary, who was instantly covered with blood, though his passion would not permit him to

attend to the pain; for, exerting his last effort, he closed in on our little champion, and determined at once to finish the combat, by lifting and dashing him against the ground; but Harry, finding himself going, nimbly put one foot behind, and hit Skinker in the ham, and, at the same time pushing forward, with all his force, down fell the unfortunate Skinker precipitated by the double weight of himself and his antagonist, and his head rebounded against the floor, while up sprung Harry, and, with a rising dunt in the stomach, put a period to the fray.

All dismayed, and wholly discomfited, Skinker slowly arose, and began to puke, and cry most piteously. His companions then gathered about him, and compassionating his plight, turned an eye of indignation upon the victor; all promiscuously exclaimed, O fie, master Harry, I am quite ashamed; master Harry, you gave the first blow; it was you that gave the first blow, master Harry: to all which reproaches Harry surlily replied, If I gave the first blow, he gave the first hurt.

Come, come, said my lord, there must be something more in this affair than we are yet acquainted with. Come hither, master Skinker, tell me the truth, my dear; what was it you did to Harry that provoked him to strike you? Indeed, sir, said Skinker, I did not intend to hurt him so much. When I gave him one hand to strike, I held a pin within side in the other, but the pin run up further than I thought for. Go, go, said my lord, you deserve what you have got. You are an ill-hearted boy, and shall not come here to play any more.

My lady then called Harry, desired to look at his hand, and found the palm covered with blood. This she washed away, and, having found the wound, she put a small bit of black sticking silk to the orifice, and Harry instantly held himself as sound a man as ever.

It was then that, instead of crowing over his adversary, he began to relax into dejection, and sideling over toward Skinker, and looking wishfully in his face, If, said Harry, with a trembling lip, if you will kiss and be friends with me, I will never beat you any more. To this overture Skinker was, with a sullen reluctance, persuaded by his companions; and from that moment, the victor began to gain ground in the heart and good graces both of father and mother.

Night now approached, the candles were lighted up, and the children took a short and slight repast. Master Dicky then, privately whispering to his mamma, desired her not to be frightened at what she might see, and immediately withdrew. In a short time he returned, and gathering all his little companions into a group, in the

centre of the parlour, held them a while in chat ; when, O tremendous ! a door flew open, and in glided a most terrifying and horrible apparition ! the body and limbs, from the neck downwards, were all wrapt in a winding sheet ; and the head, though fear could not attend to its form, appeared wholly illuminated with flames, that glared through the eyes, mouth, and nostrils.

At sight hereof, master Dicky, appearing the first to be frightened, screamed out, and ran behind his mamma's chair, as it were for protection ; the panic grew instantly contagious, and all this host of little gentry, who were, hereafter, to form our senates and to lead our armies, ran, shrieking and shivering, to hide themselves in holes, and to tremble in corners.

Our hero alone stood undaunted, though concerned ; and, like an astronomer who, with equal dread and attention, contemplates some sudden phenomenon in the heavens, which he apprehends to be sent as a forerunner to the fall of mighty states, or dispeopling of nations, so Harry, with bent and apprehensive brows, beheld and considered the approaching spectre.

He had never heard nor formed any idea of ghosts or hobgoblins ; he therefore stood to deliberate what he had to fear from it. It still advanced upon him, nor had he yet budged ; when his brother cried out, from behind my lady's chair, Beat it, Harry, beat it. On the instant, Harry flew back to the corner next the hall, and catching up his staff, the trophy of Shrove Tuesday, he returned upon the spectre, and aiming a noble blow at the illuminated sconce, he, at once, smashed the outward lanthorn ! drove the candle, flame and all, into the mouth of him who held it ; and opened his upper lip from the nose to the teeth. Out spouted the blood as from a spiggot. The ghost clapped all the hands he had to his mouth, and slunk away to shew to his friends in the kitchen, how he had been baffled and mauled by an infant of seven summers.

Heaven preserve us, cried my lady ; we shall have nothing but broils and bloodshed in the house while this child is among us. Indeed, my dear, replied the earl, if there was any thing more than mere accident in this business, it was the fault of your favourite Dicky, who desired the boy to strike.

By this time the little gentry came all from their lurking holes, though yet pale and unassured. And, whatever contempt they might have for the intellects of Harry, they had now a very sincere veneration for his prowess.



Bed time now approaching, and all being again settled, Harry, says my lord, you have been a very good boy to-day, and have joined with your companions in all their little plays; now, if you have any plays to shew them, I am sure they will have the good manners to do as you desire. What say you, Harry, have you any play to shew them? Yes, Sir, said Harry, I have many of them; there's first, leap frog, and thrush a thrush. To it, then, Harry, says my lord; and pray, all you little gentlemen, do you observe his directions.

No sooner said than done. Harry took his companions, one by one, and, causing them to stoop, with their heads toward the ground in a long line, and at certain distances each before the other, he returned to the tail, and taking the advantage of a short run to quicken his motion, he laid his hands on the rump of the hindmost, and vaulting lightly over him, he, with amazing rapidity, flew along the whole line, clearing a man at every motion, till he alighted before the foremost, and down he popt in the posture of those behind.

My lady, in utter astonishment, lifting up her hands and eyes, exclaimed, Oh the fine creature! Oh the graceful creature! if there was but a mind to match that body, there would not be such another boy in the universe.

Lord Richard, being now the hindmost, was the next who adventured, and, with action enough, cleared his two first men; but then having lost the advantage of his run, and his foreman being of more than ordinary size, he first stuck upon his rump, and pitching thence, broke his forehead against the floor. He got up however with a pleasant countenance, and running along side the line, set himself in his former posture before his brother. The hindmost then, and then the next, and the next, and so onward took their turns, in succession, without any better success. The one bruised his shoulder, another sprained his finger, another bumpt his head, another broke his nose. So that, in less than five minutes, my lady had got an hospital of her own, though not altogether consisting of incurables.

Now, spirits and vinegar, brown paper, black plaister, were called for in a hurry, and, the several stupes and dressings being skilfully applied, the children were ordered to their respective beds, and nurse was prevailed upon to continue with Harry, till he should be reconciled to his new friends and associates.

Now Harry was become a favourite, especially among the servants, who, in a manner, adored him, since the adventure of the box and the hobgoblin.

Ruffled linen, laced hat, silk stockings, &c. had now been ordered

for Harry, with a new suit of clothes, trimmed like those of your beau insects, vulgarly called butterflies. They were tried on, in the presence of his parents, and highly approved by all except Harry himself, who seemed, by his fidgetting, to be somewhat disgusted at this new kind of incumbrance. Harry, says my lord, puts me in mind of the son of Jesse in the armour of Saul; he has not yet proved them. Well, Harry, how do you like yourself? I do not know, not I, says Harry. But, papa, can you tell me what these things are for? In truth, Harry, you pose me. Will not people love me better, Sir? Not a whit indeed, Harry, replied my lord. L—d help that little fool's head of thine, interposed my lady; if people will not love thee, they will respect thee the more. Fool's head! repeated my lord; upon my soul, the child has more sense than half of our nobility.

Harry had been, now, near a month, with his parents, and, as his nurse had not yet parted, he was tolerably well content. However, he pined in the absence of his dada, as he called him, and daily importuned my lord and lady to be permitted to go and see him. For, as Harry's heart told him his bearded dada loved him better than all the world, so Harry loved him better than three worlds; for he was ever desirous of going three times as far, in affection and good offices, as any one went for him.

At length he obtained consent, and was conducted by his nurse, in all his finery, on a visit to his dear dada.

This meeting was accompanied by tears of joy on both sides; when the old gentleman, struck with concern at his garb, cried out, And who, my dear, put this fool's coat on my child? Fool's coat, Sir, says Harry. Yes, my love, it is worse than all that; they were very naughty doctors who have endeavoured to poison my boy. There is not a bit, of all this lace and ruffling, that is not full of rank poison. I will tell you a story, my Harry.

There was, once upon a time, a very good and a very clever boy called Hercules. As he grew up, besides his prayers and his book, he was taught to run, and leap; to ride, wrestle, and cudgel; and though he was able to beat all the boys in the parish, he never used to hurt or quarrel with any of them. He did not matter cold, nor hunger, nor what he eat, nor what he drank; nor how, nor where he lay; and he went always dressed in the skin of a wild beast, that could bear all winds and weathers, and that he could put on or off at pleasure; for he knew that his dress was not part of himself, and could neither add to him, nor take away any thing from him.

When this brave boy came to man's estate, he went about the

world, doing good in all places ; helping the weak, and feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and comforting those that cried, and beating all those that did hurt or wrong to others ; and all good people loved him with their whole hearts, and all naughty people feared him terribly.

But, O sad and dismal ! a lady whom he had saved from great hurt and shame, made him a present of a coat, which was called a skirt in those days, as they wore it next their skin. And now my Harry take notice. The lady had covered his coat, all over, with laces, and with ruffings, and with beads of glass, and such other fooleries ; so that poor Hercules looked just as fine as you do now. And he turned him to this side, and he turned him to that side, and he began to think more and better of himself, because he had got this fool's coat upon him. And the poison of it entered into his body and into his mind ; and brought weakness and distempers upon the one and the other. And he grew so fond of it, that he could not bear to have it put off. For he thought that, to part with it, would be to part with his flesh from his bones. Neither would he venture out in the rain any more ; nor box nor wrestle with any body, for fear of spoiling his fine coat. So that in time he lost the love and the praises of every body ; and all people scorned him, and pointed at him for a fool and a coxcomb, as he went by.

For some time, after the old gentleman had finished his story, the child continued to gaze up at him, with fixed eyes and open mouth, as fearful of losing any syllable that he might utter. Till, recollecting himself, he cried out, O, this is a very sad case, indeed ; I wish my coat was burnt, so I do : but do not fear for me, dada. Why, how then, Harry ? replied his patron. Why, I may find a trick, for all this, dada ; I warrant you will never see me in this ugly coat again.

After this, and some other instructions and mutual endearments, nurse pressed to be gone ; and these two fond friends were compelled to separate, with a promise, on Harry's part, of a speedy return.

For some time after his arrival at the mansion-house, Harry appeared thoughtful, and greatly dejected, which they ascribed to his parting with his old friend ; but Harry had schemes in his head that they were little able to fathom or guess at. Having peeped about, for some time, he found a knife in a window, which he instantly seized upon, and then stole up, with all possible privacy, to his apartment.

There he stript himself, in a hurry, and, falling as quickly to work, began to cut and rip, and rend away the lacings of his suit, without sparing cloth or seam. While he was thus in the heat and very middle



of his business, he heard himself called on the stairs, and hurrying on his clothes, to obey the summons, he ran down to the parlour with half the trimmings hanging in geometry, fritters, and tatters about him.

The droll and very extraordinary figure that he cut, struck all the company into utter amazement. Having gazed on him, for some time, in a kind of silent stupor, Why, Harry, cries my lady, what is all this for? who abused you, my child? who put you in this pickle? Come hither, and tell me who spoiled your clothes? I did, madam. You did, sirrah, cried my lady, giving him a shake; and how dare you spoil them? Why, because they wanted to spoil me, said Harry. And who told you they would spoil you, sirrah? I will not tell, said Harry. I will lay a wager, cried my lady, it was that old rogue with the beard; but I will have him whipt for a fool and a knave out of the parish. Pray, my dear, be patient a little, said his lordship. Come here, Harry, and tell me the truth, stoutly; and no harm shall happen to you, or your dada with the beard. Come, speak, what fault did he find with your clothes? Why, sir, he said as how they would poison me. Poison you, my dear; pray how was that? Why, sir, he told me as how there was a little master, called Hercules, and as how he was a mighty good boy; and was cold and hungry, and almost naked, and did not matter, so as how he could do good to every body; and as how every body loved him with all their heart. And then he told me, as how he got a mighty fine coat, and looked here and looked there, and minded nothing but his coat; and as how his coat poisoned him, and would not let him do any more good.

Here my lord and lady took such a fit of laughing, that it was some time before they could recover; while Harry looked abashed and disconcerted. But my lord, recollecting himself, took the child on his knee, and warmly pressing him to his bosom, I must tell you, my Harry, said he, as how you are a mighty good boy, and as how your dada with the beard is a mighty good dada, and has told you all that is right and true. And that I will go, myself, one of these days, and thank him in person. Thank you, sir, says Harry.

Well, Harry, said my lord, I promise that no one shall poison you any more with my consent. Whereupon another new suit was immediately appointed, of a kind that should fear no weather, nor, in case of dirt or damage, draw upon Harry the resentment or admonitions of his mama.

Just as dinner was served up, one Mr. Meekly entered, and took his seat.

During the entertainment, Harry kept his eyes fixed on Mr. Meekly;

and, as soon as the cloth was off, he rose, went over to him, looked fondly in his face, and took hold of his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

Mr. Meekly, said my lord, my son Harry pays you a very particular compliment; he puts me in mind of that sort of instinct, by which a strange dog is always sure to discover, and to apply to the most benevolent person at table. Indeed, my lord, said Mr. Meekly, (caressing the child,) I know not, whether by instinct, or by what other name to call my own feelings, but certain it is, that the first moment I saw him, in his little pleasant petticoats, I found my heart strongly affected toward him.

In a short time my lady retired, with the children, and left the earl and Mr. Meekly. Mr. Meekly, (said my lord, taking him cordially by the hand,) I rejoice at the advantage of our late acquaintance, or rather I repine that it was not earlier. I am greatly interested, sir, in asking you a few questions, if I thought I might do it without offence. Are you any way straitened in your circumstances?—No, my lord.—But would you not wish them more affluent? would you not wish that your power of doing good were more extensive, more answerable to the benevolence of your own inclinations?—I cannot say that I would, my lord. I have upward of seven hundred a year income, and that is ten times more than I have occasion to spend.—It would be indelicate, replied the earl, very indelicate, to own that I am sorry for your prosperity; and yet I feel that I should have been happy in your distress, in the power it would have given me to serve, to oblige you. I want a friend, I want just such a friend as you, Mr. Meekly, and I know of no price at which I would not gladly purchase him.—My lord, I am yours, freely, affectionately yours, without fee or condition.—Sir, rejoined my lord, as I find that I cannot make out a title to your particular attachment, I am content to be taken into the general circle of your benevolence.

The world, Mr. Meekly, think me the happiest of men; blessed in my family, in my friends, with health, honours, affluence; with the power of gratifying every wish that human fancy can form: but, alas! my sensations are very far from confirming their judgment; and I will deserve your advice, your consolation, if you can afford it, by unbosoming myself to you without reserve.

When I reflect on my past life, I look on many parts of it with repentance, and on the whole with regret. Not that I wish the return of pleasures that I now despise, or of years spent in a manner that virtue and common sense must equally disapprove; but I am

arrived at my evening of life, like a sportsman, who, having been in pursuit of game all the day, returns homeward sorrowful, fatigued, and disappointed. With every advantage that could gratify either my vanity or my appetites, I cannot affirm that I ever tasted of true enjoyment; and I now well perceive, that I was kept from being miserable merely by amusement and dissipation.

As I had the misfortune to be born to title and a vast estate, all people respected, in me, the possession of those objects which they themselves were in pursuit of. I was consequently beset with sycophants and deceivers of all sorts, and thereby trained from my infancy to unavoidable prejudices, errors, and false estimates of every thing.

Both my parents died, before I arrived at those years wherein our laws allow of any title to discretion. I had but one brother—O that dear brother, how many sighs he has cost me! I was older than him by about seven years, and this disparity of our age, together with the elevated notion of my birth-right, gave me the authoritative airs of a father, without a father's tenderness toward him. This mutually prevented that sympathy, by which brothers should be cemented during their minority. And, when our guardian, as I then judged, had so far betrayed his trust, as to bind my brother apprentice to a trader, and thereby to deprive him of all title to gentility; I looked upon him as a branch cut off from the family-tree, and as my thoughts about him were accompanied by coldness or disgust, I forbore to make any inquiry concerning him.

I am apt to think, however, that he was not equally unnatural on his part; but, hearing of the dissolute life I led, he might justly deem me unworthy of his acquaintance.

During the time of my intimacy with his late majesty, and the ministers of his pleasures and policy, a servant brought me word that a gentleman, attended by a number of the principal citizens, waited for me in my anti-chamber; whereupon I gave orders for their immediate introduction.

On their entrance, I was awfully struck with the presence of their principal, with the elegance of his figure, the nobleness of his aspect, and ease of his address, and I felt myself drawn to him by a sudden kind of instinctive attachment.

My lord, says he, we come to wait upon you in the name of the very respectable body of the citizens of London; some infringements have been lately made on their city charter, and their first application is to your lordship, as they wish, above all others, to be obliged to you for their redress.



They have been very discreet, said I, in their choice of an advocate. Their demands must be exorbitant, if they fail of success while you are their solicitor.

This paper, proceeded he, contains a clear detail of their rights, and the encroachments that have been made thereon. They are sensible of your lordship's interest with his majesty and the ministry, and they humbly petition for your favour and happy influence in their behalf.

Without papers, I replied, or any inducement save that of your own request, let me but know what I am to do, and I shall think myself truly honoured and obliged by your commands.

My lord, he rejoined, I do not wish to betray you into any mistaken or unmerited complaisance. I am but a trader, a citizen of the lower order.

I now felt myself blush with shame and disappointment. I resented my being deceived by the dignity of his appearance; and I was more particularly piqued by the smile with which he closed his declaration. All confused, I looked down, and pretended to cast my eye over the paper, in order to gain time for recollection. Having at intervals muttered a few words, such as charters, grants, privileges, immunities, and so forth,—I am not, said I, an enemy to the lower ranks of men; poor people must live, and their service, as well as subordination, is necessary to society; but I confess I was always fond of those sumptuary laws that confined the degrees of men to their respective departments, and prevented mechanics from confounding themselves with gentlemen.

My lord, says he, with the most easy and provoking unconcern, when you shall be pleased to look down from the superiority of your station, and to consider things and persons according to their merits, you will not despise some, merely for being of use to others. The wealth, prosperity, and importance of all this world, is founded and erected on three living pillars, the Tiller of the ground, the Manufacturer, and the Merchant. Of these, the Tiller is supposed to be the least respectable, as he requires the least of genius, invention, or address; and yet the plowman Triptolemus was worshipped as a god; and the plowman Cincinnatus is still held in as high esteem as any peer of any realm save that of Great Britain.

I have known, said I, a mob of such gods and dictators somewhat dangerous at times. I must be free to tell you, mister, that matters are much changed since princesses kept sheep, and the sons of kings were cowherds. The ranks and orders of men are now appointed

and known, and one department must not presume to break in upon the other. My baker, barber, brewer, butcher, hatter, hosier, and tailor, are unquestionably of use, though I have not the honour of being acquainted with one of them; and, hitherto, I have deemed it sufficient to send my servants to entertain and pay them their bills, without admitting them to a *tete-a-tete*, as at present.

He now rejoined with a little warmth, My lord, we pardon your indelicacy, in consideration of your error. 'The venerable body, now present, might be admitted to a *tete-a-tete* with the first estate of this kingdom, without any condescension on the part of majesty. And, would you allow yourself to be duly informed, I should soon make you sensible that we have actually done you the honour which we intended by this visit.

Permit me to repeat, that the wealth, prosperity, and importance of every thing upon earth, arises from the Tiller, the Manufacturer, and the Merchant; and that, as nothing is truly estimable save in proportion to its utility, these are, consequently, very far from being contemptible characters. The Tiller supplies the Manufacturer, the Manufacturer supplies the Merchant, and the Merchant supplies the world with all its wealth. It is thus that industry is promoted, arts invented and improved, commerce extended, superfluities mutually vended, wants mutually supplied, that each man becomes an useful member of society, that societies become further of advantage to each other, and that states are enabled to pay and dignify their upper servants with titles, rich revenues, principalities, and crowns.

The Merchant, above all, is extensive, considerable, and respectable by his occupation. It is he who furnishes every comfort, convenience, and elegance of life; who makes man to be literally the lord of the creation, and gives him an interest in whatever is done upon earth; who furnishes to each the product of all lands, and the labours of all nations; and thus knits into one family, and weaves into one web, the affinity and brotherhood of all mankind.

I have no quarrel, I cried, to the high and mighty my lords the merchants, if each could be humbly content with the profits of his profession, without forming themselves into companies, exclusive of their brethren, our itinerant merchants and pedlars. I confess myself an enemy to the monopolies of your chartered companies and city corporations; and I can perceive no evil consequences to the public or the state, if all such associations were this instant dissolved.

Permit me, he mildly replied, once for all, to set your lordship

right in this matter. I am sensible that the gentlemen of large landed property are apt to look upon themselves as the pillars of the state, and to consider their interests, and the interests of the nation, as very little beholden or dependent on trade; though the fact is, that those very gentlemen would lose nine parts in ten of their yearly returns, and the nation nine-tenths of her yearly revenues, if industry and the arts (promoted as I said by commerce) did not raise the products of lands to tenfold their natural value. The manufacturer, on the other hand, depends on the landed interest for nothing save the materials of his craft; and the merchant is wholly independent of all lands, or rather he is the general patron thereof. I must observe further to your lordship, that this beneficent profession is by no means confined to individuals, as you would have it. Large societies of men, nay mighty nations, may and have been merchants. When societies incorporate for such a worthy purpose, they are formed as a fœtus within the womb of the mother, a constitution within the general state or constitution; their particular laws and regulations ought always to be conformable to those of the national system; and, in that case, such corporations greatly conduce to the peace and good order of cities and large towns, and to the general power and prosperity of the nation.

The Seven United Provinces do not contain lands sufficient for the subsistence of one-third of their inhabitants; but they are a nation of merchants; the world furnishes them with an abundance of all good things; by commerce they have arrived at empire; they have assumed to themselves the principality of the ocean; and, by being lords of the ocean, are in a measure become the proprietors of all lands.

Avarice, my lord, may pile; robbery may plunder; new mines may be opened; hidden treasures may be discovered; gamesters may win cash; conquerors may win kingdoms; but all such means of acquiring riches are transient and determinable. While industry and commerce are the natural, the living, the never-failing fountains, from whence the wealth of this world can alone be taught to flow.

And can you, cried I, have the effrontery to insinuate a preference of yourself, and your fellow cits, to your British nobles and princes, who derive their powers and dignities from the stedfast extent of their landed possessions? Was it by barter and bargain that our Edwards and Henries achieved their conquests on the continent? Or was it by pedlars or mechanics, think you, that the fields of Cressi, of Poitiers, and Agincourt, are rendered immortal? Go, I continued,



seek elsewhere for redress of your insignificant grievances ; we give little to sturdy beggars, but nothing to saucy rivals.

Wholly kindled by this invective, he cast on me a fierce and menacing regard ; and, with a severe accent, and a side glance that shot fire : When courtiers (says he) acquire common sense, and lords shall have learned to behave themselves like gentlemen, I may do such a one the honour to acknowledge him for a brother.

Your brother ! exclaimed Mr. Meekly ; your brother, my lord !— Yes, Mr. Meekly, my brother, my amiable, my very amiable and honourable brother, indeed. But turning contemptuously from me, he instantly departed with his attending citizens.

I ought to have followed, I ought to have stayed him ; I should have fallen upon his neck : with my tears and caresses I should have wrung a pardon from him, and not have suffered him to leave me, till, by my submissions, I had obtained full forgiveness. This, indeed, was my first emotion ; but the recollection of my long and unnatural neglect, my utter disregard of his person and concerns, now aggravated by my late insults, persuaded me that a reconciliation on his part was impossible.

I remained disconcerted, and greatly disturbed. I felt with what transport I should now have acknowledged, have courted, have clasped this brother to my bosom ; but my fancy represented him as ice in my arms, as shrinking and turning from me with disgust and disdain. At times I formed a hundred schemes toward recovering his affections ; but again, rejecting these as ineffectual, I endeavoured to console myself for his loss, by considering his late demeanour as expressive of a disposition insufferably proud and overbearing. My heart indeed acknowledged how very lovely he was in his person ; but the superiority of his talents, and the refinement of his manners, gave him a distinction that was not altogether so grateful.

All day I kept my apartment, in displeasure at my brother, myself, and the world. The next morning I was informed, that, the moment he left me, he went to the minister, who engaged, at his instance, to have every grievance that he complained of redressed to their extent. That the minister had afterwards introduced him to his majesty in full levee ; that the king held him in long and familiar conversation ; and that all the court was profuse of their admiration and praises of Mr. Clinton.

This also was fresh matter of triumph to him, and mortification to me. It was now evident that my brother's application to me was intended, merely to do me peculiar honour ; and, in return, said I to

myself, I have endeavoured to cover him with confusion and disgrace. Yet when I understood that he had disdained to mention me as his brother, or of his blood, I also scorned to derive lustre from any claim of affinity with him; and I further felt that I could not forgive him the reproaches which he constrained me to give myself in his behalf.

From that time I took great pains to suppress those uneasy sensations which the remembrance of him gave me. But after I had married, and retired from the glare and bustle of the world; and more particularly on the birth of my first child, when my heart had entered into a new sphere of domestic feelings, this dear brother returned with double weight upon my mind. Yet this idea was no longer accompanied by envy or resentment, but by an affectionate and sweet, though paining, remorse.

I wrote him a letter full of penitential submissions, and of tender and atoning prayers for pardon and reconciliation. But, alas! my messenger returned with tidings, that some years past he had withdrawn from trade, had retired to France or Holland, had dropt all correspondence, and that no one in England knew whether he was dead or alive.

Ah, my brother, my dear brother! (I would often repeat to myself) has any reverse of fortune happened to you, my brother? Perhaps some domestic calamity, some heavy distress, and no brother at hand to console or share your afflictions! Return to me, divide my heart, divide my fortune with me and mine! Alas, wretch that I am, you know not that you have a brother, one deserving of that name! You know not that this bosom of flint is now humanized, and melted down in the fervour of affection towards you. You hate me, you despise me, my amiable brother! How, how shall I make you sensible that my heart is full of your image, of esteem, of tenderest love for my lovely Harry Clinton?

I again sent other messengers in search of intelligence. I procured letters to the bankers and merchants of principal note abroad; but all my sollicitudes and inquiries were equally fruitless.

The grief that this occasioned, first taught me to reflect, and cast a shade over the lustre of every object about me. The world no more appeared as that world, which, formerly, had held out happiness to either hand. I no longer beheld it through the perspectives of curiosity and youthful desire; I had worn out all its gaities; I had exhausted all its delights; for me it had nothing more to promise or bestow; and yet I saw no better prospect, no other resource.

Should I turn to religion, a little observation taught me, that the

devotees themselves were warm in pursuit of objects of which I was tired ; that they were still subject to the passions and desires of the world ! and were no way to be distinguished from other men, save by an unsociable reserve, or gloomy cast of countenance.

May I venture to confess to you, Mr. Meekly, that, at times of my despondence, I dared to call the justice and wisdom of Omnipotence into question. Take this world, (said I to myself,) consider it as it seems to stand, independent of any other, and no one living can assign a single end or purpose for which it could be made. Men are even as their fellow insects ; they rise to life, and flutter abroad during the summer of their little season ; then droop, die away, and are succeeded and succeed in an insignificant rotation. Even the firmest human establishment, the best laboured systems of policy, can scarce boast a nobler fate, or a longer duration ; the mightiest states and nations perish like individuals ; in one leaf we read their history, we admire their achievements, we are interested in their successes ; but, proceed to the next, and no more than a name is left. The Ninevehs and Babylons of Asia are fallen, the Sparta and Athens of Greece are no more ; and the monuments that promised to endure to eternity, are erased like the mount of sand, which, yesterday, the children cast up on the shore.

When I behold this stupendous expanse, so sumptuously furnished with a profusion of planets and luminaries, revolving in appointed courses, and diversifying the seasons, I see a work that is altogether worthy of a God. Again, when I descend to earth, and look abroad upon the infinite productions of nature, upon provisions so amply answering to the wants of every living being, and on objects and organs so finely fitted to each other, I trace a complicated maze of wisdom, bounty, and benevolence. But, when I see all these beauties and benefits counteracted by some adverse and destructive principle ; when the heavens gather their clouds and roll their thunders above, and the earth begins to quake and open beneath us ; when the air, that seemed so late to be the balm of life, grows pregnant with a variety of plagues and poisons ; when life itself is found to be no other than the storehouse of death, and that all vegetable and animal systems include within their frame, the principles of inevitable distemper and dissolution ; when, additional to all these natural mischiefs, I consider the extent and empire of moral evil upon earth ; when I behold the wretched, perishable, short-lived animal, called man, for the value of some matter as transient as himself, studious of the destruction of his species ; when, not content with the evils that nature has entailed



upon him, man exerts all his talents for multiplying and speeding the means of perdition to man; when I see half the world employed in pushing the other half from the verge of existence, and then dropping after in an endless succession of malevolence and misery;—I cannot possibly reconcile such contrasts and contradictions to the agency, or even permission, of the one over-ruling principle of goodness called God.

Could not Omniscience foresee such consequences at creation?—Unquestionably, said Mr. Meekly;

Might he not have ordered matters so, as to have prevented the possibility of any degree of natural or moral evil in his universe?—I think he might, my lord.—Why did he not then prevent them? to what end could he permit such multiplied malevolence and misery among his creatures?—For ends; certainly, my lord, infinitely worthy both of his wisdom and his goodness.—I am desirous it should be so; but cannot conceive, cannot reach the way or means of compassing such an intention.

Can you not suppose, said Mr. Meekly, that evil may be admitted for accomplishing more abundant good? May not partial and temporary misery be finally productive of universal, durable, and unchangeable beatitude? May not the universe, even now, be in the pangs of travail, of labour for such a birth, such a blessed consummation?

It were, rejoined the earl, as our Shakespear says, it were indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished. But, might not Omnipotence have brought about a consummation equally good, without the intervention of preceding evil?—Had that been possible, my lord, it would unquestionably have been effected. But if certain relations arise between God and his creatures, and between man and man, which could not arise save on the previous supposition of evil, without which, indeed, neither the attributes of God himself, nor the insufficiency of dependence, or obligation of the creature, could have been duly discoverable throughout eternity, then temporary evil becomes indispensably necessary to the consummation of the greatest good.

Your notion, exclaimed the earl, is great, amazing, truly glorious, and every way worthy of a God, who, in such a case, would be infinitely worthy of all worship! Is this the reason, Mr. Meekly, that what we all so earnestly seek for is no where to be found, that no happiness is to be had upon earth?

I do not say so, my lord: I think that a man, even on earth, may be durably and exceedingly happy.

What, happy? durably, exceedingly happy? repeated the earl. I was told that the experience of ages, that philosophy, and even divinity, had agreed with Solomon in this, that all upon earth was vanity and vexation of spirit. If any enjoy happiness, I am persuaded, Mr. Meekly, that you yourself are the man. Your lips, indeed, say nothing of the matter, but neither your eyes nor your aspect can refrain the expression of some extraordinary peace that abides within. O, say then, my dear, my inestimable friend, by what means may a man arrive at happiness?—By getting out of himself, my lord.

Out of himself, Mr. Meekly! you astonish me greatly. A contradiction in terms, unnatural, impossible!—God, himself, my lord, cannot make a man happy in any other way, either here or hereafter.

It is, said the earl, an established maxim among all thinking men, whether divines or philosophers, that SELF-LOVE is the motive of all human actions.

Do not all men act agreeable to their own inclinations? Do they not act so and so, merely because it pleases them so to act? And is not this pleasure the same motive in all?—By no means, my lord. We must go a question deeper, to discover the secret principle or spring of action. One man is pleased to do good, another is pleased to do evil: now, whence is it that each is pleased with purposes in their nature so opposite and irreconcilable as the actions themselves? the one is prompted, and therefore pleased, with his purpose of doing evil to others, through a base prospect of interest redounding to himself; the other is prompted, and therefore pleased, with his purpose of endangering his person, or suffering in his fortune, through the benevolent prospect of the good that shall thereby redound to others.

Pleasure is, itself, an effect, and not the cause; it is an agreeable sensation that arises, in any animal, on its meeting or contemplating an object that is suited to its nature. As far as the nature of such an animal is evil, evil objects affect it with pleasure; as far as the nature of such an animal is good, the objects must be good whereby its pleasures are excited.

When Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on such a day, he prayed permission in the interim to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible conditions of his procuring some one to remain, as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and instantly offered himself to durance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles.

Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to the defect of head merely, and no way to any virtue or quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him for presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself: My lord, said Pythias, with a firm and noble aspect, I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I have redeemed a life of a thousand times more consequence than my own, more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon.

Dionysius was confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered; he felt his heart touched by a slight sense of invading truth, but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him. He hesitated, he would have spoken, but he looked down, and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner.

Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a pleased countenance, and addressed the assembly.

My prayers are heard, he cried; you know, my friends, the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come, he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O, could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion



of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he will speedily approve it, that he is now on his way, hurrying on. But I haste to prevent his speed: executioner, do your office.

As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and Stop! stop the execution! was repeated by the whole assembly.

A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced.

You are safe! he cried: You are safe, my friend, my beloved! the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.

Pale, cold, and almost speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents,—Fatal haste!—cruel impatience!—what envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But, I will not be wholly disappointed,—since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you.

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched. His eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths so incontestibly approved by facts.

He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. Live, live, ye incomparable pair! he exclaimed. Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue, and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned! and, oh, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.

You bring your arguments quite home, Mr. Meekly, said the earl; the understanding cannot reject what the heart so sensibly feels. My soul deeply acknowledges the existence of virtue, with its essential difference from vice, and this difference, I acknowledge, must as necessarily be founded in the difference of the principles from whence they proceed; but what those principles are I know not.

Be pleased now to observe, my lord, that the kingdom of heaven is most aptly compared to a tree bearing fruit and diffusing odours,

whose root is the PRINCIPLE of infinite benevolence, and whose branches are the blessed members, receiving consummate beatitude from the act of communication.

I think, indeed, said the earl, that I can form some sort of a notion of such a society in heaven. But it would pose you, Mr. Meekly, to exemplify your position from any body of men that ever were upon earth.

Pray pardon me, my lord; this beatific principle was instanced in the society of the church at Jerusalem, who had all things in common; who imparted their possessions to all men; as every man had need; and, thence, did eat their common bread with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people.

You say, my lord, you can form a notion of some such excellence in heaven; but I can form no notion of any excellence more admirable, in heaven itself, than when a man, in his present state of frail and depraved nature, overbears his personal fears of pain and mortality, and yields up his body to assured perdition for public good, or for the sake of those whom it delighteth him to preserve.

I shall pass over ancient instances, and come nearer our times, to exemplify this disregard of SELF, the vital source and principle of every virtue, in six mechanics or craftsmen of the city of Calais.

Edward the third, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, nightly erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without intermission; but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcasses of their starved cattle, they tore up old foundations in search of vermin. They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens, and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp.

They boldly sallied forth ; the English joined battle ; and, after a long and desperate engagement, count Vienne was taken prisoner ; and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon Eustace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue.

Eustace now found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver, to Edward, the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated, to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes ; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge. He answered, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their sovereign. That, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and expected with beating hearts the sentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter Mauny had declared his message, pale dismay was impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot ; for, how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed ? Whom had they to deliver, save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence ? To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded ; till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly.

“ My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either submit to the terms of our cruel conqueror ; or yield up our tender infants, our wives, and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the soldiery.

“ We well know what the tyrant intends, by his specious offers of mercy. It will not satiate his vengeance to make us miserable, he would also make us criminal, he would make us contemptible ; he will grant us life on no condition, save that of being unworthy of it.

“ Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons, whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would ye appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter ?



"Is there any here who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? who, through the length of this siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries, a thousand times worse than death, that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction? You will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible.

"Where then is our resource? Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt on the one hand, or the desolation of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left; a God-like expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself for the safety of his people! he shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power, who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind."

He spoke—but an universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue in others; which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution.

At length Saint Pierre resumed—"It had been base in me, my fellow citizens, to propose any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that estimation which might attend a first offer, on so signal an occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom, than I can be, however modesty may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits.

"Indeed, the station, to which the captivity of lord Vienne has unhappily raised me, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely, I give it cheerfully: who comes next?"

Your son! exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity.—"Ah, my child! cried Saint Pierre, I am then twice sacrificed.—But, no—I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost goal and purpose of mortality. Who next, my friends?—This is the hour of heroes."

Your kinsman, cried John de Aire! Your kinsman, cried James Wissant! Your kinsman, cried Peter Wissant!—Ah, exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, why was I not a citizen of Calais?

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied, by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took

the six prisoners into custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers.—What a scene! they crowded with their wives and children about Saint Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them. They groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

The English, by this time, were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion: each of the soldiers prepared a portion of their own victuals to entertain the half famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies. And they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence, Mauny, says the monarch, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, says Mauny; they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling. Were they delivered peaceably? says Edward; was there no resistance, no commotion among the people? Not in the least, my lord; the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply, but he suppressed his resentment. Experience, says he, hath ever shewn that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to awe subjects into submission. Go, he cried to an officer, lead these men to execution. Your rebellion, continued he, addressing himself to Saint Pierre, your rebellion against me, the

natural heir of your crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption, and affront of my power.—We have nothing to ask of your majesty, said Eustace, save what you cannot refuse us.—What is that?—Your esteem, my lord, said Eustace; and went out with his companions.

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken their king captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. My lord, said she, the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects a matter, more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France, it respects the honour of the English nation, it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king.

You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

They have behaved themselves worthily; they have behaved themselves greatly; I cannot but respect, while I envy them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor, an indispensable pardon.

I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlasting glory?

But if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs, be tarnished! Would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain? and that the objects, whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the esteem of mankind? The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honour; but a stage of shame to Edward, and indelible disgrace to his name.

No, my lord. Let us rather disappoint these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended,



but we may cut them short of their desires ; in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts ; we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.

I am convinced ; you have prevailed ; be it so, cried Edward, prevent the execution ; have them instantly before us !

They came ; when the queen, with an aspect and accent diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them.

Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expence of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance ; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire in you that valour by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You noble burghers, you excellent citizens ! though you were tenfold our enemies, we can feel nothing, on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tried. We loose your chains ; we snatch you from the scaffold ; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you shew us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station ; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings ; and that those, whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are raised above all human distinctions.

You are free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties ye have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves, by every endearing obligation ; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.

Ah, my country, exclaimed Saint Pierre, it is now that I tremble for you ! Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts.

Brave Saint Pierre, said the queen, wherefore look you so dejected ! — Ah, madam ! replied Saint Pierre, when I meet with another such opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.

Here a long pause ensued. At length the earl recollected himself. Mr. Meekly, said he, you have now proved to me your position, more convincingly, than all the powers of ratiocination could do. While you related the story of those divine citizens, I was imperceptibly stolen away, and won entirely from self. I entered into all their

interests, their passions, and affections; and was wrapt, as it were, into a new world of delightful sensibilities. Is this what you call virtue? what you call happiness?

A good deal of it, my lord. There are but two sorts of wills in the universe; the will of infinite wisdom, of infinite benevolence, going forth in beauty and beatitude on all creatures; and the will of the creature, desiring, attracting, envying, coveting, and rendering all things from all to its own interest. In the first will subsists all possible good, from the second arises all possible evil; and did not the first will in some measure inform and meliorate the second, the will of every creature would be an Ishmael, his hand would be against every one, and every one's hand against him, and there would be nothing but strife and distraction, hatred, horror, and misery, throughout the creation.

Hence it follows, that, as there is but one will from eternity, infinitely wise to discern what is best throughout the universe, infinitely good to desire the accomplishment of what is best, and infinitely powerful to put what is best in execution; every will that is not informed by this ONE WILL, must of necessity act in ignorance, in blindness, and error.

At this instant, a messenger arrived on the spur. He brought word to Mr. Meekly, that his friend Mr. Husbands was taken suddenly ill, and earnestly requested to see him directly; whereupon Mr. Meekly, who preferred any matter of charity to all other considerations, immediately got up, made a silent bow, and vanished.

To return to our hero. As soon as he was new rigged, he pressed for another visit to his patron, who received him with accustomed tenderness, but greatly wondered at his peasant dress. Nurse then recited to him the whole adventure of the frittered robeings. Whereat the old gentleman in a manner devoured him with the eagerness of his caresses.

When nurse and Harry were departed, he called to him his old domestic. James, said he, with a tear yet standing in his eye, I can no longer live without the company of this dear child; hasten therefore the orders I have already given you, and let all things be in readiness for the first opportunity. The domestic, who had caught the silent habit of his master, with a bow, assented, and retired.

Autumn was now advanced, and lord Dicky, with his brother, a number of little associates, and an attending footman, got leave to go to the copse a nutting. As the children were perfectly acquainted with the way, the servant desired to stay behind a while, in order to

provide hooks for pulling down the branches. This was granted, and forth they all issued in high chat and spirits.

The copse lay at some distance, on one side of the park behind the mansion-house; but, when they had nearly approached the place of their destination, Harry missed a garter, and promising speedily to rejoin his companions, went back to seek it.

In the mean time his associates, on entering the copse met with another little posse of the village fry, who were on their return, one of whom carried a bag of nuts that seemed bulkier than the bearer. So, gentlemen, says lord Dicky, where are you going? Why, home, where should we go? says a little boor, sullenly. And, pray, what have you been doing? says the lord. Guess, says the boor. Is it nuts that you have got in that bag? demanded the lord. Ask, to-morrow, answered the boor. Sirrah, says Dicky, a little provoked, how dare you to come and pull nuts here, without our leave? Why, as for that, master Dicky, replied the other, I know you well enough, and I would not ask your leave, and you were twenty lords, not I. Sirrah, says Dicky, I have a great mind to take your nuts from you, and to give you as good a beating into the bargain as ever you got in your life. As for that, master Dicky, coolly answered the villager, you must do both or neither. Here I lay down my nuts between us; and now come any two of your water-gruel regiment, one down the other come on, and if I do not give you your belly-fulls, why then take my nuts and welcome, to make up the want.

This gallant invitation was accepted on the spot. Lord Richard chose his companion in arms, and both appeared quite flush and confident of victory. For, though neither of them had been versed in the gymnastic exercises, they did not want courage, and they knew that the challenger was their inferior in strength and in years.

But, unhappily for these two champions of quality, Tommy Truck, their adversary, had, like Harry, been a bruiser, from two years old and upward, and was held in veneration, as their chief, by many who were his superiors in age and stature.

Lord Richard began the assault, but was down in a twinkling. To him his friend succeeded, but with no better fortune. A swing or trip of Tommy's sent them instantly, as Alcides sent Antæus, to gather strength from their mother earth. And though these summer heroes, like the young Roman nobility at the battle of Pharsalia, were solely intent on defending their pretty faces from annoyance, yet Tommy at the third turn had bloodied them both.



Harry, who was now on his return, perceived the engagement, and running up, and rushing between the combatants, interposed with a voice of authority, and parted the fray.

Having inquired, and duly informed himself of the merits of the case, he first turned him to lord Richard, and said, O brother Dicky, brother Dicky, you ought not to hinder poor boys from pulling a few dirty nuts, what signifies them? Then, turning to the challenger, his old acquaintance; Tommy, says he, did you know that Dicky was my brother? Yes, said Tommy, rudely; and what though if I did? O, nothing at all, says Harry; but I want to speak with you, Tommy. Whereupon he took the conqueror under the arm, and walked away with him very lovingly in all appearance, looking about to take care that none of the boys followed him.

Mean time the little gentry threw out their invectives in profusion, against our departed hero. I think, says one, that master Harry had as much to blame in Tommy as lord Dicky. Ay, says another, one would think he might as well have taken his brother's part, as that blackguard's. Indeed, it was very naughty of him, says a third. For my part, says a fourth, I will never have any thing more to say to him.

While thus they vilified their late friend, he and his fellow champion walked arm in arm, in a sullen silence. Till, coming to a small opening, in a secreted part of the wood, Harry quitted his companion, desired him to strip, and instantly cast aside his own hat, coat, and waistcoat. Why should I strip? says Tommy. To box, says Harry. Why should you box with me, Harry? Sure I did not strike you, says Tom. Yes, sir, replied our hero, you struck me, when you struck Dicky, and knew that he was my brother. Nay, Harry, cried Tom, if it is a fight you are for, I will give you enough of it, I warrant you.

Tom was about eight months older than Harry, his equal in the practice of arms, and much the stronger. But Harry was full as tall, and his motions quicker than thought, prevented the ward of the most experienced adversary.

Together they rushed like two little tigers. At once they struck and parried, and, watching every open, they darted their little fists like engines at each other. But Tom, marking the quickness, and feeling the smart, of Harry's strokes, suddenly leapt within his arms, bore him down to the earth, and triumphantly gave him the first rising blow.

Harry rose, indignant, but warned by the strength of his adversary,

to better caution. He now fought more aloof, and, as Tom pressed upon him, he at once guarded, struck, and wheeled, like an experienced cock, without quitting the pit of honour.

Tom finding himself wholly foiled by this Parthian method of combat, again rushed upon his enemy, who was now aware of the shock. They closed, they grappled, they caught each other by the shoulders, joined head to head, and breast to breast, and stood like two pillars, merely supported by their bearing against one another. Again they shifted the left arm, caught each other by the neck, and cuffed and punched at face and stomach without mercy; till Tom, impatient of this length of battle, gave Harry a side swing, and Harry giving Tom a trip at the same time, they fell side by side together upon the earth.

They rose and retreated, to draw breath, as by mutual consent. They glared one on another with an eye of vindictive apprehension. For neither of them could now boast of more optics than Polyphemus; and, from their forehead to their shoes, they were in one gore of blood.

Again they flew upon each other, again they struck, foined, and defended, and alternately pressed on, and retreated in turns, till Harry, spying an open, darted his fist like a shot into the remaining eye of his enemy. Tom finding himself in utter darkness, instantly sprung upon his foe, and endeavoured to grapple; but Harry with equal agility avoided the shock, and, traversing here and there, beat his adversary at pleasure; till Tom cried out, I yield, I yield, Harry, for I cannot see to fight any more.

Then Harry took Tom by the hand, and led him to his clothes, and having assisted him to dress, he next did the same friendly office to himself. Then, arm in arm, they returned much more loving, in reality, than they set out, having been beaten into a true respect and affection for each other.

Some time before this, the footman had joined his young lord, with the several implements requisite for nutting. They had already pulled down great quantities; the young quality had stuffed their pockets, and the little plebeians, who had assisted, were now permitted to be busy in gathering up the refuse. When all, turning at the cry of,—There's Harry, there's Tom,—they perceived our two champions advancing leisurely, but hand in hand, as friends and brothers.

They had left their clothes unbuttoned for the benefit of the cooling air; and as they approached, their companions were frozen into astonishment, at the sight of their two friends all covered with crimson.

They were neither able to advance to meet them, nor to speak,

when they arrived. Till lord Dicky first inquired into this bloody catastrophe, and Harry remaining wholly silent on the subject: blind Tommy cried out, Why, master Dicky, the truth is, that Harry beat me, because I beat you. Then Dicky, feeling a sudden gush of gratitude and affection rising up in his bosom, looked wishfully on his brother, and said, with a plaintive voice, O brother Harry, brother Harry, you are sadly hurt; and turning about, he began to weep most bitterly. But Harry said, 'Shaw! brother Dicky, do not cry, man; I do not matter it of the head of a brass pin. Then turning to the footman, with Tom still in his hand, he cried, Here, John, take that bag of nuts, and poor blind Tommy, to my mammy's, and tell daddy that I desire him to see them both safe home.

The young gentlemen were, now, upon their return; and, as they approached the house, they crowded about Harry to keep him from being seen, till he got an opportunity of slipping away, and stealing up to his chamber. He now grew stiff and sore, and his nurse, having got an intimation of what happened, hurried up to him, and wept over him with abundant tears of cordial affection. She straight undressed, and put him to bed; and, having ordered some white wine whey, of which she made him drink plentifully, she also undressed, and went to bed to him; and Harry, casting his little arm about her neck, and putting his head in her bosom, was fast in a twinkling.

By this time, John had returned from the execution of his commission. He had been fully apprized by Tommy on the road, of all the circumstances; and going to his lord and lady, he gave them the whole detail, occasionally expatiating on Harry's courage, his prowess, his honour, and his generosity. They could, now, no longer forbear indulging themselves with the sight of a child, in whom they held themselves honoured, above all titles. They stole gently up stairs; and having got a peep at Harry, and observing that he was fast asleep, they stole, as softly, back again, each inwardly exulting in their glorious boy.

Our hero was scarce recovered from his wounds and bruises, when he met a little beggar-boy at the hall-door, half naked, and shivering with cold. His heart was instantly touched with wonted compassion; and, taking him by the hand, What is your name, my poor little boy? says Harry. Neddy, sir, says the child. And where is your daddy and mammy? O, sir, answered Ned, I have no daddy nor mammy in the wide world. Do not cry, do not cry, says Harry; I have several daddies and mammies, and I will give you one or two of them. But, where did you leave your clothes, Neddy? I have not any, sir, replied



the child. Well, well, it does not matter, Neddy, for I have more clothes, too, says Harry. So, taking him again by the hand, he led him up to his apartment, without being perceived of any; and helping him to strip, he ran to his closet for the shirt which he had last thrown off, and put it on the new comer with equal haste and delight. He, next, ran for the entire suit that his bearded dada had given him, and, having helped, and shewn him how to put on the breeches, he drew on the stockings and shoes with his own hands. To these succeeded the coat and waistcoat; and Ned was, now, full as well rigged as his benefactor.

Never had our hero enjoyed himself so highly, as while he was thus employed. When he had finished his operations, he chuckled, and smiled, turned Ned round and round, walked here and there about him, and was as proud of him as if he had been of his own making.

He now, again, became thoughtful, forecasting in his mind the particulars that might further be requisite for the accommodation of his guest; for he was grown too fond of him to think of parting suddenly. He then recollected an adjoining lumber-room, and, taking Ned with him, they found a little old matrass, which, with united strength, they dragged forth, and lodged in a convenient corner of the closet. To this they added a pair of old blankets, and Harry, having spread them for Ned's repose, in the best manner he was able, asked his dependent if he were yet hungry. Yes, very, very hungry indeed, sir, cried Ned. No sooner said, than Harry flew down to the kitchen, and looking about, and spying a large porringer of milk and a luncheon of bread, that one of the servants had provided for a young favourite of their own, he seized upon them like a hawk, and hastening again to his chamber, delivered them to Neddy, who, already had half devoured them with his eyes. Ned instantly fell to with the rapture of a cormorant, or any rapture that can be supposed less than that of his friend Harry.

For a few days, Harry kept his dependent shut up in his chamber, or closet, without the privity of any of the family except nurse, to whom he had revealed the affair under the seal of the strictest secrecy.

But, on a cross day, Susy, the house-maid, having entered with a new broom into our hero's apartment, perceived in a corner the tattered deposit of Ned's original robeings, and, lifting them, at a cautious distance, with a finger and thumb, she perceived, also, as many other philosophers have done, that there is no part of this globe which is not peopled with nations of animals, if man had but attention, and optics duly accommodated to the vision. She dropped the living

garment, as though she had taken up a burning horse-shoe; and was instantly peopled, by her prolific imagination, with tribes of the same species from head to foot.

In this fit of disgust, Susy happened, unfortunately, to step into the closet, and spied Ned in a dark corner, where he had squatted and drawn himself up to the size of a hedge-hog. She immediately flew at him, and dragged him forth to the light. She questioned him, with a voice of implacable authority; and Ned, with humble tears, confessed the whole adventure. But Susy, no way melted, exclaimed, What, sirrah, have you, and your master Harry, a mind to breed an affection in the house? I will remit of no such doings, for I have an utter conversion to beggar-brats and vermil. She then commanded him to bundle up his old rags, and, driving him down stairs before her, she dismissed him from the hall-door with a pair of smart boxes on each side of his head, and ordered him never more to defend her sight.

Poor Ned went weeping and wailing from the door, when, who should he see, at about fifty paces distant, but his beloved patron Harry, who had been cutting a switch from the next hedge.

To him he ran with precipitation. Harry, touched with a compassion not free from resentment, to see his favourite in tears, demanded the cause of his apparent distress, which Ned truly related. Our hero thereupon became thoughtful; and judging that Susy had not acted thus without authority,—Come, Neddy, says he, do not cry, my man; I will bring you, that I will, to my own dear dada, and he will welcome, and love you for my sake. Then making his way thro' a small breach in the neighbouring hedge, ordered Ned to follow him, and flew across the field, in a direct line to his patron's.

The old gentleman saw him approaching, and gave sign to his ancient domestic, who withdrew with precipitation. He received and caressed our hero with more than usual transport: And who, my dear, says he, is this pretty little boy that you have got with you? Harry then setting his person forth with an action and ardour that determined to prevail, made the following oration.

Why, dada, I must tell you as how this poor little boy, for he is a very poor little boy, and his name is Neddy, sir, and he has no friend in the wide world but you and I, sir; and so, sir, as I was telling you, he comes to the door, crying sadly for cold and hunger, and he would have pitied every body, for he had no clothes, nor daddy nor mammy at all, sir, and I had a many of them, and that was not fair, you know, sir. And so, I takes him up stairs, and I puts the clothes upon him

that you gave me when I was a poor little boy, sir; for nobody had to say to them, but you and I, sir, and I knew that you would pity poor little Neddy, more than I pitied him myself, sir. And so, dada, they takes my poor little Neddy to-day, and boxed him, and turned him out of doors; and so I meets him crying and roaring, and so, you know, sir, as how I had nothing to do, but to bring him to you, sir, or to stay, and cry with him for company, sir.

Here orator Harry ceased to speak, except by his tears, which he could no longer restrain. But his patron took him in his arms, and kissed the drops from both eyes, and said, Do not cry, my darling, for I am your's, my Harry, and all that I have is your's; and, if you had brought a whole regiment of poor little Neddies with you, they should be all welcome to me, for your sake, my Harry.

Then Harry sprung up, and caught his patron about the neck, so that it was some time before the old gentleman could get loose. But Harry, says he, I am going just now to leave this country: will you and your man Neddy come along with me? Over the wide world, dada, says Harry.—Having thus spoken, he put a large cake into the hand of each of the children, and causing them to drink a small glass of white wine, he took them into a back-yard, where a light coach with six horses, and three servants ready mounted, attended; and, having placed his young companions, and seated himself between them, away the coach drove at a sweeping gallop.

About the time that our hero and his patron set out, Nurse went up stairs with a most bountiful cut of home-baked bread and butter, for the amusement of the young caitiff whom she had left in the closet; but not finding him there, she hastily dropped her provender on the first window she met, and, hurrying down to the kitchen, earnestly inquired for the little beggar-boy whom master Harry had taken into his service. At this question all the servants stood in silent amazement, except Susy, who bridling up, and assuming the whole importance of her station, Why, Nurse, says she, you must not oppose that I am come here to sweep and to clean after lousy little flagrant's; it was enough to breed an antagion, that it was, in the house; so what magnifies many words, I took the little dirty bastard, and cuffed him out of doors. You did, hussy! says Nurse; you dare to affront and vex my child, my little man, the honour and pride of all the family! And, so saying, she ups with her brawny arm, and gave Susy such a douse on the side of the head, as left her fast asleep for an hour and upwards. Then running up stairs again, she went searching and clamouring for her Harry, about the house, in order to comfort him for his loss.



Dinner was now served up, and the company seated, and all the servants ran here and there, summoning master Harry to attend; but Harry was out of hearing by many a mile. When the cloth was removed, nurse entered with an aspect half in tears and half distracted, exclaimed that her child was not to be found. And what, nurse, says the earl, do you think is become of him? I hope, my lord, says she, that he is either strayed to his daddy, or to the dumb gentleman's.—Then messengers were instantly dispatched to both houses, who speedily returned with tidings, that master Harry had not been seen at his foster-father's, and that no one was at home at the house of the dumb gentleman.

The business now became serious; the whole house was in commotion, and all the domestics, and nurse, with lord Dicky in her hand, ran searching through the gardens, the fields, and the groves, that resounded on all sides with the name of the absentee.

On their return, nurse declared her apprehensions that Harry was gone off with a little favourite boy, whom he had taken into service, and whom the house-maid that morning had beaten out of doors. Susy being called and questioned thereon, was compelled to confess the fact, though in terms less haughty and less elegant than usual; when my lord looking sternly at her, And who, you strumpet, he cried, gave you authority to turn any one out of my house, whom my noble and generous boy was pleased to bring in? Get you instantly away, and never let me be so unhappy as to see that face again.

By this time, the whole village and neighbourhood, as well as this noble family, were in trouble for the loss of their little favourite; when a countryman entered in sweaty haste, and desired, without preface, to be admitted to the earl. My lord, says he, I think I can give you some news of your dear child. As I was returning home on the London road, I saw a coach and six driving towards me at a great rate, and, though it passed me in haste, I marked that the gentleman with the beard was in it, and that he had two children with him, one on each hand.

Here is something for your news, said the earl; it may be as you say. Here, John! take a posse of the servants along with you; go in haste to that man's house: if no one answers, break open the door; and bring me word of what you can learn concerning him.

John, who was the house-steward, hurried instantly on his commission; and finding all in silence after loud and repeated knockings, he and his myrmidons burst open the door, and rushing in, ran up and down through all the apartments. They found the house richly fur-

ished, a library of choice books above stairs, a beaufet full of massy plate, and every thing in order as if prepared for the reception of a family of distinction. At this they all stood astonished, till John, casting his eye toward a table in the street-parlour, perceived a paper which he hastily snatched up, and found to be a letter, duly folded and sealed, and addressed to his lord. Exulting at this discovery, he left some of the servants to watch the goods, and hurried back with all possible speed.

My lord, says John, entering, and striving to recover breath, the dumb gentleman, as they call him, must be a main rich man, for the very furniture of his house cannot be worth less than some thousands of pounds. John then presented the letter, which the earl hastily broke open, and found to be as follows :

“ MY LORD,

“ I am at length presented with an opportunity of carrying off your little Harry, the greatest treasure that ever parents were blessed with.

“ The distress that I feel, in foreseeing the affliction that his absence will cause to your whole family, has not been able to prevail for the suspension of this enterprize, as the child’s happiness outweighs with me all other considerations.

“ Permit me, however, to assure your lordship, that our darling is in very safe hands, and that it shall be the whole concern of my life to render and return him to you, in due time, the most accomplished of all human beings.

“ In the mean while, your utmost search and inquiry after us will be fruitless. I leave to your lordship my house and furniture, as a pledge and assurance of the integrity of my intentions.

“ And am, &c.”

The mystery of our hero’s flight was now, in a great measure, unravelled ; but no one could form any rational conjecture, touching the motive of the old gentleman’s procedure ; and all were staggered at his leaving such a mass of wealth behind him.

As the falling on of a dark night rendered all pursuit for that time impracticable, my lord ordered the servants to bed, that they might rise before day ; and then to take every horse he had, coach-cattle and all, and to muster and mount the young men of the village, and to pursue after the fugitives, by different roads, according to the best likelihood or intelligence they might receive.

In this hopeful prospect, the house was again in some measure composed ; all except poor nurse, who would not be comforted, neither

could be prevailed upon to enter in at the doors ; but all night on the cold stairs, or rambling through the raw air, continued clapping and wringing her hands, and bewailing the irreparable loss of her Harry.

On the following day, my lord ordered a minute inventory to be taken of all the furniture in the forsaken mansion-house ; and further appointed Harry's foster-father, with his family, to enter into possession, and to take care of the effects, till such time as the proprietor should renew his claim.

After three tedious days, and as many expecting nights, the posse that went in quest of our run-a-ways returned ; all drooping and dejected, most of them slowly leading their overspent horses, and universally bespattered with mire, without any comfortable tidings to balance the weight of their languor and fatigue.

The absence of this infant, who, but a few months before, had no manner of interest in the affections or solitudes of this noble family, appeared now as the loss of all their honours and fortunes. A general face of mourning seemed to darken every apartment ; and my lord and lady no more paid visits, nor received public company. They were, however, inventive in many contrivances for amusing Dicky ; but even this was to little purpose, for he was often found silently languishing in corners ; or crying, O, where's my brother Harry, my own sweet brother Harry ! Shall I never see my own brother Harry any more ?

My lord had already dispatched a multitude of circular letters to all his acquaintances, with other notices throughout the kingdom, containing offers of ample rewards for the recovery of his child. But, finding all ineffectual, he caused advertisements to the same purpose to be repeatedly inserted in all the public papers.

Within a few weeks after the publishing of these advertisements, my lord received a letter respecting his son Harry, that afforded great consolation to him and his lady ; insomuch that, with the help of the lenient hand of time, in less than the space of twelve months, this noble family were restored to their former tranquillity.

But to return to the situation in which we left our hero. The coach drove on, at a round rate, and the children continued in high glee, and thought this kind of conveyance the finest sport imaginable.

When they had entered a space, on the first common, the coachman looked about to take care that no one was in sight ; and, turning to the right hand, he held gently on, till he came to another great road, on which he drove at his former rate. This he did again at the next common, and coming to another road that led also to London,



and night now approaching, he put up at the first great inn he came to.

Harry's patron had the precaution to keep his great coat muffled about his face, so that no one could observe his beard, till they were shewn to a room, and fire and candles were lighted up. Then his ancient friend and domestic, having provided scissars and implements for shaving, locked the door, and set to work in the presence of the children.

Harry was all attention during the whole process; and, when the operation was quite completed, he drew near to his patron, with a cautious kind of jealousy, and looking up to his face with the tears in his little eyes, Speak to me, sir, says he, pray speak to me. It is, answered the old gentleman, the only comfort of my life to be with you and to speak to you, my Harry. The child, hearing the well-known voice, immediately cleared again, and reaching up his little arms to embrace his patron, O, indeed, says he, I believe you are my own dada still.

After an early supper, and two or three small glasses of wine per man; Mr. Fenton, as he was now called, then ordered a pallet into the chamber for James, his faithful domestic, and little Ned. Then helping to undress Harry, he put him first to bed; and, hastening after, he took his darling to his bosom, and tenderly pressed him to a heart that loved him more than all the world.

In about three days more they arrived safe at Hampstead, and stopping at the court of a large house, that was delightfully situated, they were welcomed by a gentlewomanly-looking matron, whom James had fixed for housekeeper about a fortnight before.

The next day Mr. Fenton and his blithe companions were attended at table by James and the two footmen.

As soon as the latter grace was said, and the cloth taken away, Harry, says Mr. Fenton, it is now our turn to wait on James and his fellow servants. For God made us all to be servants to each other, and one man is not born a bit better than another, and he is the best and greatest of all who serves and attends the most, and requires least to be served and attended upon. And, my precious, he that is a king to-day, if so it shall please God, may become a beggar to-morrow; and it is good that people should be prepared against all that may happen.

Having so said, he took his associates down to the hall, just as the servants had sat down to dinner. He gave his domestics the wink, and, beginning to set the example, asked Mrs. Hannah, and Mr.

James, and Mr. Frank, and Mr. Andrew, what they would please to have? The servants, readily falling in with the master's scheme, ordered Harry to bring such a thing, and Ned to fetch such a thing, and Harry to do this, and Harry to do that. While Harry, with a graceful action, flew cheerfully about, from side to side, preventing the wishes of all at table; so that they poured upon him a thousand blessings from the bottom of their hearts, and would not have parted with him for the mighty rewards which his father some time after proposed for his recovery.

Within a fortnight after this, Mr. James, the house-steward, had furnished a large lumber-room with coats, out-coats, shirts, waist-coats, breeches, stockings, and shoes, of different sorts and sizes, but all of warm and clean, though homely, materials.

When this was done, Mr. Fenton led his favourite up to the stores, and said, My Harry, you see all these things, and I make a present of all these things to my Harry. And now tell me, my love, what will you do with them? Why, dada, says Harry, you know that I cannot wear them myself. No, my dear, says Mr. Fenton, for you have clothes enough beside, and some of them would not fit you, and others would smother you. What then will you do with them; will you burn them, or throw them away? O, that would be very naughty indeed, says Harry. No, dada, as I do not want them myself, I will give them to those that do. That will be very honestly done of you, says Mr. F. for in truth they have a better right to them, my Harry, than you have; and that which you cannot use, cannot belong to you.

But, Harry, it would not be discreet of you to give these things to the common beggars who come every day to our door; give them victuals or halfpence, or pence a piece, and welcome; but if you give such beggars twenty suits of clothes, they will cast them all off, and put on their rags again, to move people to pity them. But when you spy any poor travellers going the road, and that your eyes see that they are naked, or your heart tells you that they are hungry; then, do not wait till they beg of you, but go and beg of them to favour you with their acceptance; then take them in to the fire and warm them, and feed them; and, when you have so done, take them up to your store-room, and clothe them with whatever you think they want: and, believe me, my Harry, whenever you are cold, or hungry, or wounded, or in want, or in sickness, yourself, the very remembrance of your having clothed, and fed, and cured, and comforted, the naked and the hungry, the wounded and the afflicted, will be warmth, and food, and medicine, and balm, to your own mind.







W. McCrigg del.

F. Francis sculp.

*the last sign and trait to have been, already, exhausted.*

While Mr. Fenton spoke, the muscles of Harry's expressive countenance, like an equally tuned instrument, uttered unisons to every word he uttered.

From this day forward, Harry and Ned, by turns, were frequently out on the watch; and often single, or in pairs, or by whole families, Harry would take in a poor father and mother, with their helpless infants, driven perhaps from house and home, by fire, or other misfortune, or oppressive landlord, or ruthless creditor; and having warmed, and fed, and clothed, and treated the old ones as his parents, and the little ones as his brothers and sisters, he would give them additional money for charges on the road, and send them away the happiest of all people, except himself.

By this time, Mr. Fenton had inquired into the circumstances and characters of all the poor in the town, and throughout the precincts, and having refuted or confirmed the intelligence he had received, by a personal inspection and visit from house to house, and, having made entries of all such as he deemed real objects, and worthy of his beneficence, he invited the heads of the several families to take a dinner with him every Sunday at his hall.

On the following Sunday there came about thirty of these visitants, which number soon increased to fifty weekly guests.

On entering, they found the cloth ready spread, and Mr. James having counted heads, laid a crown in silver upon every plate; which first course was a most relishing sauce to all that followed. A plentiful dinner was then introduced, and the guests being seated, Mr. Fenton, Harry, Ned, and the four domestics, attended, and disposed themselves in a manner the most ready to supply the wants of the company. The guests, all abashed and confounded at what they saw, sat, some time, with open mouth and unswallowed victuals, much less did they presume to apply to the waiters for any article they wanted; till, being encouraged by the cheerfulness and readiness of their attendants, they became by degrees quite happy; and, after a saturating meal, and an enlivening cup, they departed with elevated spirits, and with hearts warmed in affection toward every member of this extraordinary house.

By the means of this weekly bounty, these reviving families were soon enabled to clear their little debts to the chandlers, who had compelled them to take up every thing at the dearest hand. They were also further enabled to purchase wheels and other implements, with the materials of flax and wool, for employing the late idle hands of their household. They now appeared decently clad, and with hap-

py countenances. Their wealth increased with their industry; and the product of the employment of so many late useless members, became a real accession of wealth to the public. So true it is, that the prosperity of this world, and of every nation and society therein, depends solely on the industry or manufactures of the individuals. And so much more nobly did this private patron act, than all ancient legislators, or modern patrons and landlords, whose selfishness, if they had but common cunning, or common sense, might instruct them to increase their proper rents, and enrich their native country, by supplying the hands of all the poor within their influence with the implements and materials of the prosperity of each.

One day, while Harry was watching to intercept poor travellers, as eagerly as a fowler watches for the rising of his game, he heard a plaintive voice behind the hedge, as he thought, in the opposite field. He flew across the road, and passing through a small turnstile, soon found the unhappy objects he sought for. He stood, for some time, like a statue, and his compassion became too strong for tears or utterance; but, suddenly turning, and flying back again, he rushed with precipitation into the room where Mr. Fenton was writing a letter. What is the matter? said Mr. Fenton, starting: what has frightened you, my Harry? what makes you look so pale? To this Harry replied not, but catching hold of his hand, and pulling with all his force, O come, says he, O come, dada, and see!

Mr. Fenton then got up, and suffered himself to be led where the child pleased to conduct him, without another word being asked or answered on either side.

When they were come into the field, Mr. Fenton observed a man sitting on the ground. His clothes seemed, from head to foot, as the tattered remainder of better days. Through a squalid wig, and beard, his pale face appeared just tinctured with a faint and sickly red. And his hollow eyes were fixed upon the face of a woman, whose head he held on his knees; and who looked to be dead, or dying, though without any apparent agony; while a male infant, about four years of age, was half-stretched on the ground, and half across the woman's lap, with its little nose pinched by famine, and its eyes staring about, wildly, though without attention to any thing. Distress seemed to have expended its utmost bitterness on these objects, and the last sigh and tear to have been, already, exhausted.

Unhappy man, cried Mr. Fenton, pray, who or what are you? To which the stranger, faintly, replied, without lifting his eyes, Whoever you may be, disturb not the last hours of those who wish to be at peace.



Run, Harry, says Mr. Fenton, desire all the servants to come to me immediately; and bid Mrs. Hannah bring some hartshorn and a bottle of cordial.

Away flew Harry, on his godlike errand. Forth issued Mr. James, Frank, and Andrew. And last came Mrs. Hannah, with the house-maid and cordials.

Hannah stooped, in haste, and applied hartshorn to the nose of the woman, who appeared wholly insensible. After some time, her bosom heaved with a long-rising and subsiding sigh, and her eyes feebly opened, and immediately closed again. Then Hannah and the house-maid, raising her gently between them, got a little of the cordial into her mouth, and bending her backward, they observed that she swallowed it. Then James, Frank, Andrew, and the house-maid, joining their forces, lifted her up, and bore her, as easy as possible, toward the house. While Harry caught up the infant, in order to lodge it in a place of protection and safety.

In the mean time Mr. Fenton and Mrs. Hannah put their hartshorn, with great tenderness, to the nostrils of the stranger, and requested him to take a sup of the cordial. But he, turning up his dim, tho' expressive eyes, feebly cried, Are you a man or an angel? and directly fainted away.

They rubbed his temples with the spirits, and did their utmost to recover him, but a sudden gust of grateful passion had proved too strong for his constitution. On the return of the servants he was also carried in. A physician was instantly sent for; beds were provided and warmed, in haste; the new guests were all gently undrest, and laid therein; and being compelled to swallow a little sack-whey, they recovered to a kind of languid sensibility.

The physician gave it as his opinion, that this unhappy family were reduced to their present state, by excess of grief and famine; that nourishment should be administered in very small proportions; and, that they should be kept as quiet as possible, for a fortnight at least.

While all imaginable care is taken for the recovery of these poor people, we beg leave to return to the affairs of their protectors.

About a month before this, Mr. Fenton had engaged one Mr. Vindex, the schoolmaster of the town, to come for an hour every evening, and initiate the two boys in their Latin grammar. But he had a special caution given him, with respect to the generous disposition of our hero, which was said to be induced to do any thing by kindness; but to be hardened and roused into opposition by severity.

In about ten days after the late adventure, Mr. Fenton was called

to London, where he was detained about three weeks in settling his books with his Dutch correspondents ; and in calling in a very large arrear of interest, that was due to him upon his deposits in the funds.

During his absence, Mr. Vindex began to assume more authority, and gave a freer scope to the surly terrors of his station.

Ned was, by nature, a very lively, but very petulant boy ; and when Vindex reproved him with the imperial brow and voice of the great Mogul, Ned cast upon him an eye of such significant contempt, as no submissions or sufferings, on the part of the offender, could ever after compensate.

The next day, Mr. Vindex returned doubly armed, with a monstrous birch-rod in one hand, and a ferula in the other. The first he hung up, in terrorum, as a meteor is said to hang in the heavens, threatening future castigation to the children of men. The second he held, as determined upon present action ; nor was he unmindful of any hook whereon to hang a fault ; so that, travelling from right to left, and from left to right, he so warmed the hands of the unfortunate Edward, as reduced him to a disagreeable partnership with the afflicted.

On the departure of Vindex, though Ned's drollery was dismayed, his resentment was by no means eradicated.

All night he lay ruminating, and brooding on mischief in his imagination, and, having formed the outlines of his plan toward morning, he began to chuckle, and comfort himself, and exult in the execution. He then revealed his project to his bedfellow, Mr. James, who was greatly tickled therewith, and promised to join in the plot.

Full against the portal that opened upon the school-room, there stood an ancient and elevated chair, whose form was expressive of its importance. Mr. Vindex had selected this majestic piece of furniture, as suited to the dignity of his exalted station. For he judiciously considered, that, if thrones and benches were taken from among men, there would be an end of all dominion and justice upon earth.

Through the centre of the seat of this chair of authority, Ned got Mr. James to drill a small hole, not discernible, except on a very minute scrutiny. He then provided a cylindrical stick, of about six inches in length, to one end of which he fastened a piece of lead, and in the other end he fixed the head of a large needle. This needle had been a glover's, of approved metal, keen and polished, and three-square toward the point, for a quick and ready penetration of tough leather. He next fastened two small cords, transversely, to the leaden extremity of the stick, and, James assisting, they turned the chair

with the bottom upward, and tacked the four ends of the cords, in such a manner as answered to the four cardinal points of the compass; while the stick remained suspended in an upright direction, with the point of the needle just so far through the drill, as put it upon a level with the surface of the seat. Lastly, they fastened a long and well-waxed thread about the middle of the stick, and, drawing this thread over the upper ring, they dropped the end of it just under Ned's stool, and replaced the seat of learning in its former position.

Greatly did Ned parade it, when, on trial, he found that his machine answered to a miracle; for, the stick being restrained from any motion, save that in a direction to the zenith; on the slightest twitch of the thread, the needle instantly mounted four-sixths of two inches above the surface of the seat, and was, as quickly, recalled by the revulsion of the lead.

At the appointed hour of magisterial approach, in comes Mr. Vindex. Master Harry and Ned are called. Each seizes his book, and takes his seat as usual on the right and left corner of the chair of authority. Mr. Vindex assumes the chair. But, scarce was he down, when Ned gives the premeditated intimation to his piercer, and up bounces Vindex, and gives two or three capers, as though he had been suddenly stung by a tarantula. He stares wildly about; puts his hand behind him, with a touch of tender condolence; returns to the chair; peers all over it with eyes of the most prying inspection; but, not trusting to the testimony of his ocular sense, in a case that so very feelingly refuted its evidence, he moved his fingers over and over every part of the surface; but found all smooth and fair, in spite of the late sensible demonstration to the contrary.

Down again, with slow caution, subsided Mr. Vindex, reconnoitring the premises to the right hand and to the left.

As his temper was not, now, in the most dulcet disposition; he, first, looked sternly at Ned, and then turning toward Harry, with an eye that sought occasion for present quarrel, he questioned him, morosely, on some articles of his lesson. When Ned, not enduring such an indignity to the patron of his life and fortune, gave a second twitch, with better will, and much more lively than the first; and up again sprung Vindex, with redoubled vigour and action, and bounded, plunged, and pranced about the room, as if bewitched. He glared, and searched all about with a frantic penetration, and pored into every corner for the visible or invisible perpetrators of these mis-



chiefs. He now began to imagine that some devil wanted a pin-cushion, and proposed no other for the purpose than his capacious material.

In this thought he retreated to the next chamber, stripped off his clothes, his shoes, and breeches, and, to know whether a lodgment had been duly made, he groped for the heads of the supposed weapons. He next searched his breeches, and every skirt and posterior fold of coat and waistcoat. But, finding the coasts clear of any ensigns of hostility, he writhed and twisted his head and eyes to this side and to that, to discern, if possible, the devastations that had been made in the field of honour; when, hearing a little titter in the neighbouring school-room, he began to smell a fox, and dressing himself again, with a malignant determination of better note for the future, he returned with a countenance of dissembled placability, and, resuming his chair, began to examine the boys, with a voice apparently tuned by good temper and affection.

During this short serene, poor Ned happened to make a little trip in his rudiments, when Vindex turned, and cried to our hero, Master Harry, my dear, be so kind as to get up and reach me *yon* ferula.

These words had not fully passed the lips of the luckless pedagogue, when Ned plucked the string with his utmost force, and Vindex thought himself, at least, impaled on the spot. Up he shot, once more, like a pyramid of flame. The ground could no longer retain him, he soared aloft, roared, raved, cursed, and swore, like a thousand infernals. While Ned, with an aspect of the most condoling hypocrisy, tenderly inquired of his ailments.

Vindex turned upon him an eye of jealous malignity, and taking a sudden thought, he flew to the scene of his repeated infliction, and turning up the bottom of the seat of pain, this complicated effort of extraordinary genius lay revealed, and exposed to vulgar contemplation.

He first examined minutely into the parts and construction of this wonderful machinery, whose efficacy he still so feelingly recollected. He then drew the string, and admired, with what a piercing agility the needle could be actuated by so distant a hand. And lastly, and deliberately, he tore away, piece by piece, the whole composition, as his rascally brethren, the Turks, have also done, in their antipathy to all the monuments of arts, genius, and learning, throughout the earth.

In the mean while, our friend Edward sat trembling. All his drol-

lery had forsaken him, nor had he a single cast of contrivance, for evading the mountain of mischiefs that he saw impending. How indeed could he palliate? What had he to plead in mitigation of the penalty, where, in the party so highly offended, he saw his judge and his executioner?

Vindex, looked smilingly about him, with much mirth in his face; but more vengeance at his heart. Mr. Edward, said he, perhaps you are not yet apprised of the justice of the Jewish laws, that claim an eye for an eye, and a breech for a breech; but I, my child, will fully instruct you in the fitness and propriety of them.

Then, reaching at the rod, he seized his shrinking prey, as a kite trusses a robin; he laid him, like a little sack, across his own stool; off go the breeches, and with the left hand he holds him down, while the right is laid at him with the application of a woodman who resolves to clear part of the forest before noon.

Harry approached, and interposed in behalf of his unhappy servant. He petitioned, he kneeled, he wept; but his prayers and tears were cast to the winds, till Vindex had reduced the posteriors of poor Ned to a plight little different from those of Saint Bartholomew.

Mr. Vindex justly deemed that he had now given a lesson of such ample instruction, as might dispense with his presence for some days.

In the mean time, the scalping of Ned's bottom held him confined to his bed, where he had full time and leisure to contrive a just and worthy retribution.

Harry went often to sit and condole with Ned, in this the season of his calamity: and, as he had now conceived a strong aversion to the pedagogue, he offered to assist his friend in any measures deemed adequate to the injuries he had received.

The house of Mr. Vindex was a large and old-fashioned building, with a steep flight of stone stairs, and a spacious landing-place before the door. Ned was again on his legs, the night was excessive dark, and the family of the preceptor had just finished an early supper.

About this time a gentle rapping was heard, and a servant opening the door, looked this way and that way, and called out repeatedly to know who was there; but no voice replying, he retired, and shut all to again. Scarce was he re-entered, when he hears rap, rap, rap, rap. The fellow's anger was now kindled, and, opening the door suddenly, he bounced out at once, in order to seize the run-away. But, seeing no creature, he began to feel a chillness, and his hairs to stir, as tho' each had got the life of an eel. Back he slunk, closed the door with

the greatest tenderness, and crept down to reveal a scantling of his fears to his fellows in the kitchen.

Now, though men and maids laughed heartily at the apprehensions of Hodge; they yet resented this insult on their house, as they called it, and, getting all up together in a group, they slyly crowded behind the door, with the latch in one of their hands, ready to issue, in an instant, and detect the delinquents.

They were not suffered to freeze. Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock. Open flies the door, and out rush the servants. Nothing appeared. They all stood silent, and astonished beyond measure. Some however, with outward bravado, but inward tremblings, went searching along the walls and behind the posts for some lurcher. Again they gathered to the landing-place, and stood whisperingly debating what this might be. When, to the inexpressible terror of all present, the spontaneous knocker assumed sudden life and motion; and gave such a peal and alarm to their eyes and ears, as put every resolution to the rout, and in they rushed again, one on the back of the other, and clapped to the door, as in the face of a host of pursuing dæmons.

Mr. Vindex and his lady, for some time past, had been sitting opposite, and nodding over a fire in the back parlour, where they returned each other's salute, with the greatest good manners and punctuality imaginable. He now started, on hearing the rustling in the hall, and angrily called to know what was the matter.

Vindex, from the prejudice of education during his infancy, had conceived the utmost spight to all spectres and hobgoblins, insomuch that he wished to deprive them of their very existence; and laboured to persuade himself, as well as others, of their nonentity; but faith proved too strong within him, for all his verbal parade of avowed infidelity.

While the servants, with pale faces and short breath, made their relation, the magisterial philosopher contemptuously tossed this way and the other, and threw himself back in affected fits of laughter. Till, bouncing at the sound of another peal, he mustered the whole family, boarders and all, about seventeen in number, together with madam Vindex, who would not be left; and now they appeared such an army as was sufficient to face any single devil, at least, and forth they issued and filled the landing-place, leaving the door on the jar.

Here, Mr. Vindex turned, and, with his face toward the knocker, thus addressed the assembly.

My honest, but simple friends, can any thing persuade you, that



a spirit, a breath or being of air, a something, or nothing, that is neither tangible, nor visible, can lay hold of that which is? Or are ye such ideots as to imagine, that yon knocker, (for he did not yet venture to touch it,) a substance of solid brass, without members or organs, or any internal system or apparatus for that purpose, can be endued with will, design, or any kind of intelligence, when the least locomotive faculty, in the meanest reptile, must, of necessity, be provided with an infinitely varied mechanism of nerves, tubes, reservoirs, levers, and pulleys, for the nonce? I should discredit my own senses on any appearance contrary to such palpable demonstration. In all lights—Soft—break we off—look where it comes again: for, in this instant of affirmation, so peremptory and conclusive, the knocker, as in contempt to philosophy, so loudly refuted every syllable of the premises, as left neither time nor inclination to Vindex for a reply. But, rushing desperately forward, he burst in at the portal, with such as had presence of mind to take advantage of the opening; and, turning again, and shutting the door violently in the face of half his family, he ran and threw himself into his chair, in an agony of spirit.

The servants and boarders, whom Vindex had shut out, not abiding to stay in presence of the object of their terrors, tumbled in a heap down the stairs, and gathering themselves up again, ran diversely to communicate to all their neighbours and acquaintance, the tidings of the enchanted knocker. Their contagious looks and words gave the panic throughout; but curiosity prevailing above apprehension, the town began to gather, though first in thin parties, and at a cautious distance; till the crowd increasing, took heart from number, and venturing up a step or two of the stairs, and being still pressed forward by new comers from behind, they, at length filled the whole flight and the landing-place, and one of them growing bold enough to lift his hand toward the knocker, the knocker generously convinced him that no assistance was wanting. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Back recoil the foremost ranks, tumbling over the ranks behind. No one stayed to give help or hand to friend or brother, but, rising or scrambling off on all-fours, each made the best of his way to the first asylum; and, in less than ten seconds, there was not a mouse stirring throughout the street.

The fact is, that this astonishing and tremendous phænomena, that discomfited a little city, was the whole and sole contrivance of our hero's petulant foundling, during a nightly lucubration.

Ned had imparted his plan of operations to Harry, and Harry had engaged Mrs. Hannah in the plot.

Now Mrs. Hannah had a house in a narrow part of the street, just opposite to that of Mr. Vindex, where her niece and an old servant resided. This house was narrow, but of the height of four stories; and, on the said memorable night, Ned dropped the end of the bottom of small twine from the garret window, which Hannah took across the way, and fastened with a double knot to the knocker of Vindex's door.

I have read of women who could keep all secrets but their own. Thus it happened to Ned. His vanity was, at least, on a level with his ingenuity; he was so elated with the success of his recent stratagem, that he boasted of it to some, and half whispered it to others, till it came to the ears of Vindex. Vindex, in the first heat, snatches up a huge rod, just cut from that tree whose bare name strikes terror through all our seminaries of learning, and taking with him one of his boarders, he marches directly down to the house of Mr. Fenton, and enters the fatal school-room.

Ned, by great good fortune for himself, was then absent. But, our hero happening to be there, Vindex instantly shut the door, and called him to task.

Master Harry, says he, did you know any thing of the strange knocking at my door, last Tuesday night? To this question, Harry, who was too valiant to tell a lie through fear, with hesitation, answered in the affirmative. You did, sirrah, cried the pedagogue; and have you the impudence also to confess it to my face? Here, Jacky, down with his breeches, and horse him for me directly.

Jack was a lubberly boy, about ten years of age; and stooping to unbutton Harry, according to order, our hero gave him such a sudden fist in the mouth, as set him a crying and bleeding in a piteous manner. Vindex then rose in tenfold fury, and took our hero in hands himself, and, notwithstanding that he cuffed and kicked, and fought it most manfully, Vindex, at length unbuttoned his breeches, and set him in due form, on the back of his boarder.

The pedagogue at first gave him the three accustomed strokes, as hard as he could. So much, my friend, says he, is for your own share of the burden; and, now, tell me who were your confederates in this fine plot? That I will never tell you, resolutely answered our hero. What shall I be out-braved, replied the frantic savage, by such a one as you? You little stubborn villain, I will flee you alive. So saying, he laid at him, as though he had been a sheaf of wheat; while Harry, indignantly endured the torture, and, holding in his breath, that he might not give Vindex the satisfaction of a groan, determined to perish rather than betray.

In the mean time, Ned had peeped in at the key-hole, and, spying the situation of his loved patron, he ran to Mrs. Hannah, and imparted the horrid tidings. Hannah rose, and flying to the school-room, rushed violently against the door, burst it open in a twinkling, and springing forward, fastened every nail she had in the face and eyes of Vindex, and tore away and cuffed at a fearful rate. Jack let his rider to the ground, and had, already, made his escape; and the mauled preceptor scampered after, with his ears much better warmed, and his temper better cooled, than when he entered.

Harry bore his misfortune, with a sort of sullen, though shame-faced, philosophy. But every other member of this honourable family almost adored him for the bloody proof that he had given of his virtue; and vowed unpitying vengeance on the ungenerous Vindex.

During the above transactions, the strangers, whom Mr. Fenton had received into his house, had been tended with great humanity, and were, now, on the recovery.

Mr. James, on conversing with the head of this little family, observed that he was an exceeding sensible person, and had provided him with a decent, though cast, suit of his master's; and had also, with the assistance of Mrs. Hannah, put his wife and little boy into clean and seemly apparel.

As James's invention was on the rack to get adequate satisfaction on the base-spirited Vindex, he went to consult his new friend, who dropped a tear of generosity and admiration, on hearing the story of Harry's nobility of soul.

By his advice Mr. James dispatched a messenger to a druggist at London, and to several other shops, for a sundry apparatus, and, having all things in readiness, James sent a strange porter to Vindex, with compliments from his master, as though he had just come home, and requested to speak with him.

Vindex, accordingly, comes, and knocks. The door opens, he enters, and it instantly shuts upon him. He starts back with horror. He perceives the hall all in black, without a single ray, save what proceeded from a sickly lamp, that made the gloom visible. He is suddenly seized upon by two robust devils covered over with painted flames. They drag him to the school-room, but, O terror of terrors! he knows the place of his pristine authority no more. He beholds a hell more fearful than his fancy had yet framed. The ceiling seemed to be vaulted with serpents, harpies, and hydras, that dropt livid fire. Four fiends and two little imps, at once laid their fangs upon him, and would have dragged him to the ground. But the pedagogue



was a sturdy fellow, and cuffed, and scratched, and roared, most manfully. The devil, however, proving too strong for the sinner, he was cast prostrate to the earth; and some sat upon his shoulders to keep him down, while others, on each side, alternately keeping time, gave our flogger such a scoring, as imprinted on his memory, to his last state of magistracy, a fellow-feeling for the sufferings of petty delinquents.

Being all out-breathed, they fastened the clothes of the disconsolate Vindex about his neck, with his own garters; and, having manacled his hands before him, they turned him loose to the street. While he, with a wonderful presence of mind, raised his hands the best he could to cover his face, and hurried him homeward.

Within a few days after this adventure, Mr. Fenton returned. At the first sight of one another, he and his Harry grew together for near half an hour. He, then, addressed every member of his family, one by one; and, with a familiar goodness, inquired after their several healths. He also asked after his late guests, and desired to see them; but on Mr. James's intimation that he had somewhat of consequence to impart to him, they retired to the next room.

Here, James made him a minute recital of the preceding adventures; and set forth the barbarity of Vindex on the one part, and the worthiness of his Harry on the other.

The table being spread for dinner, Mr. Fenton sent to desire that the stranger and his little family should join company. They came, but entered evidently overcome with a weight of shame and gratitude.

Through the unfoldings of the stranger's modesty, Mr. Fenton discerned many things preceding the vulgar rank of men. Mr. Clement, said he, I am astonished, that a person of letters, as you are, and who has so much of the gentleman in his person and manner, should be reduced to such extremity, among a people distinguished for their humanity. There must be something very singular in your case. And, this night, if the recital is not disagreeable to you, you would oblige me by your story.

Sir, answered Mr. Clement, since my life is yours, you have, surely, a right to an account of your property. Whenever you think proper, I will cheerfully obey you.

Mr. Fenton now rose, stepped into town, and sent for Mr. Vindex, who came upon the summons.

Mr. Vindex, says he, pray take your seat. I am sorry, Mr. Vindex, for the treatment you have got at my house, and still sorrier that you got it so very deservedly.

I have long thought, Mr. Vindex, that the method of school-masters, in the instruction of our children, is altogether the reverse of what it ought to be. They generally lay hold on the human constitution, by the single motive of fear.

Now, as fear has no concern with any thing but itself, it is the basest, though the strongest, of all passions.

The party, who is possessed with it, will listen to nothing but the dictates of his own terror, nor scruple any thing that may cover him from the evil apprehended. He will prevaricate and lie; if that lie is questioned, he will vouch it by perjury: and if he happens to do an injury, he will be tempted to commit murder to prevent the effects of resentment.

There is, Mr. Vindex, but one occasion, wherein fear may be useful, in schools or commonwealths. That is, when it is placed as a guard against evil, and appears, with its insignia of rods, ropes, and axes, to deter all who behold from approaching thereto.

But this, Mr. Vindex, is far from being the sole occasion on which school-masters apply the motive of fear. They associate the ideas of pain to those lessons and virtues, which the pleasure of encouragement ought alone to inculcate. They, yet, more frequently apply the lash, for the indulgence of their own weaknesses, and for the gratification of their own passions.

There are, I admit, some parents and preceptors, who annex other motives to that of the rod. They promise money, gaudy clothes, and sweetmeats, to children; and, in their manner of expatiating on the value of such articles, they often excite in their little minds, the appetites of avarice, of vanity, and sensuality. They also sometimes add the motive of what they call emulation, but which, in fact, is rank envy, by telling one boy how much happier, or richer, or finer, another is than himself.

Were tutors half as solicitous, throughout their academies, to make men of worth, as to make men of letters; there are a hundred pretty artifices, very obvious to be contrived and practised for the purpose. They might institute Caps of Shame, and Wreaths of Honour, in their schools. They might have little medals, expressive of particular virtues, to be fixed on the breast of the achiever, till forfeited by default. Such arts as these, with that distinguishing affection and approbation which all persons ought to shew to children of merit, would soon make a new nation of infants, and consequently of men.

When you, Mr. Vindex, iniquitously took upon you to chastise

my incomparable boy, you first whipt him for his gallant and generous avowal of the truth; and next you barbarously fled him, because he refused to betray those who had confided in his integrity.

When I behold so many scoundrels walking openly throughout the land, who are styled your honour, and who impudently usurp the most exalted of all characters, the character of a gentleman; I no longer wonder, when I reflect that they have been principled, or rather unprincipled, by such tutors as Mr. Vindex.

The merry devils, Mr. Vindex, who took you in hand, were not of a species alienated from humanity; they have, therefore, appointed me their vehicle of some smart-money in recompence, but desire no further advantage from your company or instructions.

So saying, Mr. Fenton put a purse of five and twenty guineas into the hands of the pedagogue, and withdrew without speaking another word.

On his return, he ordered a fire and a bottle of wine into his study, and sent for Mr. Clement. Mr. Clement, says he, sit down. Pray let me have the narrative of your life and manners, without disguise. An ingenuous confession of past errors has something in it, to me, full as amiable, or more, than if a man had never strayed.

Sir, says Mr. Clement, I have, indeed, been faulty, very faulty in my intentions; though God has hitherto preserved me from any capital act, and has, by your hand, wonderfully brought me to this day.

Bartholomew Clement, sir, a retailer of hardware, in the Strand, is my father. He was low-bred, and, as I believe, of narrow capacity; but proceeding in what they call the dog-trot of life, and having a single eye to the making of money, he became vastly rich, and has now a large income from houses and ground-rents in the city of Westminster, the fruit of his own application.

I remember nothing of my mother, except her fondness for me, nor of her character, except the tears which I have seen my father shed, when occasional circumstances have brought her fresh to his memory. She died when I was in my seventh year. I was their only surviving child; and my father transferred all his tenderness for her to me.

The love of my father was not the mere partiality or prejudice of a parent; it was not an affection, he had a passion for me, that could be equalled by nothing but his vanity in my behalf. He resolved, he said, that there should be one gentleman in the family, and with this view he resisted the desire of having me always in his sight, and sent



me to Westminster school, and from thence to Cambridge, where I continued till I was twenty years of age.

In the mean time, my father was as prodigal of his purse toward me, as he was of his caresses. He had me with him every vacation. He visited me frequently during Term, and seemed to lose the better half of his existence, when we parted.

My application was equal to my ambition. I was not merely a master, I was a critic in the classical languages. I relished, and commented on the beauties of the Greek and Latin authors, was a thorough connoisseur in the customs and manners of the ancients, and could detect the slightest transgression of a sculptor or designer in their folding of the Roman Toga. I had traced the system of nature, from Aristotle and Pythagoras down to Epicurus and Lucretius, and from them down to Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; and I was so thorough-paced an adept in all the subtleties of logic, that I could confute and change sides, without losing an inch of the ground that I had gained upon my adversary.

I now imagined that I was arrived at the very pinnacle of human excellence, and that fortune and honour were within my grasp on either hand. I looked on the chancellorship, or primacy, as things that must come in course, and I was contriving some station adequate to the height of my merits and ambition, when I received this letter.

“SON HAMMEL,

“HAVE lately inquired into thy life and character; am sorry to find them too bad to give hope of amendment. Have lost my money, and my child. Thou hast cut thyself from my love. I have cut thee from my fortune. To comfort myself, have taken a neighbour's widow to wife. Come not near me, I will not see thee. Would pray for thee, if I did not think it in vain.

“BARTHOLOMEW CLEMENT.”

For some time after the receipt of this cruel letter, I remained in a state of stupidity. I could not believe the testimony of my senses. I gave a kind of discredit to all things. But, awaking from this lethargy into inexpressible anguish, my soul was rent by different and contending passions.

Whatever contempt I might have for the station of my father, I still loved his person better than riches and honours. But he loved me no more, he was gone, he was lost; he was already dead and buried, at least to me. I cast myself on the ground, I groaned, I wept aloud, I bewailed him, as though he had lain a lifeless corpse before me. At length, having vented the first ravings of my passion,

I rose, and wrote to my father an answer, of which this, in my pocket-book, is the copy.

“SIR,

“IF you had not wished to find those faults you sent to seek after, in a life that defies malice, and is wholly irreproachable, you would not have given credit to scoundrels who cannot judge of the conduct of a gentleman, nor have condemned your only child, without hearing or defence.

“In cutting me from your fortune, you only cut me from what I despise; but, in cutting me from your love, you have unjustly robbed me of that which no fortune can repair. I see that you are irretrievably taken away from me. I shall never more behold my long indulgent and fond father; and I shall not cease to lament his loss with tears of filial affection.

“I am, Sir,

“Your little known, and much injured,

“HAMMEL CLEMENT.”

Having thus vented the feelings of my heart, I began seriously to think of the course I ought to take; and considered London as a sphere in which a luminary would appear with the greatest lustre.

I discharged my servant, sold my two geldings, disposed of my room, my furniture, and most of my books, and, having mustered somewhat upward of three hundred and fifty pounds, I lodged the 300*l.* with a Cambridge dealer, from whom I took bills on his correspondent in London; and set out on my expedition, in the first stage.

I took cheap lodgings, near Charing-Cross; I was altogether unknown and unknown in that great city; and, reflecting that a hidden treasure cannot be duly estimated, I daily frequented Markham's coffee-house, amidst a promiscuous resort of sword's-men, literati, beaux, and politicians.

Here, happening to distinguish myself, on a few occasions, where some articles of ancient history, or tenet of Thales, or law of Lycurgus, chanced to be in question; I began to be regarded with better advantage.

An elderly gentleman, one day, who sat attentive in a corner, got up and whispered that he would be glad of my company to take share of a pint in the next room. I gratefully obeyed the summons, and, when we had drank a glass a-piece; Mr. Clement, says he, you appear to have but few acquaintance, and may, possibly, want a friend. My fortune is small, but, I have some influence in this town; and, as

I have taken an inclination to you, I should be glad to serve you. If the question is not too free, pray, what is your present prospect for life?

Having, with a grateful warmth, acknowledged his goodness, I ingenuously confessed that my circumstances were very slender, and, that I should be glad of any place wherein I could be useful to myself and my employer. And pray, says my friend, what place will best suit you? I hope, sir, answered I, my education has been such, that, laying aside the manual crafts, there is not any thing for which I am not qualified. I am greatly pleased to hear it, replied Mr. Goodville, and hope soon to bring you news that will not be disagreeable.

Within a few days, Mr. Goodville again entered the coffee-house, with a happy aspect. He beckoned me aside. Clement, says he, I have the pleasure to tell you that I have brought you the choice of two very advantageous places. Mr. Giles, the banker, wants a clerk who can write a fine hand, and has made some proficiency in arithmetic. And my good friend Mr. Tradewell, an eminent merchant, would give great encouragement to a youth who understands the Italian method of book-keeping. As his business is very extensive, and requires the shortest and clearest manner of entry and reference.

My friend here paused; and I blushed, and was wholly confounded. At length I answered, hesitatingly, Perhaps, sir, you have happened on the only two articles, in the universe, of which I have no knowledge. Well, well, my boy, says he, do not be discouraged. I will try what further may be done in your behalf.

Within about a fortnight after, Mr. Goodville sent me a note to attend him at his lodgings in Red-lion Square. I went flushed with reviving hope. My child, said he, as I entered, I have now brought you the offer of three different places; and some one of them must surely fit you.

Our East-India Company propose to make a settlement on the coast of Coromandel, and are inquisitive after some youths who have made a progress in geometry, and are, more especially, studied in the science of fortification. There is also the colonel of a regiment, an old intimate of mine, who is going on foreign service, and he applied to me, to recommend a person who was skilled in the mechanic powers, and, more particularly, who had applied himself to gunnery and engineering. There is, lastly, the second son of a nobleman to whom I have the honour to be known; he is captain of a man of war, and would give any consideration to a young man of sense and letters,



who is a proficient in navigation, and in the use of the charts and compass; and who, at the same time, might serve as a friend and companion.

Sir, said I, quite astonished, I have been a student, as Goliath was a man of war, from my childhood. If all my tutors did not flatter me, my genius was extensive; and my progress in learning may prove, that my application has been indefatigable. I know all things from the beginning of time, that the ancient or modern world, as I was told, accounted matters of valuable erudition; and yet, I have not so much as heard of the use of any of these sciences required, as you say, by persons in high trust and commission.

Mr. Goodville hereupon looked concerned, and shook his head. My dear Clement, says he, I do not doubt of your talents or learning; but I now begin to doubt whether they have been directed to any useful purpose. My cousin Goodville informs me, that the bishop of St. Asaph is in distress for a young gentleman, a man of morals, and a linguist, who has some knowledge in the canon and civil law, as his vicar-general is lately dead. He tells me further, that a friend of his, who is in great circumstances, and who is now about purchasing the place of surveyor-general, wants a youth who has got some little smattering in architecture, and has an elegant hand at the drawing of plans and sections. I am also known to one of the commissioners of excise, and, if you are barely initiated in guaging, or surveying, I think I could get you into some way of bread.

Alas, sir, I replied in a desponding tone, I am equally a stranger to all these matters.

Perhaps, said Mr. Goodville, I could get you into holy orders, if you are that way inclined. Are you well read in theology?

Yes, yes, sir, I briskly answered, I am perfectly acquainted with the gods, and manner of worship, through all nations, since the deluge.

But, are you, replied my friend, equally versed in the Christian dispensation? Have you studied our commentators on the creeds? Are you read in polemic divinity? And, are you a master of the sense and reference that the Old Testament bears to the New?

Sir, said I, I have often dipped with pleasure into the Bible, as there are several passages in it extremely affecting; and others full of fine imagery, and the true sublime.

My poor dear child, (mournfully answered Mr. Goodville,) by all I can find, you know no one thing, of use to yourself, or any other person living, either with respect to this world, or the world to come. Could you make a pin, or a waistcoat button, or form a pill-box, or

weave a cabbage-net, or shape a cobbler's last, or hew a block for a barber, or do any of these things by which millions daily maintain themselves, in supplying the wants, or fashions, and vanities of others; you might not be under the necessity of perishing.

The ways of life, for which your studies have best prepared you, are physic and the law. But then, they require great expence, and an intense application of many years before you can propose to enter on a livelihood, by either of those professions. And, after all, your success would be very precarious, if you were not supported by many friends, and a strong interest.

I have already told you, Clement, that I am not rich; and if I were, it is not he who gives you money, but he who puts you into a way of getting it, that does you a friendship.

I am advised to go to Montpellier for the establishment of my health, after a tedious fit of sickness. I shall set out in about a month. But, before I go, my child, I earnestly advise you to fix on some craft, or trade, or manner of employing your time, that will enable you to earn a certain subsistence, and at the same time make you a worthy member of the community. For, believe me, my boy, that it is not speculative science, no, nor all the money and jewels upon earth, that make any part of the real wealth of this world. It is industry alone, employed on articles that are useful to society, that constitutes true riches.

As soon as you have made your election, let me see you again. And, in all events, let me see you before I set out.

Hereupon, I bowed and retired, the most mortified and dejected of all beings. I was so dispirited, that I could scarce get to my lodgings. I threw myself on the bed. The gildings of the vapours of grandeur and ambition, that like the sky of a summer's evening had delighted me, now wholly disappeared, and succeeding darkness fell heavy on my soul.

One third of my principal fund was almost sunk; and my imagination considered the remainder as already vanished, without the possibility of supply. I, now, secretly cursed the vanity of my father: he must breed me a gentleman, thought I, as though I had been born to no manner of end. Had I been the son of a cobbler, of a porter, an ostler, of the lowest wretch who wins his bread by the sweat of his brow, I should not yet have been reduced to the worst species of beggary, that of begging with sound limbs and a reasonable soul, the least pitied, though most pitiable object of the creation: for, surely, that is the case of a poor scholar and a poor gentleman.

For some following days, I went about prying and inquiring into the numberless occupations that maintained so many thousands of active hands and busy faces, throughout that wonderful city.

One evening, as I returned late, and fatigued, through Cheapside, I observed a man very importunate with a woman who walked before me. Sometimes she would hurry on, and, again, make a full stop, and earnestly beseech him to go about his business; but, in spite of her entreaties, he still stuck close to her, till, coming in the end of a blind alley, he, suddenly, seized her by the arm, and pulled her in after him.

She shrieked out for help, with repeated vociferation; when, recollecting all my force, and drawing my sword; Villain, I cried out, quit the woman, instantly, or you are a dead man. He perceived the glittering of a weapon, and retired a few paces; but taking out a pocket pistol, he discharged it full at me, and ran off with precipitation.

The ball entered my clothes and flesh, and lodged on the rotula of my left arm. I felt a short pang, but, not attending to it, I took the woman under the arm, and, returning with her to the street, I told her we had no time to lose, and desired to know where she lived. She answered, at the sign of the Fan and Ruffle, in Fleet-street, where she kept a milliner's shop. We had not far to go; we made the best of our speed, and were let in by her servant maid, who shewed us to a back parlour.

Jenny, said Mrs. Graves, (that was her name) bring a glass, and bottle of the cordial wine: You look a little pale, sir, I hope you are not hurt. Not much, I think, madam, but I feel a small pain in my left shoulder. Sir, here is my best service to you, with my blessings and prayers for you to the last moment of my life. You must drink it off, sir, we both stood in need of it; this was a frightful affair. Jenny, where is Arabella? Within a few doors, madam, at the Miss Hodginses. Come, sir, said Mrs. Graves, I must look at your shoulder; then, opening the top of my waistcoat, she instantly screamed out, God preserve my deliverer! I fear he is wounded dangerously. Jenny, fly to Mr. Weldon's; bring him with you, immediately! do not come without him. Madam, I replied, the wound cannot be of consequence; but, I was greatly fatigued, at the time I had the happiness to rescue you from that ruffian.

The surgeon soon came, and looking at my wound, said something apart to Mrs. Graves, who, thereupon ordered Jenny to get a fire, and to make and warm the bed in the best chamber.



Sir, said I to Mr. Weldon, do not alarm the gentlewoman. I am not of a fearful temper, and hope to bear my fortune like a man. Sir, said he, your wound has been made by a rifled ball, and it may cost you much pain to extract it. You must not think of stirring from hence, for the present. By the time your bed is ready, I will be back with the dressings.

During the surgeon's absence, Mrs. Graves was all in tears; while I sat suspended between my natural fears of an approaching dissolution, and my hopes of being lastingly provided for. The cruelty of my father, the disappointment of all my expectations, and my utter incapacity of being of the smallest use to myself or mankind, had given me a kind of loathing to life. I had not, indeed, attended to my duty as a Christian! but, I was, then, innocent of any actual evil; and as my conscience did not condemn me, I looked for mercy with a kind of humble resignation.

Mr. Weldon came with the dressings, his eldest apprentice, and a man servant. I was then conducted to my chamber, and helped to bed, where I was put to great anguish in the extraction of the ball; as the lead, being flattened, extended much beyond the wound it had made.

Having passed a very painful and restless night, I remembered nothing further, till, at the expiration of one and twenty days, I seemed to awake out of a long and uneasy dream.

I turned my head, and beheld, as I imagined, all arrayed in shining white, and at my bedside, an inhabitant of some superior region; for never till then had I seen, or even conceived an idea of, any form so lovely.

Tell me, said I, fair creature, on what world am I thrown? But instead of replying, it flew out of my apartment, and soon after returned, accompanied by Mrs. Graves, whose hands and eyes were elevated, as in some extraordinary emotion.

Mrs. Graves, said I, how do you? I hope you are well. I now begin to conjecture whereabouts I am. But, neither did she answer; but, falling on her knees by my bed, and taking hold of my hand, I thank thee, O my God, she cried; and, bursting into tears, she wept and sobbed like an infant. Ah, Mrs. Graves, said I, I fear that you have had a very troublesome guest of me. But, says she, we remember that trouble no more, now that you are, once again, born into the world.

During the few succeeding days, in which I kept my bed, Mrs.

Graves and her niece Arabella, whom I had taken for a vision, constantly breakfasted, and spent their evening in my apartment.

I gave them a short narrative of my foregoing history; and understood on their part, that they were the sister and daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Graves of Putney, who had little more to bequeath than his books and furniture, amounting to about five hundred pounds, which they had hitherto rather increased than diminished.

As I scarce remembered my mother, and had now, as it were, no father, relation, nor friend upon earth, I felt a vacuity in my soul, somewhat like that of an empty stomach, desirous of seizing on the first food that should present. Delightful sensibilities! Sweet hungerings of nature after its kind! This good woman and her niece became all the world to me. The one had conceived, for me, all the passion of a parent; the other, that of the fondest and tenderest of sisters. On the other hand, I had, for Mrs. Graves, all the feelings of a child who conceives himself part of the existence of her who bore him; and my eyes and actions could not forbear to discover to Arabella, that my heart was that of the most affectionate of brothers.

When I was up, and about the house, I requested Mrs. Graves to make out her bill for my board, and for physician, surgeon, drugs, &c. during my long illness. Hereupon she looked eagerly and tenderly at me. Mr. Clement, says she, I think you are too generous, designedly to reproach us with what we owe you. But, for what is it, my child, that you desire us to charge you? Is it for rescuing me from death, or a shame worse than death? probably from both? Or, is it for delivering this my darling from the bitter distress that my loss must have brought upon her? Or, do you rather desire to pay us for the fearful pains and sickness which you suffered on our account, and for having nearly forfeited your life in our defence? No, Mr. Clement, you must not think of paying us the very debts that we owe you; more, indeed, than all our little fortune can ever repay.

Here I was silenced for the present, but in no degree convinced.

In two days after, while Mrs. Graves was at market, and Arabella gone, with a Brussels head and ruffles, to a young lady of distinction; I stepped into the shop, where Jenny waited the commands of those that should call. I had scarce entered, when a sheriff's officer appeared at the door, and, bolting in, laid an execution on the shop, for eighty-five pounds odd shillings, at the suit of Mr. Hardgrave, the cambric and lace merchant.

I was, at first, surprised and grieved, but pleasure quickly succeed-

ed to my concern. I took out my pocket-book, immediately discharged the debt, with costs, and gave a crown to Jenny, on her solemn assurance that she would not betray a syllable of what had happened to her mistress or Arabella.

Soon after, this good gentlewoman and her niece returned; dinner was ordered up, and I sat down to table with a heart and countenance more easy and cheerful than ordinary.

Before the cloth was removed, Jenny came and delivered a note to her mistress. She read it over and over with apparent surprise, asked if the messenger was waiting, and stepped to the door. Again, she returned, sat down without speaking a word, and the muscles of her countenance being strongly affected, she could no longer retain her passion, and her tears burst forth.

What is the matter, cried Arabella, my dear, dear mother, my only friend and parent? And, breaking also into tears, she threw herself about her neck.

O, there is no bearing of this! exclaimed Mrs. Graves. This young man, my Arabella, distresses us beyond expression. He has, this very day, my love, for the second time, snatched us from instant ruin. I would tell you if I could speak; but read that note. Which she did accordingly.

The note was signed Freestone Hardgrave, and imported, how sorry he was, that his late losses had put him under the necessity of laying an execution on her house without customary notice. That he was glad, however, she had so large a sum ready as 90*l.* the receipt of which he acknowledged; and hoped that this affair would make no difference with respect to their future dealings.

And why, dearest of women, said I to Mrs. Graves, why should you grieve that I should endeavour to relieve myself from a part of that burden, with which your obligations have so greatly oppressed me? O! that it were in my power, I cried, (and my hands pressed each other with an involuntary ardour,) but, it never will, it never can be possible, for me, to prove the passion that my soul has for you, and—there I hesitated—to shew you, I say, the love that I have for you, Mrs. Graves. You two make my world, and all that I am concerned for, or desire therein.

Since that is the case, said Mrs. Graves, with a smile and a tear that glistened together, if you will admit an equal passion, from one so old as I am, it were pity we should ever part. Send, my child, this very day, and discharge your former lodgings. The time that we spend together cannot but be happy. All our cares are lessened



by the society of those we love : and our satisfactions will be doubled by feeling for each other.

I did not, at that time, know the whole reason of the delight with which I accepted this generous invitation. I settled at Mrs. Graves's without any formal agreement ; and all my little matters were, directly, brought home.

O, how happy were many succeeding days ! how still more happy, when contrasted with the misery that ensued ! We spent all the time together, that business would permit ; and we grudged every moment that we spent asunder. I related to them a thousand entertaining stories, and passages, occasionally recollected from the poets and historians of antiquity. And a secret emotion, and inward ardour for pleasing, gave me to intersperse observations and pertinent digressions, more delightful to my auditory than all my quoted authorities.

I was, now, daily gathering health and strength, when, one evening, Mrs. Graves returned, more dejected than ordinary. I inquired into the cause, with a countenance that expressed the interest I took in her concerns. Why, my dear child, says she, perhaps I have been indiscreet ; but I meant all for the best. You must know, then, that I have been on a visit to your father. To my father, madam ! Even so. I would to Heaven that he were worthy to be called father to such a son.

Your father, Mr. Clement, is in great circumstances ; he keeps his coach, has taken a fine new house, and lives at a high rate. I sent in my name, with notice that I came on business of consequence. I was thereupon shewn to a back parlour, where he sat in company with Mrs. Clement and a lusty ill-looking young gentleman ; but your stepmother has a comely and good-humoured countenance ; she also appears to be far advanced in her pregnancy. Mrs. Graves, said your father, take a seat. What are your commands with me, madam ?—I came, sir, to let you know that your son, Mr. Hammel Clement, has been on the point of death.—Have you nothing to say to me, madam, but what concerns my son Hammel ?—I have not, I confess, sir, but that is more than enough ; it is very affecting, and concerns you most nearly.—Here Mr. Clement started up, and, catching a book, he pressed it to his lips, and cried, I swear by this holy book, that I will never listen to any person who would speak a single word in behalf of Hammel Clement ; and so, Mrs. give me leave to shew you the way out again. So saying, he caught my hand, and drew me to the door, while I turned, and cried to your stepmother, O, madam, what sort of a heart is your's, that refuses its intercession on this occasion ?

But she gave me a sneer, of such a mischievous meaning, as expressed the whole fiend under the guise of an angel. When Mr. Clement had taken me to the outward door, I just turned, and said, I am sorry, sir, that a man of your grave and sensible appearance, should suffer yourself to be so duped by people whose interest it is to deceive you. But, swelling into choler, he gave me a violent push from him, and clapped to the door. So that, in short, my dear child, I fear I have done you harm, where I meant you true service.

It matters not, my mother, said I, (endeavouring to suppress a tear of tender resentment,) I will soon, I trust, procure some kind of independence on that barbarian; and while I have you and your Arabella, I shall want neither father nor friend.

Being now very nearly re-established in my health, I set out again in search after some employment. As I was strolling on Tower-Hill, I observed a shop on my right hand; that of Mr. Wellcot, a bookseller and printer. I stepped in, and, after some introductory discourse, I asked him, if he had occasion, in the way of his business, for a friend of mine, a gentleman in distress, but of parts and learning. Alas, sir, cried Wellcot, such creatures as you mention are a drug upon earth, there is a glut of them in all markets. I can get one of these gentlemen, on whose education more money has been expended, than at the common and legal interest would maintain a decent family, to labour, like a hackney-horse, from morning to night, at less wages than I could hire a rascally porter for three hours.

While Wellcot was speaking, I made a secret vow against having any kind of commerce or concern with booksellers or printers. But, fearing to be suspected as a party concerned, I affected an air as easy as possible; and observing some females, who were busy in stitching pamphlets, I asked him if they contained any thing new.

Sir, said Wellcot, this is an elaborate performance of the most eminent of our patriot writers; I pay him, at the lowest, five guineas weekly. And, could any man write with double his spirit, I could better afford to give that author a hundred. For, good writings are like diamonds, that are valued according to their carats; double their weight, and they become of twenty times the estimation.

This pamphlet consisted of a sheet, sewed in blue paper. I instantly sat down to peruse it. I found that it contained several very free remonstrances against his majesty, and the ministers, for joining with France in the war against Holland; together with a few collateral digressions, in assertion of Magna Charta, of the freedom of man in general, and of Britons in particular. I perceived that it was

written with more judgment than genius. And what, said I to Wellcot, will you give to that man who shall, confessedly, excel this your most eminent of patriot writers, upon his own subject? Give, sir, cried the bookseller, many thanks, and a proportionable increase of profits. Enough, sir, I answered, you shall soon hear from me again.

On my return, I called at Mr. Goodville's, but he had sailed for France, about a fortnight before. I then went about to a number of pamphlet-shops, and bought up all the political papers that had any reference to the matter in hand.

Having finished my first paper, in about a fortnight, I intitled it the WEEKLY MONITOR, and took it directly to Wellcot's. Here, sir, said I, is my friend's first venture.

He sat down, and having read about a dozen lines, Ay, ay! says he, they do not always do thus at Newmarket; your friend, I find, has set out at the top of his speed. Going on something further, he cried, Well supported, by ——! and then, proceeding to the third page, This (says he) must have been stolen from one of the ancients, because there is no modern who could write like it. Well, sir, you need not give yourself further trouble for the present. I will print this first paper at my own suit. Desire your friend to be careful about the second. Call on me in a week, and I think I shall be able to tell you something that will please you.

I set about my second paper with double genius and application. My ideas were more expanded, my spirits more sublimed. All the persuasives of Cicero, all the thunder of Demosthenes, all that I had read on the topic of liberty, occurred to my remembrance.

I finished my second essay within the week; I went with it to Wellcot, and he presented me, at sight, with twenty guineas. It is more, said he, than hitherto comes to your share; but I love to encourage, and I trust that in the run I shall not be a loser. The demand for this paper has been very uncommon. You need not, sir, be ashamed to acknowledge yourself the author. Preserve but a moiety of the spirit with which you have set out, and my own interest will instruct me to serve you effectually.

I now returned, as in a triumphal chariot. I never before received the prize, as I may say, of personal prowess. The fortune of my father, the fortune of all men living, who were merely born to fortune, diminished beneath me. O, how sweet, said I to myself, how delicious are the fruits of a man's own plantation! Then, like the independent spider, his labours will be crowned with personal honour and success, while he spins his subsistence from his proper bowels.



I hastened to impart my transports to the two loved subjects of all my cares and satisfactions. Jenny told me that her mistress was not at home, but that Miss Arabella was above in her closet. I ran up. I tapped at the door, but no one answered. Again I tapped, and added the soft voice of affection, requesting to be admitted. At length she opened, but looked pale, and with swollen and downcast eyes. I perceived she had been in tears, and a sudden frost fell upon all my delights. What is the matter, I cried, my sister, my sweet friend, my dearest Arabella? and I gently took her hand between both mine. I wish you had not come at this time, Mr. Clement, said she, coolly. But, you must permit me to keep my little griefs to myself. Yes, I replied, if it is your pleasure to kill me outright, refuse me my portion in your interests and concerns. O, Mr. Clement, says she, your soul is too generous, I dare not tell you. I feel what you would suffer, should you know that you are concerned in the cause of my tears. But, we must part, sir, indeed we must; we must part, Mr. Clement, and that suddenly.

Here her voice failed, and throwing herself into a chair, she burst out afresh into a gush of affliction. While I stood astonished, and dropping beside her on one knee, waited with unspeakable anguish.

At length perceiving my situation, Rise, sir, she cried, I intreat you to rise, and take a chair beside me, and I will tell you this distressful business.

You must know, that I was a while ago at the Miss Hodginses. They are very friendly, and good young women, and told me in confidence, though with much concern, of a whisper in the neighbourhood, that my aunt had entertained a young gentleman in the house, who was admitted to such familiar intimacies as could not be without their consequence, especially between persons of our age and sex.

Now, Mr. Clement, I am no way ashamed to confess that I have nothing in heaven but my innocence, nor on earth but my character; and I think you wish me better, than to desire that I should forfeit the one, or the other. Desire it! O heavens! I suddenly exclaimed, I will for ever guard them both, to the last drop of my blood. Alas! cried Arabella, you are the man, of all others, whom the world would not admit for my champion; they are absolute judges, they ought to be obeyed; our parting will be painful, but it must be complied with.

But, my Arabella, most lovely and most beloved of all the human species, tell me, said I, is there no other way to satisfy a misdeeming world, save a remedy that is worse than death itself? No, said she, with an air somewhat resolute, there is no expedient. O, Miss Graves,

answered I, with a hasty dejection, if that is the case, you shall be obeyed; I am, indeed, unhappy, but I will not be importunate. Adieu, dearest of creatures! adieu for ever!—I spoke, and suddenly withdrew.

Hold, sir, she cried, pray stay a moment. I should be wretched, beyond expression, if you went away in the greatest of all errors. But, is it impossible you should think that I could mean any slight to you, Mr. Clement? No, sir; no, of all men living, it was not possible. I spoke, through an humble sense of my own demerits. But of this be assured, that I neither do, nor ever did, nor ever can, mean any offence to Mr. Clement.

While she spoke, I had kneeled before her. I took her hand, and pressed it to my lips and bosom. My Arabella, said I, I confess that this was no premeditated motion of mine. Nay, this very morning the world should not have prevailed with me to have accepted this hand, for which I now kneel. I was, then, poor and wretched, without resource. And, I could not think of bringing distress upon her, independent of whose happiness I could have no enjoyment. I was sensible that I loved you with infinite tenderness; but, my passion did not dare to admit of desire. I could have suffered all things to have heaped blessings upon you; but I would not permit to my soul the distant, though dear wish, of being happy with you.—Ah, what posture is this! exclaimed Arabella.—Nay, you shall not stir, I cried, nor will I rise, till you have heard me a few words. Since morning, I say, I have got room to hope that my Arabella would not be so unhappy, as I feared, in being united to me. I will not urge her, however. I leave her free. I leave her mistress of her own actions. But here I vow, that whether she consent, or not consent, I will never marry another.

So saying, I rose and seated myself beside her. She looked astonished, beyond the power of utterance; but, covering her face with a handkerchief, she gently leaned towards me, and shed a plenteous shower of tears upon my bosom.

When Mrs. Graves returned, I told her of my success at the bookseller's. I had, before, made her the treasurer of my little possessions, and I poured my twenty pieces into her lap.

Arabella, as I conjectured, did not delay to impart to her aunt the late adventure; for I observed that the eyes of that good woman dwelt upon me with a fresh accession of delight.

Having finished my third paper, I took it to Wellcot, who presented me with twenty guineas, and further acknowledged himself my debtor.

Returning homeward, I cast up, in a pleasing kind of mental arithmetic, how much my weekly twenty guineas would amount to at the year's end, and found it much beyond my occasions, even in the state of matrimony.

I now looked upon myself as in the certain receipt of a plentiful income; and this encouraged me to press for the completion of my happiness. Decency alone could give delay in an affair that was, equally, the wish of all parties. We were privately married, in the presence of the Miss Hodginses and two or three other neighbours; and I was put into the possession of the fearfullest and fondest of all brides.

Job very justly says, "Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and not receive evil?" And yet, I imagine, that the recollection of past happiness rather heightens than alleviates the sense of present distress. My soul, in those days, enjoyed a tide of delight, to the fulness of its wishes. I thought that, till then, no person had ever loved as I loved. But the love of my Arabella was a kind of passion, that wanted a name whereby to express it. It was an absence, a sort of death, to all other objects. It was the avarice of a miser who watches over his hoard, and joins to the rapture with which he beholds it, the terrifying ideas of robbery and loss.

I had now, within the space of five weeks, received about one hundred and twenty guineas, on the sale of my Monitor. When, going abroad one evening, I was stopped, within a few doors of my house, by a genteel looking person, who asked if my name was Clement. It is, sir, I answered. Then, sir, says he, I arrest you in his majesty's name, for a libel against the government. Then, beckoning to three or four serjeants that attended, he had me directly seized, and conveyed towards Newgate.

As I was not of a timorous temper, I should have made little more than a jest of this business, had I not trembled for the apprehensions of those whom I knew would tremble for me.

On the way, this officer informed me that my bookseller had confessed to the ministers, that I was the author of a famous pamphlet, intitled "The Weekly Monitor."

I immediately sent for Humphrey Cypher, Esq. serjeant at law, whom I had once occasionally feed in behalf of Mrs. Graves; and I sent, at the same time, for a set of the Weekly Monitor.

When Mr. Cypher came, I put five pieces into his hand, and, having told him my case, I requested him to peruse the papers, and to give me his opinion.



Having read them with due attention, Mr. Clement, says he, I perceive you are a learned and ingenious young gentleman; but I find that you are better acquainted with the republics of Greece, than with the nature and constitution of our limited monarchy. Hence, alone, hath proceeded some lapses that your adversaries would lay hold of. Yet, there is nothing grossly scurrilous or malicious throughout. If you are inclined, says he, to proceed in the course of these papers, I would advise you to put in bail, and to stand the action; but, as I am persuaded that the court have commenced this prosecution merely to deter you from a work that gives them great disgust, if you have any genteel friend, who would solicit in your favour, you would undoubtedly be discharged, without further cost or trouble.

I returned my warm acknowledgments to the serjeant for his friendly counsel, and told him I would consider of it. When he was gone, I dispatched a letter to Mrs. Graves, wherein I gave her an account of my present situation, in a manner as little alarming as possible. I requested her to provide bail for my appearance; but insisted that, till this was done, neither she nor Arabella should come to my prison; and that I had given express orders that they should not be admitted.

Alas! had they complied with my directions, how happy might we have been, all together, at this day! but the excess of their goodness was the cause of our common ruin. Their affection would not be satisfied with simple bail; and they resolved never to rest, till they had procured my full discharge.

They went about to all their customers of any distinction. They solicited, petitioned, and bribed without measure. They borrowed money to the utmost extent of their credit; and pawned, or sold all their effects under prime cost. They gave a purse to one to bring them acquainted with another, on whom they bestowed a larger sum to introduce them to a third. Having at length made their way to Lord Stivers, an agent of the minister, my discharge was made out without further delay.

On the fifth evening from my imprisonment, the door of my chamber opened, and in came my dear aunt with my dearer Arabella. They flew upon me; they clasped me on each side in their arms, and my wife instantly swooned away upon my bosom. She soon revived, however, at the known voice of love; and, as every door for my enlargement had been previously opened, we went down, stepped into the coach, and drove home directly.

Here I saw the first cause of alarm. The shop was shut up. I was shocked, but did not venture to inquire, except by my eyes.

The kettle being down, and all seated to tea, I introduced the affair with an affected unconcern; and, by question after question, artfully extracted the whole history of the five preceding days; whereby I found that they had expended in my behalf beyond the last penny of their own substance, and that nothing remained save one hundred and fifty pounds, to which the several deposits amounted which I had made with Mrs. Graves.

I could now no longer contain myself. Cruel women! inhuman friends! I cried. The bitterness of enmity could never have brought an evil like this upon me. Accursed wretch that I am, to be the instrument of perdition to those whom I would feed with my blood. Would to heaven I had not been born! or, would I had been cut off by some quick judgment ere this had happened!

Here Mrs. Graves drew her chair close to mine, and catching me about the neck, and dropping upon me a few tears, that she struggled to suppress; Do not grieve, my child, she cried; do not afflict yourself for nothing. All is as it should be. There is no harm done. Your Arabella and I can always earn genteel bread, without other means than the work of our hands. We can never want, my Hammy. We have done nothing for you. Neither has any thing happened wherewith you ought to reproach yourself. What we did was for ourselves, for the relief of the anguish of our own hearts; to bring you home to us again, as soon as possible, since we found that we could no longer live without you.

Within a few days, I perceived that my dear aunt began to decline in her health, perhaps, occasioned by her late fatigue and anxiety of spirits. No care nor expence was spared for her recovery. Arabella and I sat up with her, alternately, every night. But, alas, all our cares and remedies, our prayers and our tears, proved unsuccessful; and, at the end of five months, she expired within our arms.

Arabella then quitted her hold, and, crossing her arms upon her bosom, and looking eagerly on the face, once so lovely, and always beloved; You are then at peace, said she, my mother. O my friend! my only parent!—She could utter no more, but fainted away upon the body.

I took her up in my arms, and, carrying her into the next room, I laid her on the bed; I ordered Jenny and the two nurses to take care of her, and charged them not to permit her to see her aunt any more.

I then returned to the chamber, wherein the precious ruins of the half of my world was laid. I locked the door within side. I approached the body, and hung over it, and gazed upon it, with inexpressible emotion. I repeatedly clapped my hands together. I stooped down, and kissed, and rekindled her cold lips. I gave a free scope to my tears, sobs, and lamentations. Ah, I cried, my parent! my patroness! Have I lost you, my only prop? Are you for ever, departed from me, my support and consolation? I was abandoned by the world, by friends, father, and relations; but you became the world and all relations to me. "I was a stranger, and you took me in; I was sick, and in prison, and you ministered unto me." But, you are gone; you are gone from me afar off. And I die a thousand deaths in the anguish of surviving you. Here you lie, my mother, the victim of your goodness to your unlucky guest. Wretch that I am! doomed to bring no portion, save that of calamity, to those who regard me! Woe of woes! Where, now, shall I ease my soul of its insupportable burden? She will no more return, to take aught at my hands; and I must suffer the oppression through life.

Having thus vented the excesses of my passion, my spirits subsided into a kind of gloomy calm. I returned to my wife.—But, I see, sir, you are too much affected. I will not dwell on this melancholy scene any longer.

When I had discharged doctors' fees, apothecaries' bills, and funeral expences; I found that our fortune did not amount to fifty pounds. My wife was, now, far advanced in her pregnancy; her labour was hastened by her grief and late fatigues; and she was delivered of that boy whom your charity a second time brought into this world.

As I was, now, all things to my Arabella; the only consolation she had upon earth; I never left her during her illness. By the time she was up and about; what with the charges of child-bearing, and a quarter's rent, &c. our fund was sunk within the sum of ten pounds; and I was going, one evening, to look out for some employment, when we heard a rapping of distinction at the door.

Jenny came, in a hurry, and brought us word that Lord Stivers was in the parlour, and desired to speak with me. I went down, greatly surprized. Mr. Clement, says he, with a familiar air, I have long wished to see you, but I did not think it seasonable to disturb you during the misfortune of your family, and the illness of your wife. Your WEEKLY MONITORS have genius and spirit, but they have done some mischief, which we wish to have remedied.—As how pray, my lord?—Why, Mr. Clement, I never knew a writing, in favour of



liberty, which the populace did not wrest in favour of licentiousness, and to the casting aside of all manner of rule. Now, Mr. Clement, we want you to undertake our cause, which is, by much, the most reasonable; in short, we want you to refute your own papers.

O, my lord, I answered, I should think it an honour to serve your lordship, or the ministry, on any other occasion. But, in a matter that must bring public infamy upon me;—indeed, my lord, you must excuse me; I should be pointed at, as an apostate, by all men, and bring my person and writings into such disgrace as would for ever disable me from serving either myself or your lordship.

Well, sir, replied my lord, I will not then insist on a formal refutation of your own writings. I only ask, if you are willing to engage in our quarrel, as far as is consistent with honour and truth?—I am, my lord, I rejoined, as far as is consistent with my own credit and the good of my country.

The good of your country, Mr. Clement, says my lord: I hope you do not think that government is contrary to the good of your country. Pray, in what do you make this Liberty consist, of which you are become so eminent a patron?

There are two sorts of liberty, my lord, I answered. The first constitutes the duty and happiness of a man, independent of community. The second constitutes the privilege and happiness of a man, merely as he is a member of any state.

Independent of community, a man is, so far, free, and no further, than he acts up to the dictates of reason and duty, in despite of inward appetite and outward influence.

As a member of community, a man is, so far, free, and no further, than as every other member of that community is legally restrained from injuring his person, or encroaching on his property.

Inimitably well defined, cried his lordship; I have read volumes in folio upon the subject, but never knew what liberty was before. Well, Mr. Clement, as this liberty of yours is in all respects so opposite to the licentiousness I was talking of, it cannot but make in favour of a good government. I therefore request you to write a treatise to the purpose of your definition; and to take us with you as far you can. We shall not be ungrateful, we are good paymasters, sir. Why do you hesitate? Did you not tell me you were disposed to serve us?

My lord, I replied, I fear I should fall greatly short of your expectations. It is very easy to find fault; but to vindicate truth itself against popular prejudice, *hoc opus hic labor est*.

Mr. Clement, says my lord, I am proud that we have got a gentle-

man of so much honesty and ingenuity to befriend us. It shall be my care to provide you with materials; and I am confident that so great a master of his instrument as you are, will make excellent music on a few fundamental notes. Here are twenty guineas earnest, and ten guineas shall be paid you weekly till we can fix you in some station. I will take a glass, or a dish of tea, with you in a few days, and wish you a good evening.

On the third morning after this interview, my lord returned with a large bundle of pamphlets in his chariot, and some manuscript notes. He breakfasted with us, and was easy, polite, and cheerful.

I now entered on my new province. As I had, formerly, lashed the insolence, encroachments, and rapaciousness of power, I now, on the other hand, rebuked the riotous, factious, and seditious propensities of a turbulent, licentious, and unsatisfied people; ever repugnant to government, and reluctant to the reign of the gentlest ruler.

I took five times the pains with these latter papers than I had with the former, and these had more than double the merit of the other; and, in point of sentiment, and general instruction, were of twenty times the value to mankind: but, how can that instruct which is not attended to? It was intimated to the people that these had been written at the instance of the governors; and they would not have listened to an oracle, if uttered from that quarter.

Six months had now elapsed in these lucubrations. I had delivered to my wife two hundred and sixty guineas, the weekly price of my labours. We had lived with great frugality. Arabella had, again, taken in as much work as her nursing the child would admit. And we had some pieces left of our former remnant; when Lord Stivers called in upon me, with good news, as it were a prologue, in his aspect.

Mr. Clement, said he, I want to speak to you apart. I had yesterday some talk with the minister about you, and he has promised me four hundred a year pension for you, till something better can be done; and this is to be wholly clear and over your weekly wages of ten guineas, while we keep you so hard at work. But tell me, Clement, says he, laying his hand with an affectionate familiarity upon my shoulder, are you of a jealous temper?—The furthest from it, my lord, of any man breathing.—O, I am glad of that; but, if you were, I have nothing exceptionable to propose. To be short: Half a dozen noblemen, all my friends, and people of strict probity and virtue, have engaged to spend a share of to-morrow in a party of pleasure upon the Thames; and we have each of us laid a bet of a hundred guineas, that from the number of his relations, his friends, or acquaintance,

he will bring the prettiest woman to this field of contention. I had fixed upon lady Fanny Standish, a lovely creature, and a relation of my own, but she unfortunately happened to be pre-engaged. I am therefore quite at a loss, and must infallibly lose my wager, if you do not favour me with the company of Mrs. Clement. With her I can make no question of conquest; and I give you my honour to pour into her lap the whole five hundred guineas, the just prize of her beauty.

Why, my lord, I answered, this is indeed a very pleasant project, and has nothing in it exceptionable, that I can perceive, if no one was to know any thing of the matter; but, what will the world say to see your lordship so paired?—'Shaw! damn the world, Clement; I am your world, man.—Your lordship has a good right to damn an inferior world, I rejoined; but the world has an equal right, and will certainly make use of it, in the damnation of my wife.—What! said he, warmly, you will not then confide her to my honour?—I will not, my lord, confide her honour, unnecessarily, to any man from under that guardianship and protection which I vowed to her in marriage.—It is very well, Mr. Clement, you may hear from me to-morrow. And away he went.

He was as good as his word. The very next morning I was arrested at his suit for two hundred and four-score guineas, the amount of all that I had received from him; and I was hurried to the Fleet-prison, without being permitted to speak to any one.

As my lord knew that, on issue, I must cast him in his action, and, further, come upon him for special damage, it instantly occurred that this was merely a stratagem for the seduction of my Arabella; and her defenceless state gave me inexpressible torture. I immediately wrote her an account of my situation and apprehensions, which were too well founded: But, sir, I will give you a detail of these extraordinary events in the order of time in which they happened, as I afterwards learned them from the mouth of my wife, and from the testimony of others.

Before my wife could have the least intelligence of my confinement, my lord paid her a visit; and entering with his accustomed freedom and good humour, Mrs. Clement, says he, I am come to prevent your being alarmed, when you should hear that I sent your husband to the Fleet-prison this morning. But, to convince you that I intend him no manner of harm, I have here brought you the money for which he was arrested; and it is at your own choice to release him within this hour, or on the feast of saint Simpleton, if you are not in a hurry.



So saying, he put a large purse into her hand. And pray, my lord, then demanded Arabella, on what account was it you had him arrested?—To punish him, answered my lord, for being the most jealous-pated coxcomb in Europe.—Jealous, my lord! pray of whom can he be jealous?—Of you and I, madam.—Of us, my lord? Sure we never gave him cause.—No, that I will be sworn, rejoined my lord; but more is the pity: the jealousy came first, and the cause ought now, in all conscience, to follow.

Before the last words had escaped his mouth, he sprung forward, and, catching her in his arms, he pressed and kissed her with the rudest ardour. But, quickly disengaging herself, and pushing him violently from her, I see you are a villain, she cried, and desire that you will instantly quit my house; and, so saying, she threw the purse out at the door. My lord, however, stood his ground, and looking at her with astonishing ease and unconcern, Mrs. Clement, says he, the destiny of your husband and yourself is in my hands; and I must tell you it does not become you to treat your best friend in so injurious a manner. I have here brought you a settlement of five hundred a year for life. It is perfected to you without condition; and how far you will be grateful, lies wholly at your own election.—May heaven forsake me, she cried, when I accept the smallest advantage from you or your fortune.—Well, well, Arabella, replied my lord, I must and will have you, on your terms, or my own; but, if you had really a mind to contest this business with me, what a little fool you were, so simply, to cast away the sinews of war? I leave you, child, for the present, to wiser reflections. Then insolently smiling in her face, he retired.

As soon as he was gone, my wife hurried to the Miss Hodginses, and prevailed upon one of them to keep her company till she should be able to procure my enlargement. She then went to a person who dealt in household furniture, and requested him to come the next morning, and make a purchase of some goods that she had to dispose of. And lastly she writ me a letter with an account of all these matters, and a promise to be with me the day following.

I should have apprised you before this, that our faithful and affectionate Jenny had forsaken us. A small legacy had been left her, whereupon she quitted service, and went to live with her parents; and we were obliged to hire a strange maid in her room.

The next day, Arabella sold as much of her furniture to the fore-mentioned dealer, and some neighbours, as amounted to upwards of forty guineas. She had put these, with the former deposit of two

hundred and sixty, into her pocket ; it was now afternoon, and she was joyfully preparing to come and give me freedom, when our new maid entered, and told Miss Hodgins that a lady waited for her at home on earnest business, but promised not to detain her above five minutes. Alas ! Miss Hodgins was scarce gone, when Lord Stivers entered, and my wife, giving a violent shriek, dropped backward in a chair.

Lord Stivers, thereupon, drew another chair, and with an impudent appearance of tenderness seated himself beside her. My dear Arabella, said he, do not be alarmed. By——, I am not come to do you the smallest injury. I tell you, however, that you are wholly in my power. Your street-door is bolted. I have two able footmen below in the kitchen ; and the maid, who contrived to get your friend out of the way, is much more my servant than yours, I assure you. I have loved you long, my Arabella ; and the frequent visits I paid are to be placed to your credit, and not to that of the stupid politics with which I amused your husband ; and now, my angel, if you will make any concession, but the slightest return to the excess of my passion, I here vow to you perpetual faith and constancy for life, and both my fortune and person shall be wholly devoted to you. But, do not attempt to impose ; do not hope to deceive me.

No, no, my lord, she cried, I will not deceive you, by pretending to sacrifice the least article of duty to your person or fortune. I see that I am in danger ; on the brink of perdition. I see that hell is strong, and subtle at devices. Heaven save me, any how ! Strike, strike me dead this instant ! You thunders and earthquakes, that once were my terrors, be now my deliverers !

Why, my Arabella, says Lord Stivers, this is all very fine. It is the sweetest-rant I ever heard. And you are the sweetest girl, upon my soul, that ever I saw. I perceive that you are really alarmed, my love ; but, what is it that frights you ? You shall never receive any treatment from me, save proofs of the violence of my affection. Recall your spirits, child, and prepare yourself with patience for what must be. For I swear to you, Arabella, by—— &c. &c. that no power in the universe, shall snatch you this hour, from the ardour of my caresses.

The wretched object of the lust of this barbarous man, then, dropped on her knees in a frantic agony. O God ! she cried out, if you are in heaven ; if you hear and see these things ; if virtue and purity are not an offence unto you ; send, send, and deliver me by some sud-

den salvation! O, my lord, once our generous patron and protector, the friend and support of our declining house! would you now tumble into deep and irreparable ruins the work of your own hands? Alas, you know not what you do; you cannot guess at the horrors you are about to perpetrate. If ever you had a touch of pity. If ever—but, what shall I say? If you do not, like devils, delight in the miseries of wretches, damned for eternity; shield, shield me, my dear lord; be you, yourself, my saviour, from this my hour of terrors, from this hell that is come upon me. I have, already, suffered the pangs of death, in the bare apprehension. I will never live to bear in me, and about me, a detestable being. Hope it not; dream not of it. By heaven, I will not a moment survive my pollution. O mercy! mercy! mercy! And, so saying, her voice was stopped, by an agony of sobs and tears.

Charming girl! enchanting creature! exclaimed the deliberate villain; every action, every word, intended to dissuade, are fresh incitements to my passion, my Arabella. But, I see that you will not consent to my happiness; and that I must give you an apology, for your acceptance of any favour at my hands.

So saying, he arose, and up she sprung at the instant, and running to the furthest corner of the room, recollected all her spirits and force for her defence. She struggled, and shrieked, and called out upon heaven, and earth, to save her. But, no help appearing nigh, she, suddenly, recollected a pair of long and sharp-pointed scissars that she had in her pocket; and, in the moment that Lord Stivers threw her upon the floor, she drew them forth, and aiming at him with all her strength, she almost buried the weapon in his left side; whereat he gave a loud curse, and over he tumbled gasping and groveling beside her.

Up she got, with all haste, and running to the cradle where her infant lay crying, she caught him in her arms; and opening the chamber door softly, and shutting it after her, she stepped down stairs as upon feathers, and stealing to the street-door, she opened it suddenly, rushed into the street, and hurried on till she came to a stand of coaches; where she hired the first she met, threw herself hastily into it, and ordered the man to drive with speed to the Fleet-prison.

On her arrival, she discharged the action and fees of arrest, with all possible dispatch, and then hurried to my apartment. On the first glimpse, I sprung to her, and caught her in my arms with unspeakable transport: but finding the child with her, and observing that her breath was quick and uneven, I withdrew a step or two, and





W. M. Craig Del

A. Warren Sculp.

*Death of Lord Rivers.*



looked eagerly at her; and perceiving that she was pale, and had a kind of wildness in her eyes; What is the matter, my love, I cried, what has happened to you? I have not been well, she answered, with an affected unconcern before the keeper. But pray come down, my dear, you are much wanted, and the coach is in waiting.

Nothing further passed between us, till we got into the coach, and that my wife desired the man to drive to some neighbouring street, and to stop at the first door where he saw a bill for lodgings. For lodgings! again I demanded: for whom does my Arabella desire to take lodgings? For you and me, Mr. Clement, she cried, wringing her hands; Lord Stivers lies weltering in his blood at our house, deprived of life within this half hour by my unhappy hand.

I was suddenly struck dumb with surprize and horror. All the occasions and consequences of this direful event whirled through my imagination in a fearful succession. What must now become of my soul's soleenjoyment? What indignities must have been offered! what violation might she not, or rather must she not, have suffered, before she could be brought to perpetrate so terrible a deed! I grew instantly sick, and putting my head through the window, desired the coachman to stop at the first tavern. I ordered the drawer to hasten, with a pint of Spanish white wine, to the door, and I pressed and compelled my wife to swallow a part. Our spirits being in some degree settled thereby, we drove to a private street, on the right-hand of Cheapside, where I took a back-room and closet, up two pair of stairs, at one Mrs. Jennett's, an old maid and a mantua-maker. I immediately ordered a fire to be kindled, and the tea-things to be laid, and, giving the servant a crown, desired her to bring the value in proper ingredients.

The evening was now shut in; and, while the maid was abroad, not a syllable passed between my wife and me. I dreaded to inquire of what I still more dreaded to understand; and Arabella seemed to labour under some mighty oppression; when retiring to the closet, where our bed stood, she covered her child up warm, and kneeling down by his side, broke forth into a violent torrent of tears, intermingled with heavings and half strangled sobs.

I sat still without seeming to observe her emotion. I was sensible that nature wanted this kindly relief. The teas and sugars were brought; the kettle put on the fire; and the maid again retired; when I gently called to my Arabella to come forth, with a voice of the truest love that ever yet breathed from a human bosom.

Her eyes were already wiped, her countenance composed, and her



demeanour much more settled than before. She sat down with a rising sigh, which she checked with a half smile. My Arabella, said I, my only joy! my unmeasured blessing! What is it that thus distracts my dearer part of my existence? Your mind, your spirit, my angel, is still pure and unpolluted; and bodies are merely as bodies, incapable of defilement, being doomed from our birth to dissolution and corruption.

Ah, my Hammy, she exclaimed, you are quite beside the mark; I sigh not, I weep not, I grieve not for myself. I fear not, nor regard the consequences, however fatal, of what has happened. Suppose a sudden and shameful death, I thank my God for it, death will offer me up a victim still pure and unpolluted. But O the wretched Stivers, what is now become of him? Sent, so unprovided, to his eternal audit. Unhappy that I am! perhaps an instrument of perdition to an immortal being. Ah, rather that I had not been born! would I had perished in his stead! A death, in the cause of virtue, had been my advocate for mercy.

How is this? my Arabella, I cried. Is condemnation then to be brought upon the good, because they oppose themselves to evil? Would you have censured any one living, except yourself, for having given you this deliverance, by the death of the ravisher? No, surely. In the daily and nightly robberies, massacres, and assassinations, that the violent machinate against the peaceful, is it the fault of those that stand in the defence of righteousness, that villains often perish in the act of transgression? Commiseration to the flagitious is cruelty to the just; and he who spares them, becomes the accomplice of all their future crimes.

During tea, my wife gave me an ample narrative of all that happened at our house, while I was in confinement. As she spoke, I was first speechless, with fearful and panting expectation; I was then kindled into fury and a vehement thirst of vengeance. And, lastly, I was elevated into an awful rapture. I looked at my wife with eyes swimming with love and veneration. I rose from my seat. I threw myself on my knees before her. Adorable creature, I cried, divine Arabella! thus let me worship, thro' the purest of all mediums, that GODHEAD who inspires and delights in such perfections.

Our fortune was now reduced to very little more than fifteen guineas. We had no clothes but what we wore; and we did not dare to go or send to our house for others; neither to make ourselves known to any acquaintance. We went by the name of Stapleton. On the following night I ventured abroad, and bought for myself a

few second hand shirts, with a common gown, and some changes of linen for my wife.

On the fifth day at breakfast, while Arabella was casting her eye over a newspaper that she had borrowed from Mrs. Jennett, she turned suddenly pale. What, she cried, before I could question her, accused for robbery, as well as murder! that is hard indeed. But I trust that my lot shall not exceed my resignation. And so saying, she handed me over the paper with a smile, in which heaven appeared to open.

The advertisement ran thus :—

“ WHEREAS Arabella Clement, alias Graves, did on the 15th of September instant, most barbarously stab and murder the Right Hon. James \*\*\*\*, late Lord Stivers; at a house of ill report, where she formerly had kept a milliner's shop, in Fleet-street: and whereas she did further rob the said Right Hon. &c. of a large purse of money, his gold repeater, snuff-box, diamond-ring, &c. as may be proved, from the examination and testimony of three concurring witnesses. Now his Majesty, in his gracious abhorrence of such crimes, doth hereby promise a reward of three hundred guineas to any person who shall stop, discover, or arrest, the said Arabella, so as that she may be brought to condign punishment.”

O, said my wife, I perceive that my enemies will swear home, indeed. Their plunder of Lord Stivers can, no way, be assured, save by my condemnation. But, be it as it may, that Providence, who over-rules the wickedness of this world, may yet give a clue to escape its perplexities.

I now had every thing to fear for my Arabella, as well from the interested villany of the witnesses, as from the power of the ministry, and the resentment of the relations of so great a man. Had I had the greatest estate of England, I would have exchanged my whole interest, for as much ready cash as would have conveyed us to some region of safety. But this was not practicable, with the very small remainder of our fortune.

We appeared, as little as possible, even to the lodgers of the house: and I intimated to my landlady, that it was the fate of many a gentleman to be obliged to abscond, till his affairs could be compounded with hard-hearted creditors.

During the space of nine months, our principal diet was weak tea and bread, and, if we ventured at odd times on a small joint of meat, it served us cold, hashed, and minced, from one week to the other.

How small must be the cravings of simple nature, when a family, like ours, accustomed to affluence, could subsist in London, without murmuring, for upward of nine months, on less than eight guineas ! But our fund was now exhausted to a few shillings ; and my sword, watch, and buckles, were also gone, in discharge of our three quarters rent to the landlady. Ruin stared us in the face. I beheld, as it were, a gulph, unfathomable and impassable, opening beneath our feet, and heaven and earth joining to push us down the precipice.

We yet lived a month longer, on coarse bread and cold water, with a little milk that we got now and then for the child ; but I concealed from my wife, that we had not a single sixpence now left upon earth.

I looked up to Heaven, but without love or confidence. Dreadful Power, I cried, who thus breakest to powder the poor vessels of thy creation ! Thou art said to be a bounteous caterer to the spawn of the ocean, and to the worms of the earth. Thou clothest the birds of the air, and the beasts of the forest : they hunger, and find a banquet at hand. Thou sheddest the dew of thy comforts, even on the unrighteous ; thou openest thy hand, and all things living are filled with plenteousness. Are we, alone, excepted from the immensity of thy works ? Shall the piety of my wife, shall the innocence of my infant, thus famish, unregarded and unpitied, before thee ?

Ah ! it is I who am the accursed thing ; who bring plagues upon all with whom I am connected. Even the labours of my life, the issues of my honest industry, have been changed, by thy ordinances, into nothing but damage ; to the imprisonment of my person ; to the ruin of those who had the misfortune to befriend me ; and to the death and desolation of all whom I held dear. I strive, in vain, with thy omnipotence, it is too mighty for me, and crushes me below the centre. Pour out then the vessels of thy wrath upon my head ; but, on my head alone, O just Creator ! and take these little ones to thy mercy.

The night was now advanced, but that which fell upon my soul was a night which would admit no ray of comfort. I wished for dissolution to myself, to the universe. I wished to see the two proprietors of my soul's affections lying pale and breathless before my eyes. I would not have endured my hell another moment. I would have given myself instant death ; but I dreaded to leave my desolate widow, and helpless orphan, without a friend, as I then conceived, either in heaven or earth.

My wife had lain down, with her infant on the bed. A sudden



reflection started. My death, thought I, may yet be useful to those for whom alone I could wish to live. I rose, frantically determined. My brain was on fire. I took down an old pistol, which hung in a corner; I put it into my breast; down stairs I went, and issued to the street.

I was bent on something desperate, but knew not what. I had not gone far, when I saw a large tavern open beside me. I passed thro' the entry, and, running up stairs, boldly entered the dining room, where a numerous company of gentlemen sat round their bottle. I clapt to the door; and taking out the pistol, Gentlemen, I cried, I starve, I die for want: resolve, instantly, to relieve, or to perish along with me.

They all fixed their eyes upon me; but the meagre frenzy, as I suppose, which they saw in my countenance, held them silent. The person who was nearest, directly took out his purse, and presented it to me. I returned it to him, and putting up my pistol; No, no, sir, I cried, I will not take your gold. I am no robber. But, give me some silver, to keep awhile, from the grave, three creatures who famish amidst a plentiful world.

They all, as by one consent, put their hands to their pockets, and instantly made a heap of upwards of three pounds. I devoured it with my eyes. I beheld it as a mint of money, and panting, and grappling at it like a vulture, I stuffed it into a side pocket; and being too full of acknowledgment to thank my benefactors, I burst forth into tears, and, turning from them, got once more into the street, without interruption.

I made directly home, and, stepping softly up stairs, I first restored the pistol to its old station. I then went to the closet, where my wife lay, still asleep. I gently waked her by the fondness of my caresses. My Arabella, I cried, I have ventured out for the first time; and Heaven has sent us some small relief by a friend that I happened to meet. Here, my love, I said, putting a crown into her hand, call the maid, and send out for some comfortable sustenance; our fast has been long indeed.

Within a few days, our strength and our spirits began to recruit, though we still continued to live much within the bounds of temperance. My soul again settled into a kind of sullen calm, and looked forth, though at a distance, to some future dawning.

One day, as my landlady's Bible lay before me, a sudden thought occurred. I breathed up to God a short and silent ejaculation, beseeching him to instruct me in what I ought to do, by the passage

upon which my thumb should happen to rest, on opening the book. I instantly made the venture, and found the following words: "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against thee, and before heaven, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Alas! I was far from imagining it was no other than my Father in heaven who called me, and who would, thereby, have directed and conducted me to himself.

I racked my memory to discover in what I had given just offence to my earthly progenitor; but resolved, at all events, to observe the admonition.

In the dusk of the evening, I tied my handkerchief, sailor-like, about my neck, I pulled my wig forward, and slouching my hat, I slid out of doors; and stooping half double, I limped with a counterfeited gait, towards my father's. I was duly apprized, that, if I knocked at the door, or directly inquired for him, I should not be admitted. I therefore walked to and again, now near, now aloof, for near an hour, before his house, in patient expectation of his appearance.

I had repeated this exercise for five successive evenings, when the door at length opened, and a servant in livery came up and accosted me. Is your name Clement, sir?—Suppose it was, says I.—Supposing so, replied he, I am ordered to tell you, that my master is well informed of all your wicked designs; and that if ever you appear again in sight of his windows, he will send you to Newgate, without bail or mainprize.

We parted without another word, and I crossed over the way to a chandler's shop. The good woman of the house also happened to sell some small ale in her back apartments. I called for a mug, and requested her company for a few minutes. After some introductory chat, I addressed her in a manner that I judged most engaging for one in her sphere. She very freely told me the history of my father and his present family; and further, that it was his custom on every Monday and Friday to repair to the tradesman's club, at the Golden-anchor in Temple-lane, about eight of the clock at night, and not to return till about eleven.

I went home something satisfied with this intelligence, as I now knew where to find my unnatural parent, though his last barbarous message had rendered me hopeless, and quite averse to any kind of application to him.

We had now lived three months longer on the last charity. We

were again reduced to the last shilling, and, what was still worse, our landlady became importunate for her quarter's rent. My wife had lately requested her to look out for some sempstry-work among the neighbours. This she promised to do, but purposely declined, as she and her family got the benefit of her labour gratis.

I began again to return to my former evil thoughts. I resolved to make war upon the whole race of man, rather than my wife and infant should perish in my sight: but I reflected that it was more equitable to begin with a father, on whom nature had given me a right of dependence, than to prey upon strangers, on whom necessity alone could give me any claim.

It was Monday night. The clock struck ten. I took down the old pistol, and marched toward the Anchor. I patrolled near the place of expectation above an hour. The night was excessively dark, and no light in that part: at length I listened to the sound of distant steps, and soon after heard a voice cry murder! murder!

I ran to the cry, and perceived one man on the ground, and another stooping to rifle his pockets. I instantly drew my pistol, and striking at the robber's head with my full force, I laid him senseless on the pavement. I then gently raised the other, who was bleeding and stunned by the stroke he had received. I supported him step by step toward a distant lamp, where at length we arrived, and found a tavern open. I entered, and ordered a room with fire and lights; and desired that a surgeon should be immediately called. The gentleman, whose face was nearly covered with blood and dirt, began now to recover his strength and senses. I got him to swallow a small dram of spirits, and he stepped with me up stairs, scarcely leaning on my shoulder.

While we sat at the fire, and a napkin and warm water were getting ready, the stranger grew passionate in his acknowledgments for his life, which he said he owed me, and which service he promised to recompense to the stretch of his power. But, when he had washed and wiped away the blood and dirt from his face,—heaven! what was my emotion at the sight of an aspect once so loved and so revered! all my injuries and resentments vanished instantly from my memory. I fell at his knees with a great cry, Is it you then, my father! my once dear, my ever dear and lamented father! Is it the face of a father that I at last behold! I burst into tears: I wept aloud. I interruptedly demanded, Will you not know me? will you not own me? will not nature speak in you? will you not acknowledge your



son, your once-beloved Hammel, so long the comfort of your age, and the pride of your expectations ?

While I spoke, my father looked wild and eager upon me. He at length recollected me, through all my leanness and poor apparel ; and, hesitating, replied, I, I, I believe indeed you are my child Hammel ; and straight fainted away.

During his fit, the surgeon came with his instruments and dressings ; and having taken some blood from him, he opened his eyes, and began to breathe with freedom. He then examined his wound, which was a little above his forehead, and declared it so slight as scarce to be an excuse for keeping his chamber. The surgeon having dressed it, received his fee, and retired. And my father, ringing for the drawer, ordered a flask of Burgundy, with a cold fowl.

When the table was laid, and the waiter desired to withdraw, my father, again looking earnestly upon me, I believe, says he, my child may be hungry ; and, straight, his countenance falling, and the muscles of his lips beginning to work, he broke into tears. Barbarous wretch ! he exclaimed, unnatural ostrich ! who could thus leave the first begotten of thy bowels to the nakedness of the sands, and to the blasting of the elements !

No, no, my father, I cried, again throwing myself on my knees before him ; kill me not with your tears, crush me not with this, your unmerited concern ! All is well, all is happy, as I can bear it to be. This moment overpays my years of anguish : it is like heaven after passing the vale of death.

After supper, of which my father scarce tasted, he got up, and, as I rose at the same time, he stepped to me, and catching me passionately in his arms, and putting his neck about mine, My child, he cried, my beloved child, my life's blessed preserver ! come once more to my bosom, enter thy forsaken mansion ! Too long has it been desolate, without thee ! But, here I vow to the Almighty, that no stepdames, nor viperous instruments, shall ever hereafter insinuate between us : accursed be they who shall attempt to divide us ; and may they come to an evil end who shall desire to deprive me of thee, the light of mine eyes.

While we sat over our bottle, my father called for ink and paper, and first presenting me with a purse of fifty guineas, he again gave me a bill, at sight, on his banker, for five hundred pounds. I started up, but stopping me, he cried, Hold, hold, my Hammy, I see myself overpaid in the acknowledgments of that dear, though meagre, countenance. And then, as I kneeled before him, with both hands held

over me, and eyes raised to heaven, he blessed me in an ejaculation of the tenderest ardour.

The reckoning being discharged, and two chairs ordered to the door, my father desired me to meet him at the same tavern the following evening; and said, in the mean time he would think of settling some certain income upon me. And thus we parted, as though our souls had accompanied each other.

It was now near two o'clock. My Arabella had, long since, put her child to rest; and I found her in tears by a fire, scarce alive. She started up, on my entering; her face gleamed with a sickly joy; and she uttered some soft reproaches for my absence at those hours.

Before I ventured to let in the full tide of our returning happiness on her weak and alarmed spirits, I took out some sack, which I had purposely brought in my pocket. I broke some Naples biscuit into a cup, and, pouring some of the wine upon it, I set her the example, and prevailed on her to eat.

Meanwhile she gazed earnestly and inquisitively in my face. My Hammy, she tenderly cried, what is the meaning of this? What eyes are these, Hammy; what new kind of a countenance is this you have brought home to me? Ah, forbid it my God! that the darling of my soul should have done any thing criminal. First, perish your Arabella, perish also her infant, rather than, on our account, the least of the virtues of my Hammy should be lost.

No, no, my angel, I cried, God has been wonderfully gracious to me; he blesses me for your sake, my Arabella. I have seen my father, we are happily reconciled, and famine and affliction shall come near us no more.

I then lighted up a good fire, and while we were emptying a pint, I gave her a detail of what had passed, and poured my purse of guineas into her lap. So we went to bed in peace, the happiest of all the pairs on whom the succeeding sun arose.

We lay in bed till day. I then, calling up the landlady, discharged our quarter's rent.

When she was dismissed, I consulted with my wife whether she would chuse to retire to France or Holland, or to York, or some other remote place within the kingdom. But, reflecting again on my father's tenderness for me, she joined in thinking it advisable to act with his concurrence; and I determined, that very evening, to reveal to him the whole pathetic history of our marriage and adventures.

Meanwhile I thought it best, in all events, to secure the means of moderately compassing our purpose, by taking up the 500*l.* from my

father's banker. I found by experience, that I had now little to fear from being known to any one. My shabby apparel, and emaciated face and limbs, that had prevented the remembrance of a father, appeared a double security against all other eyes. I therefore adventured, though not without circumspection, to Mr. Giles's, in Lombard-street, and presented my bill.

My friend, said Mr. Giles, it is not two hours since a stop was put to the payment of that draught; and I was desired, at the same time, to put this paper into the hands of the party who should call. So saying, he gave me a note, which I opened with a trepidation that was turned into agony on reading the following words.

“TO HAMMEL CLEMENT.

“Most subtle and most accursed of all cruel contrivers! thou didst thyself, then, set that villain on thy foolish and fond father; by whom his blood was shed, and his life nearly lost. I renounce thee, I abjure thee from henceforth, and for ever. And, as I continue to disclaim all sorts of ties with thee, either here or hereafter; so may heaven continue to prosper,

“BARTHOLOMEW CLEMENT.”

On reading this dreadful paper, I retired from the counter without speaking a word. I got home I knew not how, for I neither knew what I did, or considered what I was about. I walked up stairs, without perceiving that I was followed. But, I had scarce got into my room, when five or six men entered, almost along with me; and one of them, stepping directly up to my wife, cried, Mistress, I arrest you in his Majesty's name.

Hicreat I turned, and was stunned, and roused again in an instant. I caught up the poker, and aiming at a well-dressed man, whose face was not wholly unknown, and who appeared the most active and joyous of the crew, I missed the crown of his head, but tore off one ear, and cut him through his clothes and shoulder to the bone. I then flew upon the rest. I dealt my blows with inconceivable fury and quickness. I cleared my room in a few seconds, and though several shots were fired at me from the stairs, I chased them all to the entry, and, returning to my Arabella, I barricaded the door.

It was then that she interposed, and dropping on her knees before me, What is my Hammy about, she cried; what madness has possessed my love? Would you be guilty of murder, through a rash and vain attempt of rescuing from our laws a person whom God nor man hath yet condemned? This, indeed, were to insure the ruin you apprehend. Ah, no, my heart's master, let us neither commit nor fear iniquity



Join with me, my Hammy, let us trust in our God, and nothing but good can happen unto us.

While she spoke, the late terrors of her countenance disappeared; and her aspect was gradually overspread with a serenity, to be imagined, in some measure, from the face of an evening heaven in autumn, when the songs of harvest are heard through the villages round about.

I gazed on her with a speechless reverence. She gently took the weapon from my unresisting hand; and leading me back, she seated me in the furthest chair. She, then, removed every obstacle to their entrance. The stairs were now filled with people who had been called to the assistance of the king's officers; but they still appeared apprehensive and fearful of danger.

Gentlemen, said Arabella, be pleased to walk in; I deliver myself peaceably into your hands; ye shall find no further opposition to his Majesty or the laws. The officers accordingly entered, but bowing, and with a timid kind of respect; neither did any of them offer to lay a finger upon her. Good God, madam! exclaimed the foremost, is it possible you should be guilty of the crimes laid to your charge, by that rascal whom your husband has half killed? He is carried off to the doctor's; but I think, in my conscience, that he has got his deserts; and as for the few hurts that we have received, we excuse your husband, madam, for your sake; and we think him the braver and the better man for what he did. By my soul, sweet madam, you are well worth defending.

I thank you, gentlemen, said my wife, gracefully smiling and courtesying; pray be pleased to sit, while I prepare to attend you. I am guilty indeed of the death of a man, and yet guilty of nothing that I would not repeat in the defence of virtue. But, gentlemen, says she, again smiling, you are likely to be troubled with more prisoners than you look for. One of them, indeed, is young, and as little meaning of harm to any one as his mother. I must, therefore, beg your indulgence in sending for a coach; and, pray do me the favour to accept this trifle, as the means of washing away animosity between you and my husband. So saying, she presented their chief with a guinea, who, rising and awfully bowing, ordered one of the others to step for a coach.

Had the harp of Orpheus been tuned, like the voice of my Arabella at this season, it is not to be wondered that tigers should grow tame, and bears crouch down before him. Since wretches like these, hardened in hourly acts of insolence and inhumanity, were now awed to reverence, and on her return from the closet with her infant in

her arms, dropped a tear of compassion, as though they had not, wholly, forgotten that they were born of women.

In the mean time, my fury having subsided, I should have fainted, if I had not been relieved by a gush of tears; which I endeavoured to conceal, by turning aside, and putting my handkerchief to my face. A cloud of thick darkness again overspread my soul, and every idea laboured with apprehension and horror. I cursed my meeting with my father, and his treacherous appearance of bounty, which had served to bring this decisive ruin upon us; and I looked upon fortune as industrious to bring evil and destruction, out of every promise of advantage.

Being conducted to Newgate, I agreed with the keeper for a tolerable apartment at two guineas per week: and, putting on the best cheer I could affect before my wife, I sent out for a nourishing dinner. For I judged it too late to be frugal, when death was at the door, and I had determined not to survive my Arabella a moment.

The following day I procured copies of the depositions of the three witnesses, the first of whom was our own servant maid. These I laid before two of the most learned in the law, but received no consolation from their report. They told me, that, had my wife been actually guilty of the robbery, as alleged, she might have had some prospect of being acquitted of the murder, by being enabled to bribe off the evidence. But that, if she was really innocent of the robbery, as I affirmed, it then became the interest of the guilty evidence to have her condemned on both articles of accusation.

As the fearful day approached, I bought, at second hand, two decent suits of mourning, with the requisite appendages for my wife and self. Whenever I could get apart, I was drowned in my tears, and I did every thing but pray for my Arabella; for I could not think of lifting my heart to a heaven where I had lost all dependence.

In the mean time, my beloved daily recovered flesh and health. Her eyes grew more brilliant, her complexion more clear, her countenance was as the surface of a depth of peace; and I gathered, I knew not why, a kind of confidence, by beholding her aspect.

Early on the fatal morning, when I had left her within at her prayers, and had pulled my hat over my eyes, and sat down in a corner, to vent the throbbings of my heart, I cast my eye on a paper that appeared from under the door. I took it up with precipitation, and in it found the following lines:

## 1.

Tho' mountains threat thy naked head,  
Tho' circling gulphs around thee close,  
Tho' help is distant, hope is dead,  
Tho' earth and hell are sworn thy foes;

## 2.

Yet, Heaven their malice shall defy;  
And strong, in last extremes, to save,  
Shall stand, with guardian seraphs nigh,  
And with thy sland'ers glut the grave.

I had no sooner read this paper, than I dropped down, involuntarily, on my knees. My hands clenched together, and I breathed up a most ardent petition that some over-ruling Power would take my Arabella under his protection.

Soon after, she came forth, adorned like the moon when girt about with clouds, through whose blackness her beauty breaks forth with improved lustre.

While we sat at breakfast, I presented her with the verses. She read them over and over, with deep attention; and then returning them with a smile, This (says she) is the stratagem of some charitable person, who judged hope was wanting to support me at such a trial.

As the dreadful hour was at hand, and as I had considered, before now, that at last it must come, I had prepared a small bottle of salts, to support myself, as well as my wife, from an unseemly dejection of spirits in court.

Ah, sir! can you tell me how one thing should come to pass—Can you account for this most extraordinary of all the workings in human nature, that a man, at some times, should more feelingly live or die in others, than in himself? Had I been called to my last audit, had the decision of my own existence been at stake, my apprehensions, as I think, could not have equalled what I felt at that period.

At length, the keeper appeared, and warned my Arabella that she must speedily set out. I turned, instantly, cold and pale; and it was long before I recovered strength to rise from my chair. In the mean time my wife returned to our bed-chamber, and bringing out our infant, gave him in charge to a nurse. She then held her hands over him, and raised her eyes to Heaven, in blessing, for some time. Again she fixed them on his face, and gazing upon him, as it were for a last farewell look, tear dropped after tear, in a pathetic and affectionate silence.



Being conducted to the Old Bailey, my wife, on entering the court, turned suddenly pale; and her countenance was downcast with a diffidence that she could not for some time overcome. The concourse was excessively great, and chiefly consisting of the nobility and gentry of both sexes. The great man himself was there, with a crowd of his dependents, and all the male and female relations and friends of the deceased.

I gave my Arabella the salts to smell to, and, as she weakly and bashfully advanced to the bar, a confused and jarring murmur was heard on all sides; and the words Impudence and Innocence resounded throughout.

When, according to order, she had held up her hand, and heard her indictment, the judge, with a countenance and voice equally stern, demanded guilty or not guilty? She answered, Guilty, my lord, I confess, of the death of Lord Stivers, but never guilty of any kind of robbery or malice. Woman, said the judge, you confess yourself guilty, and I should proceed to your sentence. But I ask you, for the last time, guilty or not guilty? Not guilty, my lord, she then rejoined, if to do what I approve, and shall never repent of, is not to be guilty.

Again, the murmur was repeated, but continued much longer, and with more virulence on the one part, and more concern on the other.

I shall not detain you, sir, with an account of the examination of the two first witnesses, one of whom had been our own servant girl, and the other principal footman of Lord Stivers. They had all manner of countenance from the court, and concurred in every circumstance that could serve for condemnation. The sound of triumph was heard through all the gentry, and the populace, sighingly, gave my Arabella for lost.

The third witness was then called. He was a very genteel and modest-looking young man, and was now out of livery.

My lord, says he, with a respectful but resolute voice, before I give my testimony, I request that the two first witnesses should be taken into custody.—Into custody! cried the judge, do you know what you say?—I do know what I say, my lord, and I repeat my request that they should be taken into custody.—Why, friend? said the judge; they are as you are, they are witnesses for the crown against a criminal, and no man has a right to order them into custody.—I say, rejoined the youth, with an air still more determined, that they are witnesses against innocence, against his majesty, and against the laws; that they alone are criminal; that I am evidence against them;

and I again require it of your lordship, of the jury, and of all present, that they should not be permitted to make their escape.

I see, exclaimed the judge, you are a prevaricating villain; but, I shall trounce you before we part. Where is this fellow's examination?

My lord, my lord, said the young man, with somewhat of a severe and sarcastical tone, you were not placed there to prejudicate in any matter, no more than I was called here to be brow-beat and sentenced without trial. If you find that I prevaricate; if you desire to sift me as wheat, and find any chaff in me; I refuse not the bitterest punishment that our laws can inflict. But, as your lordship observes, I am an evidence for the crown; and his majesty, God be praised, will not fix his tribunal in unrighteousness. I therefore demand to be heard, in the cause to which I am cited; and all present shall be assured that I speak nothing but the truth. And you, gentlemen of the jury! I petition you to intercede in favour of equity with his lordship, and to prevail that these criminals, for such I affirm them to be, should not be suffered to get away. And further, that they should be instantly searched; and all that is found about them reserved for the inspection of yourselves and his lordship.

My lord, said the foreman, I humbly conceive that no ill consequence can ensue from searching and setting a watch over those people; their testimony is already given, and cannot be invalidated thereby.

I cannot agree to it, answered the judge. They are free subjects. There is no indictment or deposition against them. They are, also, evidence for his majesty, and are therefore under his peculiar protection. But I would willingly hear what this fellow, this turn-coat, has to say for himself.

My lord, replied the youth, I now stand before a tribunal, that is infinitely more awful than that of your lordship's. And, provided I approve my truth before God, I shall be the less afflicted for having fallen under your lordship's displeasure. My name is Edward Longfield. I was born to happier prospects. My father was a gentleman; and, about eighteen months ago, I took the degree of bachelor at Queen's College in Oxford. But misfortunes happening in our family, I was left to be the former of my own fortunes, and, arriving at London, I was taken into service by my late Lord Stivers. He grew fond of me beyond my merits, and I began to partake of his friendship and confidence, at the time that I was deprived of the most generous of masters, by the most unhappy of all events.

My lord had one foil to his many virtues. It was an invincible passion for female beauty. The last night of his life, having called me aside, Ned, says he, I must take you on an adventure to-morrow. I have positively the finest girl in the universe in chase; and I must enjoy her at all events. But the devil on it is, that she is virtuous, though I hope not incorruptible. I have put her husband out of the way upon a feigned action for debt, and I have bribed her maid over to my party. So that I have nothing to contend with but her own lovely person, and that will be the sweetest dispute in the world.—Sure, my lord, I cried, you would not force her.—Pshaw, said he, damn your impertinent scruples. Another such word, Ned, and you are blown with me. I can tell you, 'a fine woman, my lad, must be won at any rate; if she is garrisoned with virtue, and cannot be got by stratagem, she must be taken by storm.

The day following, my lord took me, and his footman Robert there, who is one of the witnesses, to a tavern directly opposite to the house of the prisoner. He dined there alone, and kept us in waiting most part of the afternoon, in expectation of intelligence from that other witness there, who has borne false testimony against her mistress. As he looked out, from time to time, at one of the street windows, he at last, as I suppose, received the appointed signal; for, hurrying down stairs, he ordered us to follow. The door was, purposely, held open for us by that woman. Is all safe, Deb? says my lord.—Yes, says Deb; but may I depend on these who come with you?—You may, child, cries my lord, they are my own people.—It is very well, cries Deb, I have just got Miss Hodgins out of your way. My mistress is above, and alone, for want of better company. To her then, my lord; she is a dish for an emperor. But, if she should prove too many for you, I know where the shame will lie for ever.—Well, well, cries my lord, shut the door softly, Deb; and take these lads down with you to the kitchen. But, whatever ye hear, on your lives! let me have no stir, I charge ye. So saying, my lord went, tripping up stairs; and we followed that bad woman to her darker region.

I soon observed that my companion, Mr. Robert there, was intent on making up his acquaintance with Mrs. Deborah; and, as I found myself extremely uneasy, I gave them the slip, without being observed; and stealing up stairs, I put my ear to the door, where I heard the voice of my master. Blessed Heaven! to what surpassing sentiments was I, then, an amazed witness! to what proofs of virtue, that cannot be rated at less than divine! If I should not be tedious, I would deliver to the court, to you, my lord, in particular, and to



you, gentlemen of the jury, the best account I can of those wonderful passages.

Hear him, hear him, hear him ! was then almost the universal cry, till he was permitted by the bench, and desired by the jury to speak with freedom.

He then repeated, in a more ample and pathetic manner, all that passed as I have told you, between Lord Stivers and my wife. But, stopping as he drew near to the fatal catastrophe, I could no longer bear, he said, the piercing cries and agonizing shrieks of such virtue, in such extremity. Had I had any kind of weapon, I thought I should have done my lord good service, by protecting the purity he was about to violate. But I trembled, and grew exceeding sick, and hastening down to the kitchen, I threw myself into a chair, and swooned away.

While I was in my fit, and that Robert and Deborah were busy about me, the fatal stroke, as I imagine, was given, and the prisoner made her escape, with her infant in her arms. When I was somewhat recovered, Mrs. Deborah put on the kettle, and invited us to a dish of tea. I requested my companions, from time to time, to step out and listen ; but they reported that all was quiet above stairs. And, when I wondered at this, Tut, says Deborah, the lovers have made it up before now, I warrant : it is well for your master if he gets off before midnight.

At length it grew darkish, and, being all of us surprized that no candles were called for, we went, in a body, up stairs, and Deborah ventured, gently, to tap at the door ; but hearing no voice nor stirring in the chamber, she turned the bolt softly ; and, peeping in, she gave a loud shriek, and drew suddenly back again. We then entered together, and as I was prepared, by my knowledge of the lady's virtue, for some dreadful catastrophe, I was the less shocked and concerned at what I beheld.

The floor was half covered with clotted blood. My master lay in the midst, already stiff and cold ; and part of the fatal scissars was still within the wound. We all stood for some time in silent astonishment, and then, with joint tears, lamented his fate. At length, says Deborah, I would gladly see if my bloody mistress has taken care to provide for her journey. So saying, she stooped, and taking his lordship's purse from his pocket, she counted down two hundred and ninety-seven guineas. She then took out his fine gold repeater ; and, next, his gold snuff-box ; and, last, took his large diamond ring from his finger.

Come, my lads, says Deborah, my lord's silence gives consent, and we can no more be said to rob this piece of earth, than the people in the mines, who gather gold from clay. If my mistress is ever taken, she must suffer death for the murder; and they can do no more to her for the robbery, and twenty such matters together. If you will, therefore, be of my counsel, we will comfort ourselves, as we ought, for this melancholy business; and share a prize between us, that no one else has a right to, and that nobody will want.

Robert did not hesitate long. In a little time, he appeared more sanguine than Deborah herself; and they urged me to join them, by a number of interesting and cajoling instances. I was dispirited. I was affrighted. I saw a scene of blood and slaughter before me; and I doubted not but if I refused them, I should be made the victim to their resentment and avarice. I pretended to value the watch at an unmeasurable rate, and that I should be greatly the gainer, if I got it for my dividend. Mrs. Deborah then went to her mistress's drawers; and taking out half a dozen of silver spoons, a tea equipage, and several articles in laces and cambrics, she fairly laid them before us; and observed, at the same time, that her mistress would not call in a hurry to demand them; and that the landlord would take all, if we did not come in for snacks. She then made a new division; she compelled me further to accept of the snuff-box. She gave the purse of gold entire to Robert; and contented herself with the diamond ring, some gold medals, my lord's handkerchief, and the plunder of her mistress.

While Mr. Longfield was in this part of his testimony; the foreman of the jury cried out, Stay, sir. Good people, pray stop those witnesses, there! I see they are making off. And now, do us the favour to search their pockets; and to put what ye find into two hats severally; and to hand them up to us.

This being accordingly done; Mr. Longfield, says the foreman, be pleased now to proceed.

I have little further to say, replied Mr. Longfield. Here is my noble master's watch; and here is his snuff-box. They are undoubtedly known to many honourable persons at present in court. And, I bless my God that I have been enabled to preserve them, for the vindication of innocence, and the illustration of virtue. Here Mr. Longfield paused; and the judge cried out, Clerk, hand me up the examination of this prevaricator. This his lordship perused with a countenance and scrutiny, apparently inveterate. But, finding that the deponent had not touched upon the robbery, and, that neither

the words *feloniously*, nor of *malice*, were inserted in that part which referred to the death of Lord Stivers, he tore the examination into twenty pieces. Come, come, he cried again, I have not yet done with this same Longfield. I perceive perfectly well how he came by the watch and snuff-box. The transference was not difficult, from the prisoner who stole them, to this her confederate. But, tell us, my wonderfully honest friend! how came you to keep these things from their lawful owners, for the very long space of twelve months and upwards? Why did you not, immediately, or long before now, give examinations against those, whom you so suddenly take it into your head to accuse? And, why should you suffer that so exceeding chaste and innocent lady, to labour all this time under the infamy with which her character, in my judgment, is still justly loaded.

To all these questions Mr. Longfield barely smiled; but bowing with his head, and making a motion with his hand to two gentlemen, who sat on one side in the gallery, Mr. Archibald, an eminent merchant, and an alderman of the city, got up and spoke to the following effect:

I wish, my lord, that I could as well content your lordship, as I can satisfy the jury, and all others present, on the articles you require. The day immediately succeeding this fatal accident, Mr. Longfield came to me, and, in presence of Mr. Truelove here, my worthy and substantial neighbour, gave a detail, almost word for word, of all that he has this hour deposed in court. He then deposited the watch and snuff-box with us; and did not reclaim them till early this morning. As I am of his Majesty's peace, he, also, gave in this examination before me, which however I must not venture to hand over to your lordship, till I have your previous engagement that you will not tear it. I thereupon offered to issue warrants for apprehending the delinquents; but Mr. Longfield most judiciously observed, that such a step must unquestionably shut the door against justice, and all knowledge of the truth: that the criminals were two to one against their accuser: that on the slightest alarm, they would infallibly abscond: or make away with the effects, of which they now held themselves the peaceable and unquestioned possessors: or contrive some further plot to invalidate his evidence: or probably make him away by pistol or poison, and so deprive that unhappy gentleman of the only witness of her innocence. But, says he, if they are permitted to enter the court, under the confidence of my confederacy, they will have no reserve upon them; no foreformed evasions.



or contrivances for escape. My unexpected testimony will confound their guilt; and they may happen to carry some articles about them, which may serve for their conviction beyond ten witnesses.

In the mean time, Mr. Longfield, Mr. Truelove, and I, were unwearied in our inquiries after the unfortunate prisoner, that we might persuade her to stand her trial. But all our search proved fruitless, till the day in which she was discovered and taken.

Here Mr. Archibald ended, and the judge exclaimed, Crier! call the two first witnesses into court, that we may hear what they say to this fair-weather speech. The Crier accordingly vociferated several O Yez's, for Deborah Skinner, and Robert Callan, to come into court. But, had they been within call, they did not chuse to hear. During the attention of the court and jury to alderman Archibald, they had imperceptibly slipped behind their next neighbours, and proceeding from one to another, at length got clear off.

My lord then began to sum up his charge to the jury; and dwelled with much emphasis on some articles. Here, says he, we have lost a nobleman; a minister; one of the first ornaments of our country. And what, I pray, have we got in recompence of this great damage? Why, my friends, we have got a new thing upon the earth; we have got a saving of the honour of a milliner. But, if this princess be inviolate, as still is pretended; how came she to be guilty of this most horrid murder, before she knew to what extremity his lordship would have proceeded? How did she dare capitally to execute a peer of the realm, on a simple attempt, for which our laws would not have confined a common porter? This woman must, certainly, have been a trader in blood; and her felonious intents, and malice, are fully expressed, in the very peculiar use of the weapon, with which she perpetrated this most desperate deed. You need not therefore, gentlemen, go out of your box to bring her in guilty of the murder. I will not affirm with equal certainty touching the robbery. And yet, to me it is apparent, that she could not have enterprised so barbarous a fact, if she had not done it in prospect of plundering the deceased. But, as she is capitally punishable in the first instance; I leave you, gentlemen, to determine of the second, at pleasure.

First, permit us, my lord, replied the foreman, to examine what we have gotten in these hats. He then drew a long purse, from among the relics of Robert, and having counted out seventy-guineas, Mr. Longfield, says he, would you know my lord's purse? If it is my master's purse, said Longfield, it is of green silk, and has toward the top a coronet and the letter S. wrought under it, in silver twist.

The very same, sir, indeed, rejoined the foreman. And, now, let us see what Mrs. Deborah might have gotten in her honest keeping? So saying, he took from the second hat a small wooden box. It was stuffed with cotton, in which he found my lord's diamond ring, three gold medals, and the ends of the handles of several silver spoons. Mrs. Clement, says he, I imagine we may have got some of your property among us. Pray, had you any mark to your silver spoons?—Yes, sir, said she, scarce audible; a G. at top, for Graves, and a D. and A. below, for Dorothy and Arabella.—I wish, Madam, replied this gentleman, that we were equally enabled to find an equivalent for your merits, as to restore to you this trifling remnant of your rights.

Come, gentlemen, cried the judge, the day wears apace. It is time for you to retire, and consult on the verdict you are to bring in.

My lord, answered the foreman, you truly observed, that we need not leave our box for the purpose you require. We are already agreed, and unanimous in our verdict. And, I would to Heaven! that we were not confined, on this occasion, to literal precedents and forms of law, that we might give a verdict some way adequate to the merits of the prisoner, who, however depressed by fortune, is superior in all excellencies, whom we judge to be an honour to human nature, and the first grace and ornament of her sex. But, since we are limited, by custom, in these matters, we do say, with one voice, and a conscience that compels us to utterance, Not guilty, my lord, not guilty.

The words were scarce pronounced, when the court-house was almost split by a sudden peal. Hats, caps, and wigs, universally filled the air, and jostled against each other. The triumph was caught and echoed by the crowds without; and the sound was repeated, and floated, from street to street, till it seemed to die away in distant parts of the city. My wife then turned, gracefully courtesying to the foreman; I thank you, sir, says she. I thank you, gentlemen, says she; again courtesying to the rest of the jury. And then, glancing modestly round, she saluted the assembly, and sat down. But I could not contain my gratitude, my transport overpowered me; and falling on my knees, and lifting my hands toward the jury, God alone can reward you, gentlemen, I cried: may he for ever preserve the properties, honours, and families, of the worthy citizens of London, from violation and insult!

I then rose hastily. I slipped out of the bar; and rushing up to Mr. Longfield, I caught him eagerly about the neck. I could not speak. I hid my face in his bosom, and broke into tears. He at-

tempted to disengage himself; but I held him fast. I believe, said he, you must be Mr. Clement: I congratulate you, sir, with all my soul. But, you owe me nothing; I barely did my duty.

O, my friend, my brother, my preserver! I cried. I owe you more than life. Existence had been my greatest of curses without you. That I am not at this moment the deepest damned of the creation—that I find myself the most blessed of all beings—to you alone it is owing, my Longfield, my deliverer! Nay, hope not to escape me; we never more must part: you are my captive for life. And I, and all that I am, or have, is your's to eternity.

As the people, within and without, were still in great commotion, the court appeared much alarmed; and the judge, and most of the gentry, made homeward, through a private door that opened into a back alley. But their fears were groundless; for the crowd was wholly intent on another object, and impatiently waited for a sight of my Arabella.

As she walked forward, attended by Mr. Longfield and myself, they made way for her, on either hand; and the atmosphere again rung with shouts and acclamations. So sincere is the respect the populace pay to virtue; and such is their exultation when innocence rises superior to oppression. But, when innocence and virtue are accompanied by beauty, their reverence grows almost criminal, and approaches to adoration.

Thus we returned to Newgate, amidst the blessings, prayers, and praises, of a yielding multitude, who, still, respectfully opened as Arabella advanced. The windows, on all sides, poured forth congratulations, and those through whom we had passed pressed forward for another sight, as though their eyes could not be satisfied with beholding.

Before we entered her late prison, my wife turned about and courtesied, three or four times, to her numerous attendants, with an acknowledging grace and humility that seemed oppressed by their favours. She then entered hastily, and, running up stairs, she caught her child from the nurse. She held him some time in her arms; her bosom gently heaved; and the tears rolled, in silence, down her placid countenance. But on our approach, she turned suddenly into the bedchamber, shut to the door, and continued there in private for near an hour.

In the mean time, I sent out for a warm dinner, and a bottle of wine. Mr. Longfield now told me, that he had often been tempted to introduce himself to us, during my wife's confinement: but, he



feared that the discovery of any acquaintance or correspondence between us, might prejudice Arabella upon her trial; and that, therefore, he had made use of the little stratagem of the verses, which he had thrust under our door, in order to preserve us from a total depression of spirits.

When the cloth was laid, I whispered through the key-hole to my Arabella: and soon after she came forth with an harmony of motion and aspect, as though she had instantly dropped from that heaven, which had wholly possessed her during her absence.

At table Mr. Longfield gave us some heads of his history. He further told us, that since the death of his late lord, he had entered into another service; but that he had been out of place for about a month past.

After some further discourse, I called up the keeper, discharged the reckoning and fees, and returned thanks for his civility to my Arabella. I then sent for a coach, and we drove home together.

On the way, I prevailed upon Mr. Longfield to take up his lodgings at Mr. Jennet's; provided he could be accommodated at a reasonable rate.

Mrs. Jennet received us with warm congratulation: we immediately invited her to a dish of tea; over which she agreed with our friend, for the street-room on the same floor, at three shillings per week.

The day following, I left Mr. Longfield to entertain my Arabella. I went to our late landlord, and called him to an account for the furniture we had left in his house. Hereupon he produced an inventory of particulars, taken upon oath, with the bill of appraisement and sale, and returned me the surplus that remained over the rent, amounting to somewhat upwards of nine pounds. Deborah, as I suppose, had carried off whatever was most valuable and portable.

Arabella was now at liberty to revisit her old acquaintance. She was caressed more than ever; and took in so much work, that she was obliged to hire a girl to attend the child.

I was now at the very pinnacle of human happiness. We lived in a kind of frugal affluence. Affliction was no more. The remembrance of distress and poverty had vanished as a dream. Our days moved upon down; and joy and peace nightly prepared our pillows.

Mr. Longfield was very lovely in his person and manners. We had contracted a friendship which I imagined too strict for time to untie: and I loved him the better for his attention to my Arabella, whose entertainment seemed to form the chief delight of his life.

I gave him my story in parts, from time to time, and he had plentifully watered the several passages with his tears. His own experience had taught him to join with Mr. Goodville, in thinking that the education of a mere scholar was no way suited to the common occasions of life. He, therefore, introduced me to Mr. Marfelt, his late master, to whom he had recommended me as private tutor to his son; and we agreed at 50*l.* per ann. to commence as soon as the young gentleman should descend from the nursery.

Mr. Longfield, as I told you, was very lovely in his person; and he became daily more amiable and engaging in my eyes. I was pleased that he appeared in the same light to my wife. She was indebted to him for her life, and in her I held myself indebted to him for all things. I thought that we could never love him enough; and I daily importuned my Arabella to affect him with a tenderness equal to my own.

At length I became uneasy, I knew not why nor wherefore. I grew diffident at the comparison which I made in my mind between Longfield and myself, and I was disgusted, as it were, with my own demerits; wherefore I grew dejected, and yet affected to appear the reverse of what I was. I however sighed in secret. When I could form a pretence for retiring or going abroad, I took a solitary walk, or withdrew to some recess, where I lightened my oppression by giving a loose to my tears; and I was thereby the better enabled to seem cheerful on my return, and to assume a face of gaiety that was foreign to my heart. Ah! are not the real evils of life sufficient? Yet man adds to the heap by his tendency to realize what is merely imaginary.

The source of my malady was now no longer a secret to me. My Longfield, I cried to myself, my Arabella, my angel! You are still faithful, my Longfield; you are still chaste, my Arabella; and there is nothing wherewith I can reproach the one or the other. But you are, both of you, too amiable; you are fitted for each other. Your Clement loves you too well to be a bar to your happiness. He will have no bliss but your's; your happiness shall be his; and he will die to accomplish it, since his life is an interruption.

I was pleased that I daily declined; but the affectation of cheerfulness became painful to me. One night as we sat together, my wife looked at me with an affectionate disturbance! What is the matter, Hammy? she cried. What is come over my love? You look not, you speak not, like the once fond, the delighting and delighted consort of your Arabella.

Ah, I cried, it is enough. I die, and I die contented, since I leave the only two happy, for whom I could wish to live.—What is this I hear, Hammy? replied my Arabella: You die, you say, and you say also, that you die contented. Ah! you love me no longer. What business have I then any longer to—live, she would have said, but she instantly swooned away.

My eyes were suddenly opened. I cursed my infatuating jealousy. I wished for instant death to rid me of my confusion. Neither did I dare to look up into the face of my injured friend, who by this, had discovered my folly; and who, all trembling as pale as death, was assiduous in helping to the recovery of my wife.

At length she opened her eyes, and looking about with a languid kind of displeasure, Mr. Longfield, says she, your services have been great; but, at present, I am not under any necessity for your assistance: whereupon he silently bowed, and withdrew to his apartment.

I then dropped on my knees before her. My Arabella, my angel! I cried, loveliest of woman-kind!—But, here, with a forbidding hand, and a countenance averted, No, Hammy, no, says she, (in a voice interrupted by tears,) after what has passed your lips, I cannot be deceived, and I will not be comforted. You would leave me, you say, Hammy; and would you leave me forlorn? But I will not be forsaken, I will prevent your unkindness. I will go where I shall not be altogether friendless. Ah, my aunt! my all relations in one, why did you abandon me? You thought you left me the world, in this husband, this friend and protector, as you called him. But he says he is contented to part, and he bids me be happy without him. I come then, my dear aunt; I will rejoin you, my beloved parent; you will take your forsaken Arabella to your bosom. You will comfort her the best you can; and we will part no more.

Here her words were suffocated by sobs and a burst of affliction. But still continuing my posture, I am guilty, my love, I cried, I am guilty past pardon. Alas, you have been wedded to weakness and frailty, ill-deserving of purity like yours. But I will live, if you desire it, my Arabella; I will live to repent my follies, and to repair my defaults. But I cannot, a minute longer, survive your displeasure.

She then beckoned me to rise and sit beside her, which I did; when reaching one arm about my neck, and gently leaning over, she joined her face to mine, and silently shed her tears into my bosom.

Soon after I perceived that she was seized with a kind of shivering; and calling to the girl, I ordered her in all haste to warm the bed, and I assisted my wife to undress,



As soon as she lay down, and was somewhat composed, I stepped to my friend's apartment. I found him leaning on a table, with his eyes downcast, like the figure of Discomfort stooping over a monument. What is the matter, I said; what ails my dear Longfield? I hope I have not offended him past forgiveness.—Indeed I am not well, says he. Do not look at me, Hammy, I cannot bear to be looked at. I beseech you to leave me to my own thoughts, till morning.—I understand you, Mr. Longfield, I cried; I confess myself no longer worthy of your friendship, and I shall no more demand it of you, till you condescend to make the tender; and so saying, I suddenly quitted his chamber.

All night, my Arabella was cold and hot by turns; and her sleep was discomposed, by starts and moanings. In the morning, I observed that her breath was short and feverish, and I got up in haste, and went for a physician.

As soon as he had written his prescription, I went eagerly to wish Mr. Longfield a good morning, and to apologize for the abruptness of last night's behaviour. But Mr. Longfield had taken a long adieu, and this letter, which I shall ever preserve about me, was all I had left to console me for his loss; or rather, to give me cause to lament his departure for ever.

“To Mr. H. CLEMENT.

“I leave you, dearest of friends, and I leave you for ever. Wretch that I am, to have brought affliction on the only two for whom I would have lived, for whom I would have died.

“Heavens, what a fate is mine! I voluntarily depart, and I go where I must be miserable, since I leave those whose sight and converse made the whole of my enjoyment. That which doubles my unhappiness, is partly to suspect that I have been guilty: is it any alleviation, that I had no knowledge of my fault; and that I now fly from it on the first notice?

“Your Arabella, my Hammy! I begin to fear that I loved your Arabella. Alas! I feel that I still love her, and that I must love her during life. I loved her, indeed, with a tenderness full of infinite respect; but the pangs I suffer at parting, give me, also, to understand that I loved her with infinite passion.

“Ah, fond and foolish passion! that could neither hope, nor wish, nor even accept of any kind of gratification, save the sight and society of the object of its ardour. No, most amiable of men, were it possible for your Arabella to stray but in thought from her truth, from her duty, from her tenderness for you, I could have loved her no

longer. She would have lost that more than mortal purity, for which I almost adored her; which gave a sweet apology to my heart for its affection; and betrayed me into a persuasion that I loved her no more than I ought.

"I am jealous for you, my friend, I am jealous of myself, in your dearer behalf; and I will amply avenge you on the injurious and hapless Longfield.

"Ah, let no man henceforward confide in his own strength. I daily beheld your Arabella; I daily conversed with her; but I saw not my danger; I therefore did not resist the current that drew me beyond my depth. The gracefulness of her motions, the sound of her voice, and the loveliness of her aspect, hourly sunk into my soul, with an intoxicating delight; and I wished, and was solicitous to become pleasing in her eyes, at the time that I would have taken the life of any man, who had attempted to deprive you of your full right in her affections.

"My confession reaches the utmost of my faults; but from what a dream of delight has it suddenly awaked me! How blessed have I been with my Hammy and his Arabella! how happy were we in each other, surpassing the lot of mortality! Enchanting sensations! ye are departed for ever; and all the future portion that ye leave me, is bitterness.

"But, beware of one thing, I conjure you; beware, that you never reveal the smallest hint of my love to your Arabella. Wound not her delicacy, I beseech you, with so disgustful a recollection. Neither deprive your unhappy friend of the only consolation that now is left him; an innocent, though fond hope, that should she ever remember your Longfield, it may not be with detestation.

"P. S. In the drawer of my table, on the left hand, you will find another paper, carefully sealed, and addressed to you. It contains a poor legacy, though all that could be bequeathed by

• "Your departed

"ED. LONGFIELD."

I wept as I read this pathetic epistle. I felt all the anguish of my friend. My breast heaved, and was agitated by emotions of self-reproach, and with a tide of returning tenderness to my Longfield.

Ah, unjust, though most generous of men, I exclaimed, I alone am guilty, and thou assumest to thyself a burden that thy virtue disclaims. Would to heaven that men, and angels, might love my Arabella with a purity like thine; she would not then, as now, be wholly dependent on my poor guardianship for the defence of her innocence.

I found seventeen guineas in the fore-mentioned paper; a most seasonable, and yet a most unacceptable, supply, as I feared, from the generosity of my Longfield's temper, that it contained very nearly the whole of his possessions.

My wife's distemper turned out a certain ague; and, at length settled into a certain rheumatism, that principally affected her arms and hands, and thereby prevented her earning any subsistence for herself or her infant.

It was now upward of four months since Mr. Longfield had left us; during all which time, I had hardly ever departed from the side of my Arabella. Our finances were again reduced to about two guineas, and this was not sufficient to discharge our sixth quarter, that had been due some time. I was, however, confident of a supply in the tutorship promised me by Mr. Marfelt; and I dressed in the best I could, and waited upon him.

I was concerned to find the family in black. But, when Mr. Marfelt himself appeared, and told me with a voice interrupted with sighs, that his only son, my pupil in expectance, had been lately carried off by a malignant small-pox, my mourning passed all shews of sorrow.

I took my leave, with a dejection and absence of mind, that forgot there was any road left for me upon earth. I went, I knew not where, a way that led from home. I saw nothing but the labyrinth within my own soul; and from thence I could perceive neither outlet nor escape.

Rapines and robberies again offered themselves to my view, as the only expedients by which Heaven had ordained, that my wife and my infant, that virtue and innocence, should be permitted to live. Nature has cast my lot, said I to myself, among tigers and vultures, who have no choice, save to perish, or subsist by prey. I dwelt long on this thought; and then pushed it to extremity. Again, the stretch of my resolution began to relax; and the tide of my thoughts flowed backward to the sensations and meltings of humanity. Ah! I cried, my fellow-creatures; you, in whom I see myself; my brothers, in whose service I would gladly spend my life; pardon me that I take from you what I would give you twenty-fold.

My eyes at last were opened, and I perceived that I was now much further from my lodgings than when I set out from Mr. Marfelt's. I turned homeward, as well as I could, fatigued in body, and with more than a mountain's weight upon my mind. On the way, I lifted my eyes, and wrung my hands together, in a kind of agony. Bread, bread! I cried inwardly. Merciful Heaven, a little, but a very little



bread! my helpless wife, my helpless infant! a little pittance for them, I crave it in mercy! and, O save me from more than the torments of the damned, from beholding them famished, and gasping for a morsel of sustenance before my face.

I looked round, and beheld nothing but scenes of luxury or plenty; with joy, business, or content, visible in the countenance of the meanest. Ah! what is here? said I to myself. Powerful Being, how partial are thy dispensations! how highly are those exalted! to what a depth dost thou crush the wretch whom thy wrath has distinguished! I am selected from among thy works. I am, equally, the outcast of heaven and of earth. Might I become but as one of yonder beggars, I should derive a chance morsel from that charity which now hardens itself against me, against my babe, and my Arabella, the most pitiable objects of the creation.

As soon as I had crawled home, another weight was added to the burden I already bore. A bailiff was in waiting; and my landlady, with an aspect as inexorable as iron, ordered me directly into custody for the last quarter's rent.

I was, on this occasion, obliged to disburse my last two guineas, and further, to deposit my wife's gown as a security for the small remainder of rent and fees. I had not now wherewithal to purchase a pennyworth of bread, that, like the widow of Sarepta, my wife, my child, and I, for this last time, might sit down together and eat before we died.

Thus, abandoned of every hope, divine or human, I did not dare to turn my eye to borrow patience, or consolation, from the countenance of the saint to whom I was united. I pretended to have forgotten somewhat, and again hastened out of doors. The night had just fallen, and was still and gloomy. Rage, anguish, and despair, gave me new strength and spirits; and I turned, fiercely, down an unfrequented street, without any arms, save my fury and natural fangs, with which I determined, like the maternal lioness, to rend subsistence for my young from the first I should encounter.

I perceived a man advancing, at some distance. I hastened to meet him, and, coming within a few paces, Stand! I cried, pass no further!—Why said he, with a fearless and benevolent voice, is there any thing wherein you desire I should serve you?—O, save me! I replied, you must, you shall save me from the terrible damnation of seeing my wife and infant perish before me.—God, said he, sends you this by my hands. He sees your distress, but disapproves your conduct. But, Clement, beware the third time; another offence like this would prove fatal to you.

He spoke, and, putting five guineas into my hand, he instantly slipped away; for, such was my sudden astonishment and confusion, that I neither remarked nor saw what became of him.

At length, I awaked as from a trance. I stepped up to a single lamp that glimmered before me: and, opening my hand, I perceived that the money which I held was gold. I hurried it into my pocket; and turning back, I began, slow and pensive, to move toward home. The fury with which I was, so lately, exasperated against heaven and earth, again subsided; and my heart began to feel a new infusion of compunction and humanity.

Ah, I cried, I am then known. The darkness of the night hath not been able to conceal me. My guilt is laid open before God and his angels; and my present and past transgressions are entered in his book. He yet pities, he yet relieves me. He snatches me from the gulph, wherein I had already plunged and saw no bottom; to shew me that no extremity can pass his power; and that on this side of existence, it is always too early to despair of his bounty. I will, then, be patient, O my GOD! I will no more repine at thy dispensations. This last instance of thy goodness! it is enough, it is enough! I desire no further proof of thy providence; and, though thou kill me, I will trust in thee, to the latest gasp. But for me, it matters not how thou pleasest to dispose of me, I will surrender to thee that which is infinitely more dear. I confide to thee my wife and child. O, that thou didst love them with a love like mine! But, they are thine, as I am thine; and if they perish before my eyes, why, let them perish. We were all born to perish before the eyes of our heavenly Father; and he may slay without compunction, who can revive at his pleasure; who would not, perhaps, slay us, if it were not to revive us to a better life; to a life that shall no more be acquainted with calamity.

As soon as I got to my lodgings, I redeemed my wife's gown, and sent out for a frugal supper. I then stepped up stairs, and taking a chair just opposite to my wife, I sat down and continued silent, but dared not to look up. She eyed me through and through. My Hammy, says she, you are apt to meet with strange adventures; I know you not for the same person; you are not what you were a few minutes ago.

I then found myself under the necessity of avowing to her all that had happened. But, gracious Heaven! through time, and through eternity, never shall I forget the reply she made.

Hammy, said she, with the face, air, and accent of Heaven's mildest

minister, it ill becomes me to reprove a respected husband for the excess of his goodness to me and my child; and yet, I have suffered more from the consideration of this excess, than from all our other calamities put together. I love you entirely, my Hammy; but I love that part of you the most, which you appear to regard the least; it is a part that must survive the dissolution of all the rest, their short joys, their idle anxieties, their fierce desires, and empty possessions, and it must be yourself to all eternity.

When a man is bound on a voyage to some distant region, he fails not to inquire into the length and dangers of the way; the nature of the climate; the disposition of the inhabitants; and what sort of goods bear a price in so remote a country. With such goods alone, a wise voyager will load his vessel; nay, he will be careful to make and transmit lodgments, before he sets out; as also, to establish previous friendships in that country, that he may not be rejected, when he happens to arrive. Ah, my husband, I will not adventure to ask what inquiries, and provisions, you have made for the great purpose.

I once thought, my love, that learning was the principal promoter of piety. But I have long since discovered, that to know is not to feel; and that argument and inclination are often as opposite as adversaries that refuse all means of reconciliation.

I will suppose you, for instance, in the depth of your knowledge, the widest discoverer of the attributes of Infinity. But what will this do for you, my Hammy? You may contemplate these great objects, as matters with which you are no way connected. You may yet repine, and curse in secret, the particular dispensations of that Providence, whose general wisdom your philosophy admits.

GOD, with all his omnipotence, can no otherwise make us happy, than by connecting us with himself; and this connection can no way be formed, but by our dependence upon him. And this dependence can no way be made, but by our confidence in him; by feeling that, in ourselves or the world around us, there is neither footing nor hold to save from sinking for ever; and by catching at God alone for the support of that existence which his bounty bestowed.

It is this confidence, my dear husband, which is called by the name of FAITH; of which we ought to have such a portion at least as might enable us to say, to the worst that can befall, what the three Jewish captives said to the king of Babylon; "Our God is able to deliver us, and he will, in time, deliver us from all these afflictions. But,



though he should not deliver us ; we will not forsake our confidence in him, neither bow to any temptation that guilt can set up."

From the beginning to this day, the world has proved a traitor to those who trusted in it. And O, my Hammy, that you would join with me, in looking only to the Principle from whence salvation can come to a poor and impotent creature. For all creatures are poor and impotent in themselves.

Since God, therefore, cannot communicate happiness to one who refuses to trust in his goodness, or to repose upon his power ; where he is peculiarly favourable, he blesses him with all sorts of crosses and disappointments. He breaks under him all the props of worldly confidence. He snatches from him the helps, on which his hope had laid hold ; that in the instant of sinking he may catch at his Creator, and throw himself on the bosom of that infinite Benevolence.

Be pleased to reflect, my love, how affectionately solicitous (if I may venture to say so) your Saviour has been to win you to himself. He has left you by turns, to the confidence of a variety of the most promising establishments. But, you may remember, that your God caught all these pillars as suddenly from under you as though they had been instantly changed to a void. And yet you did not appear, at those times, to discern, that it was no other than your heavenly Father, and your heavenly Friend, who contrived by such crosses to wean you from impotence ; and to win you from your courtship of a cloud, to an affiance with essential and infinite beauty.

I am your loving wife, my husband, and this is your dear and promising infant. But, what are we further to you ? You neither made us, nor can you preserve us ; nor are you obliged to provide for us beyond your weak and finite endeavours. Commit us then to Him, in whom we have our existence ; and know that, should he permit this innocent to suffer, and my confidence in his mercy to fail of support, the retribution is instantly and infinitely in his hands.

I love you, my Hammy, too much, too intensely, for my own peace here. And yet, were it put to my choice, I would rather famish with you from day to day, provided you perished content and resigned, and in a blessed conformity to the will of your Creator ; than enjoy, in conjunction with you, for a million of ages, all that this world can bestow, till its dissolution.

Here ended my Arabella, but the sweetness of her voice continued to vibrate in my ear.

She had laid hold of the season for making the impression she desired ; as my mind was still affected and softened by the late adven-

ture. I did not indeed, yet, behold the world or its Author in the light by which they are represented in the Christian system; but, even in the eye of philosophy, all that my wife had said appeared reasonable, and conformable to the nature of a Being infinitely powerful, benevolent, and wise. Here was a PRINCIPLE, without whose continued will and operation no one thing in the universe could either begin or continue to exist; and as all things must of necessity depend upon him, he had of necessity an equal claim to their confidence in him. I reflected, indeed, that he had hitherto permitted much of evil to intermingle with the beauties both of material and moral nature; but I considered him as a being who chose to work by progression; first producing a chaos out of nothing; again, producing the present system out of chaos; and, lastly, preparing the present system for a final state of consummate perfection.

In these sentiments I eagerly applied, for further instruction, to those writings that had brought life and immortality to light. I began at the creation, and proceeded with the deepest attention and delight. Another system of matter and morals, another world and another God, presented themselves before me. But, I shall not here detain you with an account of my new faith, as I may justly call it. For though I always had held myself, vulgarly speaking, a Christian; I found on examination, that I had been wholly a stranger to the necessity, as well as beauty, of the Christian dispensation; neither had I felt a single ray of its comforting influence.

My wife began now to recover of her rheumatism, and hoped soon to be able to take in work. I determined however to be beforehand with her, if possible; for at this time I regarded not how mean my occupation would be, provided I might earn any kind of honest bread.

Accordingly, as I rambled in search of such employment, I observed a porter, attending before the door of a tavern, clad in an ordinary frock, with a belt about his waist, and an apron before him. I thereupon went to Monmouth-street, and purchased an uniform for the like purpose. I then passed through several streets, till I came to a splendid tavern, where no porter was in waiting. I stepped over the way, where I deposited my former coat with a poor *Huckster-woman*, to whom I promised some small matter for the trouble I gave her. I then dressed in my porterly robes, and applying to the chief drawer, I promised him part of my earnings, provided he put me into speedy employment.

I had not stayed long, till I was dispatched to a considerable distance with a letter. I was afterwards sent on a variety of errands

and messages; and by the close of the day I had accumulated three shillings; sixpence whereof I gave to the drawer. I then stepped in high triumph to my friend the *Huckster-woman*. I gave her twopence; re-assumed my former garb; and left my weeds in her custody. I returned home, with a satisfaction to which I had been a stranger of a long time: and I, that night, eat heartily, talked cheerfully, and slept in peace.

I continued this occupation during five successive days, in one of which I earned to the amount of five shillings. It is sure that, laying personal pain and the social feelings apart, human happiness does not in any way depend on the degrees of station or fortune, or on any external circumstance whatever. It is merely domestic; it is wholly imbosomed, and cannot live from home. I was, now, engaged in one of the lowest and least lucrative employments of life; but a DIVINE FRIEND was at hand, of whose favour I was confident. I was content, I was cheerful; and I felt a peace within that passed all the understanding I should otherwise have had of happiness, tho' I had been in possession of the crown revenues.

Late on the fifth night of my new occupation, as I was on my return, and within a few doors of my lodging, I was seized and assaulted by four men, who were porters, as I found by the sequel. I struggled the best I could, and got one of them under me; but the rest fell upon me, and cuffed, kicked, and bruised me in a miserable manner. Oy, they cried, you are a gentleman, and be damned! and yet, thief as you are, you must steal into our business, and glean away the few pence by which we get our daily bread: but we will cure you for carrying of burdens, we warrant you!

They would undoubtedly have murdered me, had I not feigned myself already dead; but, observing that I lay without any signs of life, they made off in haste.

I rose as well as I was able, and, holding by the rails and wall, got with difficulty home, where crawling up stairs, my wife helped to undress me, and I went to bed.

She then sent for our old physician, who ordered me some potions, with outward fomentations to assuage the contusions. I was, however, seized that night with a violent fever, which continued upwards of three weeks, but without any delirium; and, within another week, I was able to sit up, though still very weak, and greatly emaciated.

Our last five guineas, with the fruits of my late employment, were now nearly expended on doctor, drugs, and so forth. Wherefore I found it necessary to abridge our domestic charge as close as possible;



and having sent our girl with a token for my porter's habiliments, I gave them to her in lieu of what remained of her wages, and, with the help of an additional shilling, discharged her.

I was now able to bear the light, and the windows were half opened; but, how was I shocked, on observing that my Arabella and my little Tommy were as pale and as much fallen away as myself: for Arabella had half starved her infant, and almost wholly starved herself, in order to have sufficient for my sustenance during my illness; yet she bore up with a sweet and smiling semblance; and in her alone was realized all, that ever I have seen, of the boasted patience of stoicism, or of the power of christianity in effecting a new nature.

Within a little time, I was once more able to walk about the room; when, on the day preceding that wherein our quarter's rent was to become due, Mrs. Jennet entered with a face wherein was prefaced whatever insolence, hardness of heart, or contempt of our wretched situation, could dictate. Mr. Clement, says she, if so be your name be Clement, I suppose I am not to tell you that to-morrow is quarter day. And yet, if some people, Mr. Clement, cannot afford to eat, I cannot see how they can afford to pay rent, Mr. Clement; and so, you know, it is every bit as comfortable to starve in jail, as in lodgings. But this is nothing to the purpose. I am, myself, but a poor woman, and no better than richer folks. Yet poor as I am, comparisons may be odious between some people and some people; and, then, I do not come for charity; I come for nothing but my own, and that, you know, is the least that will satisfy any body. If you had any one else to befriend you, but myself, you might have been put upon the parish before this. But, as I was saying, I cannot be an only friend and all friends at once. And I must tell you, that I hate objects; for I have so much pity in my nature, that it pains me to look at them; and, above all, I cannot abide them in my own house. And so, as I told you, Mr. Constable will be here in the morning; and he will shew you to lodgings that will fit you much better; and so, Mr. Clement and Mrs. Clement, if so be that your names be Clement, I wish ye both a mighty good morning. And so away she went, without waiting an answer.

As soon as she was gone, Hammy, says Arabella, our kind landlady puts me in mind of the wife of honest Socrates, whom he took for the exercise of his patience. Ah, how cringing was this woman! how insolent is servility when it attains any power! But what I wonder is become of our friends the Miss Hodginses? I would have sent to inquire after them; but I was petted at their neglect of us during our

long illness. I will step there this minute, and borrow as much, at least, as will snatch my Hammy from the fangs of this fury.

So saying, weak as she was, she dressed herself with a cheerful air, and going, pleasantly repeated, Your servant, Mr. Clement, if so be that your name be Clement, I wish you a mighty good morning.

She was not long abroad, and, on her return, I observed a kind of heavenly radiance that seemed to beam through her countenance, from whence I prophesied all manner of happy success. But, continuing silent for some time, and looking eagerly at me, she suddenly threw herself into my bosom, and burst into tears.

Ah! Hammy, she cried, I had hopes I was very stout; but frail nature, in spite of grace, confesses me a coward. I thought I could have seen you perish with patience, with delight, provided I saw a happy immortality before you. But, now that your sufferings are at hand, I find them insupportable. I tremble also for your faith, lest it should not support you under the impending trial. Yes, Hammy, all is over. All is finished, my love, and the hand of our God is in it. Our dear Miss Hodginses were not to blame; the eldest died suddenly, since we saw them; and the youngest is with a distant relation in the country. We have nothing further to hope, neither to fear, from this world. Our God has shut us out by every door; and will neither permit the friendship, the humanity, or charity of others, neither our own industry or ingenuity, to yield us a morsel of bread; to convince us that we are his, and that all things are his; that when he openeth his hand, there is plenty on every side, but when he is pleased to shut, there is no resource. What say you then, my husband? are you willing to run this last short course? The prize is glorious, unspeakable, and lies within a very few paces of your grasp. You must run it, my husband, and your repugnance would but serve to make it insufferable. But patience and courage would give you strength to endure; and a little further conformity to the will of our disposer, would turn all the bitterness into delight. Our time is done, our task is finished; we are already brought to nothing, that our all may be in God.

Yes, I answered, it is evident from a chain of successive proofs. I see the hand of God in all that concerns us; and I am pleased with any instances of his notice and attention, whatever his final purpose may be. I will no longer struggle with his omnipotence; nor make my ignorance a sounding-line for his unbottomed wisdom. If to see you and your little innocent thus famishing by the hour; if, in contemplating your wants and imagining your pains, I feel an anguish

above what death can give; why, let it be; rend, heart, into a thousand pieces! A period must at length be put to our sufferings; and all beyond shall be peace, or what God pleases. But do you, Arabella, do you lead the way, my patroness, my director! I will endeavour to keep the brightness of your example in view; that neither here or hereafter I may lose sight of her, without whom here or hereafter I think I cannot be happy.

About nine the next morning, our landlady entered, followed by two constables and two appraisers. Thus authorized, as she imagined, the first thing she did was to search our pockets for money, but without effect! as we had expended our last penny, the day before, for bread. She, however, found my wife's case of scissars, and other implements for her business; and gathering up our boxes, linen, handkerchiefs, and a variety of articles, which we never had a notion of converting into money, she laid them all before the appraisers, who on frequent consultation valued the same at four pounds nine shillings, my wife's gown included, being nine and thirty shillings more than we owed. But this our honest landlady very prudently observed was scarce sufficient for costs, and other damages, which she had suffered, or might have suffered, or might yet suffer on our account.

Thus we were turned out, almost naked, to the mercy of the elements. Oh, how deeply degraded below the birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, or even the worms of the *sod*, who rightfully claim sustenance from the earth whereof they were bred, and have some hole apart whereto they may creep for shelter.

The world indeed lay before us. It was wide and all-sufficient; and yet nothing to our purpose. We had neither act or part, concern or interest, therein. It was to us as a harbour to tempest-beaten mariners, who are shut out and driven thence, on suspicion of the plague.

All hopeless, weak, and faint, we took our way, we knew not whither; without home whereto we might travel, or point whereto we might steer. We could think of no one living, who would receive or acknowledge us; and we seemed to have no way, save that of hastening, as fast as we could, from the presence of mankind.

Slow and tottering as we went, my wife and I carried our little Tommy by turns, and in the smoother places he walked with the help of our hands. Thus, with much toil and fatigue, we got out of London, and reposed ourselves on a bank that lay a little off the causeway. Here we found ourselves greatly distressed with thirst, and getting up again we made toward a small hut that stood beside



the road, where they had the charity to treat us with a draught of cold water. With this we were wonderfully refreshed and recruited; and, putting on again, Hammy, says my Arabella, no conqueror, on his triumphal entry into Rome, ever exulted as I do in your fortitude this day. And what signifies it now, that it comes to the test? It is but to travel, my love, till we can travel no further; and then we drop fit, and ready, and ripe for eternity. O how sweet it is to perish with a patience that is pleased! how fearful, how horrible, to die struggling and kicking against the Almighty!

As we went gently along, still mutually supporting and exhorting each other, I applied for alms, from time to time, to a number of passengers; but my voice and address were so feebly importunate, or their attention was so engaged on distant and different matters, that my oratory returned empty.

At length I met a poor beggarman, with a wife and seven children following in a train. I looked at him wistfully, and having civilly saluted him, I intreated some little matter from his bag or his can to keep my infant from perishing on the highway. God's mercy, master! says the charitable mendicant, I am sorry to see any body poorer than myself; but the truth is, that I have travelled a great way, and have eat and drunk all, with a pox, except this last twopence halfpenny: here it is, master; God's blessing go along with it; I grieve that it is not two pounds for your sake.

In expectation of the refreshment we should derive from this supply, we kept on at a creeping pace, till we came to a little alehouse, that stands about half a mile from this town. There we entered, and called for a pennyworth of bread and a pint of drink, with some milk for the child. While we sat to repose ourselves, the poor man of the house having eyed me with a kind of earnest compassion, You look, said he, to be in much trouble; but if your trouble is of a kind that may be cured, there is one Mr. Fenton at hand, whom God has placed in this country, as the sun in heaven, to give comfort to all within his reach.

My heart revived within me at these tidings, and was further prophetic of some happy revolution. Having finished our pint, and laid up the remainder of our bread in store, we discharged our reckoning, and set out on our last stage.

The prospect of speedy relief, and the possibility that it might not arrive too late, gave us spirits beyond our powers, and we pushed on till we came nearly opposite to this house; though we did not then know to whom it belonged. Here, slackening our pace, we found

ourselves growing extremely sick ; whether it was that we were overpowered by the late nourishment we had taken, or by a toil and fatigue that surpassed our abilities.

Hammy, said my Arabella, God be praised ! it is done, it is finished. I die, my Hammy, but I would not die within the gaze of public passengers. Help me into the field, if you are able, my love. I have no further use for charity now, save that of laying my limbs, with decency, in the ground.

She spoke, nor had I the power to answer. But overcome as I was by sickness and anguish, I exerted myself to help her through the turnstile ; and sitting down on the sod, I laid her head in my lap, where she fainted away. And there we remained in the situation in which your charity found us.

Mr. Clement, said Mr. Fenton, I am singularly obliged and instructed by your story. The incidents of your life have been very extraordinary, and have been evidently accompanied by the control and attention of a peculiar Providence. The same Providence is undoubtedly with, and over all his works ; though we are not willing to admit him in what we call common occurrences, and which, we think, we can account for without his interposition. But, in the passages of your story, we see Omnipotence walking along with you step for step ; by sudden successes, by calamities as sudden, compelling you to attend to him ; wrenching every other prop and support from your dependence ; shutting every other prospect and resource from your sight ; and never forsaking you, in weal or in woe, till he had fully convinced you of his fellowship and regard, and had reconciled you to the bitterest of the dispensations of your Creator.

Your story, my dear friend, has been generally conversant in middle, or low life ; and I observed that there is scarce a circumstance in it, which might not have happened to any body, on any day of the year. And yet, in the whole, I find a chain of more surprising and affecting events, than I have met with in history, or even in romance.

God, I see, has made use of very severe methods to call you, and as I may say, to compel you to come in. But do you think, Mr. Clement, that any methods less severe, would have been equally effectual ? You must admit they would not.

Had I been in your situation, on the day in which you say my charity relieved you ; I should have thought myself very little beholden to that person, who would have plucked me back from my opening paradise, into a world of whose woes I had been so justly

weary. No, no, my friend, I did you and your Arabella the worst office, as I think, that ye will ever receive. It was not to you that God intended any benefit, by restoring you to life; it was to those, and I hope they are many in number, who are to have the advantage of your example and instructions. It is an advantage of which I, also, propose to avail myself; and I request you, in behalf of my little Harry in particular, to accept your first retainer from our hands.

So saying, Mr. Fenton carelessly slid a purse of a hundred guineas into Clement's coat pocket, and hastily calling to know if supper was ready, left the room without ceremony.

In about an hour the cloth was laid, and Mr. Fenton ordered his family to be called together. He had seldom seen Arabella, and never had noticed her, for fear of adding to that confusion with which he saw her oppressed at their first meeting. But now his senses were all open and alive for observation, and, on her entrance, he saluted her, as he would have received and saluted a descending seraph.

She had not yet recovered her flesh, or her complexion; and Mr. Fenton for some time looked at her, in vain, to discover those striking and irresistible beauties, to which lust had fallen a victim, by which friendship had been seduced, and to which a whole people had borne joint testimony, by a voucher of public protestation and applause. But of all that Mr. Fenton had previously thought necessary for producing such extraordinary and astonishing effects, he saw nothing but a sentiment of lowliness throughout; a something, in face, in voice, and in motion, that was lovely, for no other reason, that he could find, but for its being quite impossible that it should not be beloved.

When they had set down to table, and eat, and chatted a while on indifferent matters; Dada, says Harry, sure Mrs. Clement is a greater scholar than Mr. Vindex; and she taught me a Latin lesson to day; and I would rather learn five lessons from her than one from him; for she cannot look so cross at me as Mr. Vindex: do you think she can, dada?—No, Harry, I think not, says Mr. Fenton; if she can find in her heart to be cross, we cannot find it in her face, and so we shall know nothing of the matter.—Well, well, dada, says Harry, for all that, I am sure she cannot find in her heart to whip half so hard, and so I do not repent of my bargain.—What bargain, Harry?—Why, says Harry, you must know that she is to be my tutor, and I am to pay her at the rate of twenty kisses a day. But, indeed, it is an honest bargain, as you shall hear; poor Mrs. Clement has cheated herself most sadly; for, for every kiss I give her, I take two away; and they are the sweetest kisses you ever got in your life.



Here poor Arabella was put sadly to the blush, though she could not help joining in the laugh of the company.

Harry, says Mr. Fenton, you talk as feelingly of kisses, as if you had been the son and heir of one Secundus, who wrote a very ingenious treatise on the subject. But pray, Mrs. Clement, do you understand the languages?—Ah, sir, said Arabella, again blushing, I fear that my young lover has brought me into a sad scrape. I know nothing indeed, sir, that does not serve to put me in mind of my own ignorance.—Ah, what a boast is there, replied Mr. Fenton; the wisdom of Solomon, and all subsequent philosophers, fall infinitely short of such an extent of knowledge. But tell me, Hammel, continued Mr. Fenton, does your Arabella understand the Latin and Greek languages?—Not that ever I knew of, I do assure you, sir, said Clement; and yet I thought I had discovered the limits of her talents; though I despaired of ever reaching the extent of her virtues.

Hammy, Hammy, said Arabella, would you banish me from a table, where conversation makes the feast, and Mr. Fenton is a speaker? But, sir, since my desire of instructing this your little Harry, the dearest and loveliest of all human creatures, has brought me to the shame of betraying a foolish smattering in such matters, I will tell you how it happened.

My dear good father was a clergyman, and as his living was very small, he derived his principal income from boarding and instructing the children of the neighbouring gentlemen. As I was his only child, he loved me to a faulty excess, and hardly ever suffered me to be out of his sight. I used therefore to work at my sampler in his school-room; and the frequent repetitions which the boys made of their lessons, insensibly and involuntarily forced themselves upon my memory. I was, by degrees, infected with the desire of knowing something of what engaged the whole attention of all about me. The floors and the windows were often spread with books, which I took up and perused in private at my pleasure. And at length, I was applied to, by most of the scholars, as well for my assistance in framing their exercises, as for my powerful mediation in saving them from the lash.

My error, in thus wandering from the sphere of my sex, will appear, as I hope, the more excusable, when I assure you, sir, that from the moment I entered the world with my dear deceased aunt, I never looked into one of those my favourite authors; though I still retain many of the passages in them. But, above all, I shall never forget the indiscretion of Homer in his character of Hector, the great enemy

of Greece. The poet appears to make a mighty parade of the power, the valour, and virtue, of his countrymen. He further gives them the whole merit and justice of the cause; and he calls upon gods and men in their favour, for the righting and reformation of iniquity and offence. But, does he give you the sensible and odious instances of this iniquity on the part of the adversary? By no means, as I take it. He sums up all Troy, and even all Asia, in the character and prowess of a single man. On the part of the Trojans, on the side of the delinquents, you see nothing but Hector, you hear nothing but Hector. And again, what do you hear of him, or what do you see of him? Even all that is admirable; all that is amiable; whatever can be, severally, culled and collected from the worth and the sweetnesses of human nature: in his submission to his king, in his attachments to his country, in his filial affections, in his conjugal delicacies, in his paternal fears and feelings, in his ardour for his friends, in his humanity to his enemies, and, even in his piety to the gods that he worshipped; (no deduction from his courage according to ancient arithmetic,) I should be glad, I say, to know in what history, true or feigned, I might find his fellow.

How injudiciously, then, did this author connect an iniquitous cause with so righteous a person; to whom no one living could take exception; and with whom no one living could cordially be at variance! In favour therefore of Hector, you wish well to the abettors of the ravishers of Helen; and in favour of Hector, you are almost tempted to wish ill to those generous patriots, who, at the risk of their honours, their fortunes, and their lives, came to vindicate the undoubted rights of their country; and consequently, the rights of all mankind. But—but—is there no one so friendly, here, as to interrupt me, before all my folly is let out?

You have no such friend here, I assure you, madam, said Mr. Fenton.

Well, well, gentlemen, said Arabella, blushing deeper than before, I leave you to laugh away; and I would stay, and laugh with you with all my heart, at any expence but that of female learning, you know. And, so saying, up she started, and away she would have flown, but Mr. Fenton got between her and the door.

Mrs. Clement, Mrs. Clement, said he, would you serve us so? Do but think what sort of a world this would be without a woman; and then think what a figure this hum-drum Hammy of your's and I should make without you. So saying, he took her hand, and replaced her in her chair. But why, continued he, why all this blushing, my dear

Mrs. Clement? Indeed, my child, it is a compliment that we cannot deserve.

Ah, sir, cried Mrs. Clement, it is a compliment which I would very gladly spare, if I could help it. But, I must be a very guilty body to be sure; and my faults, I find, must be very much my enemies, when they are ready to fly in my face every moment.

Why, Mrs. Clement, said Mr. Fenton, do you hold blushing to be any evidence of guilt? Certainly, sir, said Arabella, it can be nothing but a consciousness of somewhat amiss, that ought to give shame to any sensible person. Mr. Sergeant Clement, cried Mr. Fenton, pray what is your judgment on the case in hand.

In truth, sir, said Clement, it is a case to which I am not prepared to plead. I have, indeed, heard many and various opinions on the subject, though generally coinciding with that of my Arabella. And more particularly in conversations of *ribald entendre*, I have heard it affirmed, that the blushing of a woman is a sure proof of her understanding much more than became her.

Hold there, cried Mr. Fenton; the mere understanding of good or evil can no more be a fault in the creature than the Creator; the essence of guilt bears no reference to knowledge, but consists in the approbation of evil alone. A woman therefore, who blushes at what she disapproves, blushes not for herself, but for the faults of her rude and ill-mannered company, who have not the grace to blush for themselves.

It is therefore from the fountain of virtue, alone, that this flush of shamefacedness can possibly flow; and a delicacy of compunction, on such occasions, is as a sensitive plant of divinity in the soul, that feels, shrinks, and is alarmed, on the slightest apprehension of approaching evil.

Well, sir, said Arabella, allowing all you have advanced in behalf of blushers, (and that is doing them more favour than I fear they deserve,) can it amount to more than this, that, however faulty they may be, they still have goodness enough to acknowledge their guilt, or in other words, that they have the justice to be ashamed of themselves?

Yes, madam, said Mr. Fenton, it amounts to much more, and you know that it does. But you are a wicked little sophister, and deserve to be punished, by our yielding to you the cause that you have undertaken against yourself.

When I observed that nothing but virtue could undesignedly express a disapprobation of vice; I ought further to have observed,



that the greater and the purer, the more excellent and more vivid, this virtue is, the more apt it will be to take alarm at the bare apprehension of having said or done, or of being suspected to have said or done, or thought of any thing amiss, or contrary to its own nature.

Ah, sir, (cried Arabella, rising, smiling, and blushing,) excuse me if I do not stay to hear myself so abused; and, turning, she disappeared in an instant.

As soon as she was gone, Clement took out his purse of a hundred guineas. And pray, sir, said he, what shall I do with all this money? — O, as for that matter, said Mr. Fenton, I know people not half so ingenious as you are, who could quickly contrive to get rid of a much larger sum. Lay it out in decent clothing for yourself and your Arabella, and I will find some way to have you reimbursed. In short, Hammel, I cannot think of parting with you, if my fortune may serve for a sufficient cement. I will pay you two hundred guineas yearly, while you stay with me; and I will settle on you one thousand pounds, in case of my mortality, to put you into some little station of independence.

Sir, sir, cried Clement, hesitatingly, you oppress me, you — Hush, hush, said Mr. Fenton, putting his hand to his mouth, no compliments, my dear friend. It is not your thanks, but your services, that I want; and you may readily make them more than equivalent to such matters. I value the instilling of a single principle of goodness into the mind of my dear Harry, beyond all the wealth that the Indies can remit. Ah, Hammel, why was not that brat of your's a girl instead of a boy? She might one day have been the wife of my precious Harry; and I might then have had some of the breed of this wonderful Arabella.

But, Hammy, continued Mr. Fenton, I would not have you, through any zeal, or attachment to me, think of pushing my boy into learning of the languages, beyond his own pleasure. Neither would I have you oppress or perplex his infant mind with the deep or mysterious parts of our holy religion. First, give him, by familiar and historical instances, an early impression of the shortness of human life, and of the nature of the world in which he is placed. Let him learn, from this day forward, to distinguish between natural and imaginary wants; and that nothing is estimable, or ought to be desirable, but so far as it is necessary or useful to man. Instruct my darling daily and hourly, if possible, in a preference of manners and things that bear an intrinsic value, to those that receive their value and currency from the arbitrary and fickle stamp of fashion.

Shew him also, my Hammel, that the same toils and sufferings, the

same poverty and pain, from which people now fly as they would from a plague, were once the desire of the heroes, and the fashion of nations; and that thousands of patriots, of captains, and philosophers, through a love of their country, or of glory, of applause during life, or distinction after death, have rejected wealth and pleasure, embraced want and hardship, and suffered more, from a voluntary mortification and self-denial, than our church seems to require in these days, for the conquest of a sensual world into which we are fallen, and for entitling us to a crown in the kingdom of Eternity.

So saying, Mr. Fenton got up from table, and observing that it was late, wished Clement a good night.

Our hero was now eight years of age; and weekly and daily continued to be exercised in feats of bodily prowess and agility; and in acts of mental benevolence, and service to mankind.

Mr. Fenton had already provided his favourite a small but beautiful Spanish jennet, that was perfectly dressed, as they call it, or rid to the menage; and once in every week or fortnight he accompanied his darling to the riding-house in Islington, where he saw him instructed in all the arts and elegancies of horsemanship.

Within a few weeks after the late dissertation upon blushing, the same company being present, and dinner removed,—Harry, says Mr. Fenton, tell me which of the two is the richest, the man who wants least, or the man who has most?—Let me think, dada, says Harry: Why sure, they are the same thing: are they not, dada?—By no means, my darling, cried Mr. Fenton.

There lived two famous men at the same time, the one was called Diogenes, and the other Alexander. Diogenes refused to accept of any worldly goods, save one wooden cup to carry water to his mouth; but when he found that he could drink by lying down and putting his mouth to the stream, he threw his cup away, as a thing that he did not want. Alexander, on the other side, was a great conqueror; and, when he had conquered and got possession of all the world, he fell a crying because there was not a hundred more such worlds for him to conquer. Now, which of these two was the richest, do you think?

O dada, exclaimed Harry, Diogenes to be sure; Diogenes to be sure. He who wants nothing is the richest man in the world. Diogenes, dada, was richer than Alexander by a hundred worlds.—Very true, my love, rejoined Mr. Fenton. Alexander had a whole world more than Diogenes wanted, and yet desired a hundred worlds more than he had. Now, as no man will allow that he wants what he does not desire, and all affirm that they want whatsoever they do desire,

desires and wants are generally accounted as one and the same thing ; and yet, my Harry, there is a thing of which it may be said, that the more we desire it, the less we want it ; and that the less we desire of it, the greater is our want.

What in the world can that be, dada ?—It is Goodness, my love. —Well, says Harry, I will not puzzle my brains about nice matters. All I know is, that no man has more goodness than he wants, except it be yourself. I do not talk of women, for I believe Mrs. Clement here is very good : pray look in her face, dada ; do not you think she is very good ?

I see, Harry, says Mr. Fenton, that, young as you are, you are a perfect physiognomist.—Pray, sir, said Arabella, is it in earnest your opinion, that the character of mind or manners may often be gathered from the form of the countenance ?

As the heavens are made expressive of the glory of God, said Mr. Fenton, though frequently overcast with clouds and tempest, and sometimes breaking forth in thunders that terrify, and lightnings that blast ; so the general tenor of a human countenance is made expressive of the nature of the soul that lives within ; and to which it is ordained an involuntary interpreter.

Many persons have made it the study of great part of their lives, to counteract Providence in this honest appointment ; to shut this window, by which an impertinent world is so apt to peep in, and spy what they are about ; and, as far as possible, to make the expressions of their countenance belie every sentiment and emotion of the heart.

I have known hypocrisy, treachery, pride, malice, and lust, assume the opposite semblance of saintship, fidelity, lowliness, benevolence, and chastity : but it is painful to keep the bow of nature long bent ; its elasticity will still struggle to have it restored ; and a skilful discernor at the time of such delusion, will often detect the difference between a real character and the acting of a part. For when nature dictates, the whole man speaks ; all is uniform and consenting in voice, mien, motion, the turn of each feature, and the cast of the eyes. But when art is the spokesman, and that nature is not altogether suppressed, the turn of the eye may contradict the tongue, and the muscles of the face may counteract each other in their several workings : and thus, I have known an expression of resentment remain on the brow, while the face laboured to invest itself with a smile of complaisance ; and I have known the eye to burn with ill-governed concupiscence, while voice, action, and address, united in the avowal of chaste and honourable regards.



I am persuaded, that there is not a single sentiment, whether tending to good or evil, in the human soul, that has not its distinct and respective interpreter in the glance of the eye, and in the muscling of the countenance. When nature is permitted to express herself with freedom by this language of the face, she is understood by all people; and those who were never taught a letter, can instantly read her signatures and impressions; whether they be of wrath, hatred, envy, pride, jealousy, vexation, contempt; pain, fear, horror, and dismay; or of attention, respect, wonder, surprize, pleasure, transport, complaisance, affection, desire, peace, lowliness, and love. But I have out-talked my time, says Mr. Fenton, rising and looking at his watch. I am engaged for an hour or two, and wish you a good evening.

While Mr. Fenton was abroad, Ned, who would not willingly have exchanged his unluckiness for the heirship of an estate, happened to take a little ramble through the town. He held a stick, to the end of which he had a long ferrule of hollow tin, which he could take off at pleasure; and from the extremity of the ferrule there arose a small collateral pipe, in an angle of about forty-five degrees. He had filled this ferrule with puddle-water; which, by a sudden pressure of the stick, he could squirt out to double the height of his own stature. On his return, he saw an elderly gentleman advancing, whose shadow being lengthened by the declining sun, attended with a slow and stately motion. As Ned approached, he exclaimed, with a well counterfeited fear, Look, look! what is that behind you? take care of yourself, sir! for heaven's sake, take care!

The gentleman, alarmed hereat, instantly started, turned pale, and looked terrified behind him, and on either side; when Ned, recovering his countenance, said, O sir, I beg pardon, I believe it is nothing but your shadow. What, sirrah! cried the gentleman, in a tone highly exasperated, have you learned no better manners than to banter your superiors? And then, lifting a switch, he gave our merry companion a few smart strokes across the shoulders.

Ned was not of a temper to endure much, without attempting at retaliation; and, directing the pipe of his ferrule to the front of his adversary, he suddenly discharged the full contents in his eyes and face, and upon his clothes; and, straight taking to his heels, he hoped to get in at the door before the stranger could clear his sight to take notice where he sheltered.

Ned however happened, at this time, to be somewhat over sanguine in his expectations. Mr. Snarle, for that was the name of the party

bespattered, had just cleared one eye, in season to remark where his enemy entered ; and hastening home, he washed, undressed, and shifted his linen clothes, with less passion, and fewer curses by the half, than he conceived to be due to so outrageous an insult.

Mr. Snarle had himself been an humourist, in his time, and had acquired a pretty competency by very fashionable means ; such as gambling, bearing testimony for a friend in distress, procuring intelligence for the ministry, and wenches for the peerage. He had, some years ago, been bullied into marriage by the relations of a young termagant, while he attempted to take such a sample of her charms as might enable him to recommend her to an acquaintance of quality. She was neither gentle by nature, nor polished by education ; she liked nothing of her husband except his fortune ; and they lived together in a state of perpetual altercation and mutual disgust.

Old age, and a quarrelsome companion for life, seldom happen to be sweeteners of the human temper ; and Mr. Snarle had now acquired such a quantum of the infirmities both of body and mind, as might justly apologize for a peevish disposition. He had lately taken a handsome house on the hill for the benefit of air. As soon as he had reclaimed himself from the pickle into which Ned had put him, he sent to inquire the name and character of the owner of that house where he had taken refuge ; and being sufficiently apprized of what he wanted to know, he walked toward Mr. Fenton's, hastening his pace with the spirit and expectation of revenge.

Mr. Fenton had arrived but a little before, and desiring to know Mr. Snarle's commands, he was informed in terms the most aggravating, of the whole course and history of Ned's misbehaviour. The delinquent thereupon was called up to instant trial. He honestly confessed the facts, but pleaded, in mitigation, the beating that Mr. Snarle had already given him ; but as Mr. Fenton, did not judge this sufficient to reform the natural petulance of a disposition that otherwise was not void of merit, a rod was immediately brought, and Andrew was ordered to horse, and Frank to flog the criminal in presence of the party aggrieved.

During this operation, Mr. Snarle observed that Frank's hand did not altogether answer to the benevolence of his own heart ; whereupon he furiously snatched the rod from him, and began to lay at Ned with might and main. Hereat Mr. Fenton ordered Andrew to let the boy down ; and observing that he would no further interfere in a cause where the appellant assumed judgment and execution to

himself, he carelessly turned his back upon Mr. Snarle, and left him to cool his passions by his evening's walk homeward.

Poor Ned was more afraid of Mr. Fenton's displeasure, than he would have been of a full brother to the whipping he had got. But Mr. Fenton was too generous to add the severity of his own countenance to the weight of Frank's hand, and Ned was quickly reinstated in the good graces of the family. His genius however returned with an involuntary bent toward obtaining satisfaction for the injuries he had received from Mr. Snarle, provided he might retaliate without fear of detection; and he was not slow in contriving very adequate means.

There was a villager in Hampstead, about ten years of age, who had conceived an uncommon kindness for Ned on account of his sprightliness, his wit, and good humour. To this condoling friend he had imparted his grievances; and on him alone he depended for execution of the project proposed for redress.

On a certain moonless night they mustered four tame cats, and having bound some furze round three or four inches of the extremity of each of their tails, they lodged them together in a bag; and somewhat after supper-time, when all the town was silent, they marched softly and cautiously to the house of Mr. Snarle. There Ned's friend, with his knife, dexterously picked away the putty from a pane of the window of a side-chamber, where no light appeared; and having put fire to the furze of each tail successively, they slipped their cats, one by one, in at the window; and again having pegged the pane into its place, they withdrew to a little distance to watch the issue.

The poor cats remained silent, and universally inoffensive, while they felt no damage. But as soon as the fire had seized on their tails, they began to speak in a language wholly peculiar, as one would think, to sentiments and sounds of diabolical intention.

Mr. and Mrs. Snarle had been jangling over the fire in an opposite parlour, when their dispute was suddenly settled by this outcry, as they imagined, of a legion of infernals. They instantly started up, and cast a countenance of pale and contagious panic at each other. But George the footman, a strong and bold fellow, having just before entered on some business to his master, turned and ran to the chamber from whence the peal came. He threw open the door with his wonted intrepidity; but this was as far as mortal courage could go; for the cats spying a passage whereby, as they conceived, they might fly from their pain, rushed suddenly and jointly on the face and breast of George, and back he fell with a cry of terror and desperation.



On however went the cats, and flying into the parlour, one fastened a claw in each cheek of Mr. Snarle; and as his lady screamed out and clapt her hands before her face, another fastened, with four fangs, on her best Brussel's head, and rent and tore away after a lamentable manner.

The chamber-maid and cook hearing the uproar from the kitchen, were afraid to stay below alone; they therefore crept softly and trembling up stairs. The torture the cats were in did not permit them to be attached to any single object. They had quitted Mr. and Mrs. Snarle, and now flew about the parlour, smashing, dashing, and overturning piers, glasses, and china, and whatever came in their way, as though it had been the very palace of Pandæmonium itself.

George was again on his legs; his master and mistress had eloped from the parlour, and met the two maids in the middle of the entry. They concluded, *nemine con.* to get as speedily as they might from the ministers of darkness, and would willingly have escaped by the street-door; but, alas! this was not possible, one of the devils guarded the pass, and clinging to the great lock with all his talons, growled and yelled in the dialect of twenty of the damned. The stairs however remained open, and up they would have rushed, but were so enfeebled by their fright, that this could not be done in the way of a race.

Having scaled as far as the dining room, they all entered, and bolted the door; and Mr. Snarle, opening a window, saw a large posse of neighbours who had gathered below. What is the matter, sir? cried one of them; what is the meaning of this horrible uproar and din? One would think that hell was empty, and that all its inhabitants were come to keep carnival in your house.

O, a ladder, a ladder, cries Mr. Snarle; deliver us, good people, good christian people; a ladder we beseech you, a ladder, a ladder! That indeed, cries a wag, is the last good turn an honest fellow has occasion for.

The ladder was soon brought, and this panic-stricken family were helped down, and charitably conducted to the great inn of St. George and the Dragon, where, with the help of sack-whey, warm beds, and their remaining terrors, they got a hearty sweat, and were somewhat composed by ten o'clock next morning. They then got up, and hurried to London, without adventuring to send to the haunted mansion for any change of clothes or linen.

Some time after this, Mr. Fenton privately took Ned into his closet,

and desired him to give the best history he could remember of himself, and of his adventures before he met with Harry.

Sir, said Ned, the first thing that I remember of myself, is my going from house to house a begging with my mammy. I dreamed indeed that I was once in a fine house, and among fine people, but I do not know where nor when; and so I believe, as I say, it was only a dream.

Do you remember your daddy, Ned?—No, sir, I never had a daddy that I know of. My mammy was very cross to me, and used to take from me all the money and victuals that I begged; and that was a great deal, for I never let people rest till they gave me something. And so, sir, as I was saying, my mammy was very cross to me, and used to half starve me, and gave me a beating for every hour in the day.

Did she teach you your prayers, Ned?—No, sir, I believe she had no prayers to teach me; for she used to swear and scold sadly. And so, sir, as I was telling you, we begged from house to house, sometimes in a town, and sometimes in the country, till the day she run away from me.

How came your mammy to run away from you, Ned?—Why, sir, we were begging in your town, and had got some half-pence, and filled our bag, when my mammy took up a child at the town's end, and ran with it till she got into the next field. The child, sir, cried sadly, and my mammy went so fast that I could not keep up with her, do my best. And so we heard a man shouting behind us, and my mammy turned and saw him running after her very fast, and so she threw down the child and her great bag on the ground, and made the best of her way to the next hedge, and got through, sir; and so I never saw any more of her.

What became of the child, Neddy?—When the man, sir, came up, he lifted it off the ground, and he kissed it a great many times, and made it quiet; and I am thinking he was so glad to see it, he took no notice of me; but he took up my mammy's great bag, and turned back, and went the way he came. Then, sir, I fell a crying and roaring terribly to be left alone, and to have nobody in the world who would have any thing to say to me; and I wished for my mammy again, bad as she was to me, and I strove to follow her through the hedge, but was not able. And so I saw a great house on one side, and I was very sad when I went to it: and there it was that I met my own young master, and he put clothes upon me with his own dear hands, and he took me to himself; and he is ever since so kind to me,

that it troubles me very much ; for I can do nothing at all for him, you know, sir, and that grieves me more than all the world.

Well, Neddy, says Mr. Fenton, do not cry my child. Be a good boy, and mind your book, and be sure you tell no lies, nor do mischief to any body ; and I will take care of you, and be a father to you myself. But tell me, Ned, would you know the woman you call your mammy, if you should see her again ?—Yes, yes, sir, cried Ned. There was not a day of my life but she gave me reason to remember her ; I should know her from all the world, if I was not to see the face of her for a hundred years to come.

I find, Ned, you are not over-fond of your mammy.—No indeed, sir, answered Ned, I love master Harry's little finger, and I would love yourself if I dare, sir, better than a thousand such mammies as mine was : and that I suppose is very naughty ; for all good children, they say, love their fathers and mothers.—Well, Ned, says Mr. Fenton, if you happen at any time to see her among the great number of beggars that come to our door, do not you speak to her, or shew that you take the least notice of her ; but come and tell me, or honest James, in my absence, that we may take care of her, and force her to confess, whether she is in reality your mother or not.

While Mr. Fenton was speaking, Andrew entered with tidings that a chariot was overturned not twenty yards from the door ; and that he feared the people in it were much hurt. Mr. Fenton's humanity was much alarmed at the news ; he ordered the servants to follow him, and instantly hurried out to give all the assistance he could to the strangers.

The chariot happened to be overturned by the slipping out of one of the linchpins that kept the wheel on the axle-tree. The company had already got out. They were an agreeable young couple, Mr. Fielding and his wife, who had come from London on purpose to take an airing on the hill. Mrs. Fielding had suffered nothing except from her fears ; but Mr. Fielding's right arm was something bruised, by his endeavouring to preserve his lady in the fall.

Mr. Fenton appeared the greatest sufferer of the three, and addressed the strangers with a countenance that convinced them how feelingly he was interested in their safety. He left Andrew to have the chariot put to rights ; and, having conducted his new guests to his own house, he ordered a bottle of sack and some Naples cakes to the parlour.

When they were all seated, I find, sir, said Mr. Fielding, that people are apt to be disgusted with what they call accidents, and which may



afterward turn out to their greatest advantage. Perhaps I should never have known what true humanity was, if our carriage had not been overturned this day. If you knew all, said Mr. Fenton, with a tender bluntness, you would be far from laying any humanity at my door, since I rejoice at an accident, where the damage is all yours, and the advantage that arises from it is all my own.

I would hold fifty to one, cried Mrs. Fielding, that this is the very Mr. Fenton we have heard so much about.—Indeed, madam, said Mr. Fenton, you surprise me much; if I had the pleasure of ever knowing you, there is something in that face I should not have readily forgot.

No, sir, said Mrs. Fielding, I speak from information. I never had the happiness of being known to you, till now. There is in this village, one Rose Jenkins, a poor widow, one of those many persons you have down in your list. She was nurse to our only child: while he lived and was with us, she was a constant visitant; but as soon, as soon as — Here Mrs. Fielding hesitated, her lip trembled, and her eye glistened with a filling tear.—I say, sir, as soon as a very sad affair happened, the poor woman came near us no more. One day, as we were taking the air through this town, I thought I saw a face that was familiar to me. I called to the coachman to stop. It was my old nurse. She had a family of small children, and had fallen sadly to decay before you came, Mr. Fenton, to settle in the town. I chid her for becoming a stranger to us. Ah, madam, said the kind creature, the tears bursting from her eyes, how could I go near a place where every thing would put me in mind of my dear lost child!—She still continued to weep—and I—wept for company. I put a guinea in her hand, and insisted on her coming to see us. She did so. It was then, Mr. Fenton, that we learned your name and character; and you must expect the mortification, now and then, of hearing a little of those many things that are spoken to your advantage.

I am sorry, madam, said Mr. Fenton, that my nothings should be talked of, lest it should intimate that other people are less ostentatious.

Mrs. Fielding was still affected by what she had been saying; and, though Mr. Fenton wished to know what the sad affair was at which she had hinted, he declined asking any questions, for fear of renewing her affliction. Mr. and Mrs. Clement had walked abroad, upon a visit, with their pupil Harry; so that Mr. Fenton and his friend Ned, with Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, made the whole of the present company.

You are happily situated, sir, says Mr. Fielding. I blame myself, and all others who have any independence, and yet live in a city. Health,

pleasure and spirits, are all for the country. Did any poets or philosophers ever place their golden æras, or golden scenes, amidst such a town as London? A man can scarce be himself; he is confused and dissipated by the variety of objects and bustle that surrounds him. In short, sir, I am like many others, the reverse in persuasion of what I am in practice; I live in a city although I detest it. It is true that I am fond of society and neighbourhood, but experience has shewn me that London is not the place in which I can enjoy it.

No, sir, said Mr. Fenton; if I was a lover of solitude, if I wished to be the most recluse of all anchorites that bid adieu to the commerce of mankind, I would chuse London for my cell. It is in such a city alone, that a man may keep wholly unknown and unnoticed. He is there as a hailstone amidst a great shower; he jumps and bustles about awhile, then lies snug among his fellows, without being any more observed than if he were not upon earth, till he melts away and vanishes with the rest of his fraternity.

I am not for a cell, sir, replied Mr. Fielding; I love society, but yet a society that is founded in friendship; and people in great cities are so divided and dissipated by the multitude of soliciting objects and acquaintance, that they are rendered incapable of a particular attachment. I imagine, however, that in a well-peopled and civilized part of the country, a man might make an election of persons deserving his esteem, such as he would wish to live with in a happy interchange of kind offices and affections. This indeed is my plan for my remainder of life; but the law-suits, in which I am at present involved, will not permit me to go in search of my Utopia.

While the gentlemen were talking, Mrs. Fielding beckoned Ned to a remote part of the room, and was greatly taken with his lively and innocent chat. Pray, Mr. Fenton, said she, is this your son? No, madam, said Mr. Fenton, we know not to whom he belongs, poor fellow; and I am persuaded, from many circumstances, that he was stolen, in his infancy, from his true parents.

Mrs. Fielding instantly coloured like scarlet; and, casting on her husband an eager and animated look, Gracious Heaven! she exclaimed, who knows, my dear, but this may be our precious, our lost, and long-lamented boy, to whom Providence this day has so wonderfully conducted us?

Madam, said Mr. Fenton, it is thought that hundreds of children are yearly spirited away from their parents, by gipsies, by beggars to excite charity, and by kidnappers to carry to the plantations; but I hear of very few that ever have been restored, except in romance.

Pray, had you any particular memorandum or mark whereby you would know him to be your child, on the presumption of his being found?

Alas! no, sir, said Mrs. Fielding; he was scarce two years old when his nurse got leave to go and see a relation, the only visit, poor woman, that she made from the time she took my child to the breast. She left him in the care of the house-maid, who used to caress him with particular tenderness. He stood with her at the door; some one called her in suddenly, but, quickly returning, my child was gone! Ah! could the wretches who took him have guessed at the heart-rending anguish which that loss cost me, it were not in the nature of barbarians, of brutes, of fiends themselves, to have imagined a deed of such deadliness. For three days and nights, life hovered like a flame that was just departing, and was only detained by my frequent and long swoonings, that, for a time, shut up all sense and recollection. Neither do I think that my dear husband suffered much less than myself, however he might constrain and exert his spirits to keep up, as it were, some appearance of manliness.

We dispatched criers throughout the city, and through all the neighbouring towns, with offers of vast recompence to any who should discover and restore our child to us; and we continued, for years, to advertise him in all the public papers. But, alas, he must have been taken by some very illiterate wretches, who could not read, and who never heard of the rewards that were offered: their own interest must otherwise have engaged them to return him. Pray, Mr. Fenton, how did you come by this pretty boy?

Here Ned assisted Mr. Fenton to give a detail, respecting himself, of the circumstances already recited; and Mr. Fenton mentioned the precaution he had taken for seizing his former mammy, if ever she should make her appearance.

If heaven should ever bless me with more children, said Mr. Fielding, I have determined to fix some indelible mark upon them, such as that of the Jerusalem-Letters, that in case of accident I may be able to discover and ascertain my own offspring from all others. Such a precaution, said Mr. Fenton, is more especially incumbent on those who send their children abroad to be nursed; where it is practicable for nurses to impose a living infant in the place of one who has died; or, by an exchange, to prefer a child of their own to an inheritance; for the features of infancy generally change to a degree that shortly leaves no trace of the original cast of countenance; and it is common



with parents to leave their children at nurse, for years, without seeing or renewing the memory of their aspects.

Mr. Fenton, says Mrs. Fielding, will you give me your interest in this sweet foundling? I will regard him as my own child, I will be good to him for the sake of the one I have lost. Tell me, my dear, will you come and live with me?—What say you, Ned, says Mr. Fenton, would you like to go and live with that lady?—O, sir, cried Ned, could I find in my heart to leave master Harry and you, to be sure I would give the world to be with this dear lady. So saying, he caught at her hand, and pressed it eagerly to his lips. Mrs. Fielding found herself surprised and agitated by this action; and taking him in her arms, and repeatedly kissing him, the gush of passion, which she had some time suppressed, broke forth; and she shed a plenteous shower of tears upon him.

Word being now brought that the chariot was put to rights, and at the door, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding took a tender farewell of Mr. Fenton and Ned, and set off for London.

It was the latter end of August, the weather fair and pleasant, when Harry issued forth to his little *Campius martius*, accompanied by Neddy and the faithful James.

He was there met by his customary companions in arms; and they had nearly settled their exercises for the evening; when a young phenomenon of nobility made his appearance, like a phoenix among the vulgar birds, attended by two servants in flaming liveries. All the boys, except Harry, and Ned who kept close to him, immediately approached the glittering stranger, and paid their respect with admiration, and a kind of awkward obeisance; while Harry eyed him askance, with a half sullen and half disdainful regard, and, notwithstanding the native benevolence of his temper, felt no kind of complaisance toward him.

The young nobleman, to make a parade of his wealth, and at the same time to indulge his petulance of disposition, took a handful of sixpences and shillings from his pocket, and, throwing them among the crew, cried, A scramble, boys, a scramble!

Hereupon a scuffle royal instantly ensued. All of them, save three, eagerly grappled at the pieces that had fixed their eye; while each at the same time seized and struggled with his fellow. Our hero, mean while, observed all that passed with a distinguishing attention. But, as the cause of quarrel was instantly conveyed from sight, nothing worse happened than a few trips and boxes, to which the parties had been accustomed, and therefore did not resent; insomuch that

my lord was wholly defeated of the benevolent intention of his generosity, and looked upon himself as defrauded of his coin.

To make surer, for the future, of his dearly beloved mischief, he took a crown-piece from his pocket, and holding it up to the full view of the assembly, he proclaimed it as the prize of victory between any two, who should step forth on the spot, and engage in a boxing match. At the word an unknown champion sprung forward, instantly stripped, and challenged the field.

This unknown had arrived but that very morning with his parents, who came to settle at the village. He was by nature a very valiant, but very quarrelsome, boy; he had consequently been engaged in a number of occasional combats, wherein he had generally come off victorious; and this gave him as full an assurance of conquest as though his brow had already received the wreath.

The stranger in bulk and stature exceeded the field, and no one had yet offered himself an antagonist; when Harry stepping up, thus addressed him in a gentle but admonishing accent.

I find, sir, you are a stranger; you are therefore to be excused, as you are yet unacquainted with the laws of this place. But I must be so free as to inform you, that, whoever quarrels here or boxes for money, must afterwards take a turn with me for nothing.—As well before as after, briskly replied the adversary; but I scorn to take you at an advantage, prepare yourself, and strip!—You must first shew me, rejoined Harry, that you are worth stripping for.

The unknown instantly fired, and leaping forward, aimed a punch at Harry's stomach with all his force. When Harry nimbly catching the right wrist of his adversary in his left hand, and giving him at the same instant a sudden trip with his right foot, and a stroke across his neck with his right arm; the strange hero's heels flew up, and his shoulders and head came with a squelch to the earth.

As this unfortunate champion lay, dismayed, and wholly disqualified by his fall from further contention; Harry generously stepped forward, and offered to raise him. But, turning from him, he painfully and slowly arose, and muttering something not intelligible, he walked away with a sullen, but much abased, motion. Harry's companions hereat began to set up a cry of triumph and derision. But Harry suddenly stopped them, and cried, For shame, my friends! he is a brave boy, and deserves to be honoured, though a stranger to our ways; and I hope in my heart, that he may not be hurt, nor discouraged from coming among us any more.

Our young nobleman, mean while, had observed all that passed,

and considered our hero with an envious and indignant attention; when Harry, calling to him three boys who had declined to partake of the scramble for my lord's money; My good boys, cries he aloud, you had the honour to refuse to quarrel and tear your companions and friends to pieces, for the dirty matter of a few sixpences; and the first part of your reward shall be many sixpences.

So saying, he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out three crowns, made a present of one to each. Then, feeling a secret touch of self-approbation, he turned to my lord's servants, and addressed them, in an accent and with an action rather too highly elevated; Go, he cried, my friends, take your young master home to his father and mother; and tell them, from me, that, since they have already made him a LORD, I wish the next thing they do, would be to make him a GENTLEMAN.

What, you scoundrel, cried my Lord, do you tell me, to my face, that I am not a Gentleman? and flying instantly at Harry, he gave him a smart stroke on the left cheek. Harry had just begun to recollect his error. But, being again kindled to quick resentment, he half repressed and half enforced a sudden punch which he reached at the nose of his lordship; who giving a scream, fell backward, and measured his length on the field.

The two servants immediately stooped to raise their bleeding master; and one of them, highly exasperated to see his lord in that condition, turned furiously upon Harry. But Jack Freeman, his fellow servant, straight caught him by the arm, crying, Hold Patrick, hold! remember, fair play and old England!

So saying, he suddenly stooped, caught at our hero's hand, pressed it warmly to his lips, and cried, O, my noblest child, how I envy the happiness of those who serve you! Then turning, he took his lord by the hand, and straight led him away from the field of battle.

Never did Harry feel himself so deeply mortified, so debased in his own eyes, as when my lord's footman, with an action so uncommonly respectful, had stooped and kissed his hand. His heart, but just before, had whispered to him, that the manner in which he had admonished the young nobleman, expressed more of the pride of his own temper, than any friendly intention to reform the faults of another; and he began already to suspect that the manner in which he had dispensed his own bounty, shewed the same ostentation which he meant to reprove. Thus disgusted with himself, he turned away from his companions, walked sad and silent homeward; and, passing softly through the hall, withdrew to his own chamber.



James had followed Harry at such a distance as just to keep him in sight, and entering where his master sat reading in the parlour, Mr. Fenton inquired eagerly after his boy. James cast at his master a look of much solemnity, and shaking his head, Ah, sir, said he, I am sorry to tell you, that master Harry, to-day, was not altogether as good a boy as I could have wished. Indeed I observe of late that, at times, he is apt to be very passionate. I doubt, sir, we shall have woeful doings by and by; he has terribly battered the son and heir of the earl of Mansfield, one of the worthiest noblemen in England. To be sure we shall have sad complaints against him. I was present at all that passed; and truly master Harry was very much in fault.

You delight me, cried Mr. Fenton; my only affliction was that he had no faults. I want him to have faults, such faults as may make him feel them. But tell me, minutely, how this affair happened. James then gave a special detail of what we have recited. Whereupon Mr. Fenton exclaimed, O, my noble, my generous, my incomparable boy! Where is he? Let me see him; what is become of him?

Upon inquiry, Mrs. Susan reported that she had seen him stealing softly up stairs. Mr. Fenton then stole up after his Harry; and, opening the chamber door with the least noise possible, saw him seated in a dejected attitude, in a far corner of the room; and looking attentively at him, perceived that he had been in tears.

He thereupon took a chair, and gently seating himself beside him, What is the matter, my Harry? he said; What ails my love?—Do not ask me, do not ask me, sir, cried Harry; I dare not tell you, indeed I dare not. You would love me no longer; you would hate me if I should tell you.—Hate you, my darling, cried Mr. Fenton, that is quite impossible; I can never hate you, my Harry! But come, be free with your friend, tell me openly and honestly, for what do you think I should hate you?—For my faults, sir; for my faults. To be sure there is not in the world so bad a boy as myself; and what is worse than all that, when I think, and mean to do better than ever, something comes in the way, and spoils the whole, and so turns all the good that is in me into nothing but naughtiness.

Here Harry could contain no longer, but burst into a passionate gush of tears and sobs; and Mr. Fenton tenderly embracing him, and taking him on his knee, and clasping him to his bosom, gave way to the kindred emotion that swelled in his own breast, and mingled his joyful tears with those of his Harry.

As soon as the passion of these two friends had subsided, Harry

began to take new courage from the caresses of his dear dada, who, as he sensibly felt, would never hate or forsake him, however he might condemn and detest himself.

Well then, dada, says he, since you are so very good, I will trust you with my story. You must know, that I had no sooner got into our field that you gave me for our plays, than a young master came up to us, so grandly dressed and attended, and with such a saucy air, that he seemed to say in his own mind, all these are but dirt in comparison of myself.

As I looked at him, he brought to my mind the story you once told me of Hercules, who was poisoned by his fine coat. So I began to pity him, and I believe to despise him too; and that you know was not right; for you told me that, whoever despises another grows worse than him he despises, and falls below him while he thinks to set himself above him; but that did not come into my head at the time.

And so, sir, to shew us all that he did not matter money, or that he loved mischief better, he took out a handful of silver, and threw it among my companions, to set them by the ears; and this provoked and began to make me very angry with him; and thus one fault brought me into another after it.

But this did not satisfy my young lord, (for they called him lord,) but he must take out a crown, and offer it to any two of my companions that would box for it. So that a stranger, that was just come, offered to box any one in the company for it: but I do not repent of my beating him, because he was the challenger.

But the worst is yet to come, dada. There was some of my companions who refused to join in the scramble for the money, and that pleased me very much; and so, to reward them, I took out a handful of money, and gave them a crown a-piece. But, you know, I need not have taken out more money than I meant to give them, if it was not partly to shew my lord that I had as much money as himself; and so I got myself up to the head and ears in the very same fault that I found with him.

Now comes the worst of all. For, growing proud and conceited, as if I had no one fault in the world; and as if the like of me was only fit to reprove others; I desired the fine master to take himself home, and, since he was a lord, to learn how to be a gentleman. Upon that he gave me a blow, which I deserved very well; but I did not matter his blow a fillip, if I had not thought it an affront before my companions. So my passions began to rise, and I gave him a half

stroke: unluckily it hit him full in the nose, and I am afraid he is hurted sadly. Besides all, dada, I know well enough there will come sad complaints against me, and so I shall bring trouble upon you; and that is grief upon grief.

Do not fear for me, Harry, I shall do well enough, says Mr. Fenton. But, Harry, you have not told me near as great news as you thought to do. I knew all along that you had a very naughty boy within you; but I forbore to tell you so, because I rather wished you should make the discovery yourself; and now, God be praised, you have found out the secret.

And what good will it do to me, dada, to know that I am bad, when I do not know how to make myself better? For, to-day I thought and meant to be very good, and yet found myself in the end to be worse than ever. But, as you say, to be sure I have been very bad, though I hardly knew any thing of the matter till now. I now remember how I had like to murder poor Mr. Vindex with the sword; and a hundred other things, if I could bring them to my mind. What shall I do then, dada, what shall I do to grow good?

I will tell you, my Harry, says Mr. Fenton. And as you have generously entrusted me with one secret, that of having a bad boy within you; it is but fair that I should entrust you with another secret, which is, that of having a good boy within you.

What, two boys, in one, dada! how can that be?—It is even so, my darling, you yourself told me as much. Did you not say, that, this very day, the one was struggling and fighting within you against the other? That the one was proud, scornful, ostentatious, and revengeful. The other humble, gentle, loving, and forgiving? And that when the bad boy got the better, the good boy took him to task, severely rebuked him, and made him cry bitterly?

But, sir, says Harry, since, as you say, and as I find, I have two different boys or souls within me; pray, how came they to be different? Did the same God that desired to make the one soul good, desire also to make the other soul evil?

Your question, my darling, is very proper, though very deep. I will however endeavour, to the best of my power, to accommodate my answer to your capacity. God, who is nothing but goodness, cannot possibly desire any kind of evil; and therefore cannot be the author thereof. But he can make such poor little insignificant beings as you and I are, Harry; though all that God, himself, can do in our behalf, cannot possibly make us good, any otherwise than by informing us with his own goodness and perfections.



This would lead me, my love, to the unfolding that capital secret, of which you are not yet susceptible; a secret, upon which this world, sun, moon, and stars, with all the worlds upon worlds that lie beyond them, depend.

The Angels that are now in Heaven are great, good, perfect, and glorious beings; because they are filled with the greatness, goodness, glory, and perfection, of God. For they know, that of themselves they are nothing; and, that in themselves they are no other than empty and dark creatures, only prepared for the reception and enjoyment of the light, virtue, and blessedness, of their bountiful Creator.

How the spirit of man came to be, in itself, so much worse than an empty and dark creature; how it came to be filled and polluted with all manner of evil, with selfishness, pride, covetousness, and abominable lusts, envy, hatred, malice, revengefulness, and wrathfulness; how it further came to have a different spirit within it, informing its heart to sentiments of humility, charity, purity, love, patience, and peace; this, Harry, is the great secret, of which you are not yet capable; the secret, as I told you, whereon the world now hangs, whereby it has been changed, and whereby it will be renewed.

In the mean time, let it suffice for you to feel and to know that your dark spirit so filled, as I said, with evil, is yourself, my Harry, is all that you have of the creature within you; and that the good spirit, which is within your evil spirit, is breathed into you by the Power and Spirit of God himself, in order to oppose and conquer the evil, and enlighten the darkness, and purify the foulness, of your selfish spirit; that you may finally become as the angels that are in heaven, filled with the purity, glory, and blessedness, of your God.

Know, therefore, from henceforward, and let the sense of it sink into your soul, that all the evil which is in you belongs to yourself; and that all the good which is in you belongs to your God: that you cannot, in or of yourself, so much as think a good thought, or form a good wish, or oppose a single temptation. From hence learn to think meanly of yourself, and not to ascribe to yourself any kind of goodness or virtue; for that would be sacrilege, it would be to rob God of his peculiar property of goodness. From hence further learn never to prefer yourself to others, or to think better of yourself than of any one living; for, so far as you are a creature, no one can be viler or faultier than you are.

Never exalt yourself, my Harry, neither in company or conversation of any kind; say I did this or I did that, or I said this or I said that; for, in exalting yourself, you exalt your own proud and evil

spirit, above the good Spirit of God that is in you. Let all praise mortify you ; but take blame with patience and pleasure : in so doing you will approve yourself a lover of justice, as well as a lover of your own reformation.

Lastly, my love, turn your whole will and affections, from your own evil spirit, to the Spirit of God that is in you ; for that is the utmost that any man can do toward his own salvation. Reject, spurn, and detest, every motion to evil ; embrace, cherish, and take to your heart, every motion of good : you will thereby acquire the never-ending glory of having joined with God, in the conquest that he is desirous of obtaining over all the guilt, uncleanness, and depravity, into which your nature has fallen.

Here Andrew came up with notice to his master, that the Earl of Mansfield was below, and requested to speak with him. At this Harry coloured up, and cried, Did I not tell you, sir, what trouble I should bring upon you ?—Do not be alarmed, my dear, says Mr. Fenton : do you stay here. If there is a necessity for your appearance I will send you word.

The father of young Lord Bottom was, in every respect, the reverse of his son. He had come on foot, without attendants, was dressed in a plain napped coat, and had the mein and appearance of an honest country grazier.

My lord, says Mr. Fenton, I should think myself greatly honoured by this visit, if I was not so much concerned at the occasion of it. I am truly grieved that my son should have done such great offence to young Lord Bottom.—Sir, says the Earl, I find you have quite mistaken the intent of my visit ; I am come to thank your son for the just and noble lesson which he gave to mine ; and which he has so forcibly impressed upon his memory, as will not, I trust, permit him to forget it in a hurry.—My lord, replied Mr. Fenton, my little fellow is very sensible of his misbehaviour in this business. He was the first to chide himself, and he told me the story, very much, I assure your lordship, to his own disadvantage.

Mr. Fenton, rejoined the Earl, after what I have heard of your boy, from one Jack Freeman, a very faithful and intelligent servant of mine, I am quite impatient to see him, and there is nothing generous which I am not willing to believe concerning him. My wife, indeed, is not at all times in my way of thinking. She has taken her young lord with her to town, to the Doctor's : and I am concerned at the resentment which she expressed on this occasion, as it may be

a means of deferring that acquaintance and intimacy, which I heartily wish to cultivate with the family of Mr. Fenton. But where is this wonderful boy? I request to see him.

Harry hereupon was immediately called down. As he apprehended that he was sent for to be severely chidden, a little resentful haughtiness arose in his mind, and strengthened it against the violence of the reproofs that he expected. He therefore entered with an air that no way favoured of mortification, and made but a cold though solemn bow to the earl.

Bless me, exclaimed my lord, what a striking resemblance! I never saw two faces or persons so much alike. There is no difference, Mr. Fenton, between you and your son, except what age has made. Mr. Fenton smiled, and my lord continued. I always had a notion that your heroes were huge fellows, but here I think we have got heroism in miniature. Can this be he who, as I am told, with a trip or a blow overthrows and demolishes all before him? Come to me, my dear, and give me leave to salute you.

Harry respectfully approached: and, my lord taking him in his arms, and warmly kissing him, said, I thank you, my little man, for the generous lesson which you gave to my very naughty boy; and for the difference which you taught him to make, for the future, between the sauciness of a lord, and the sentiments of a gentleman.

Harry felt himself, at once, disconcerted, abased, and wholly cut down by this compliment from his lordship. At length, recovering himself, he answered, You mean, to be sure, sir, to reprove me the more by what you have said; but if you are in earnest, I am sure it is a very bad lesson which you teach me, sir, when you praise me for my faults.—Faults! my dear, cried the Earl, I heard of none such; what do you mean by your faults?—I mean, sir, that when I told your son as much as that he was not a gentleman, it shewed that I was still less of the gentleman myself; and I very well deserved the blow which he gave me for such an affront; and I am ready to ask his pardon whenever you please, my lord.—No, no, my man, cried Lord Mansfield, you shall never disgrace yourself so much as to make any submissions to my naughty boy.—I shall think it no disgrace, quick and affectingly, replied Harry, to make submission to my Lord Mansfield.

My lord, for some time, looked with astonishment at the child; when, eagerly catching and pressing him to his bosom, he cried out, You are the sweetest, as well as the noblest fellow, I was ever acquainted with; and, sir, I shall think it an honour to be admitted



among your friends ; and that is what I would not say to many in Old England. Mr. Fenton, continued the Earl, if you will give yourself the trouble to inquire out my little lodge on the hill, you will oblige me ; though I envy your character, I shall be glad of your acquaintance. So saying, Lord Mansfield got up, after his blunt manner, and precipitately withdrew.

On the following evening, Mr. Fenton took Harry and Mr. Clement into his study, and taking from his pocket-book a number of Bank bills, Mr. Clement, says he, I here make my Harry a present of fifteen hundred pounds, reserving only to myself the privilege of advising how it may be laid out to the best advantage.

To-morrow morning you and he are to set out on foot for London, and there to take lodgings as near to the Fleet-prison as you can conveniently. You are then to apply to the keeper, and to give him a gratuity for making out a written list of all the prisoners under his custody, with their quality and condition annexed, as also the sums respectively due, and the terms during which they have been in confinement. You are then to inquire the several characters, distresses, and merits, of all the prisoners of note, and to make an entry thereof in a separate paper ; but you are not to depend altogether on his report. You are to go from room to room, to converse with the prisoners apart, and to inquire from each the characters, fortunes, and disasters, of the others.

This inquisition, in all likelihood, will take you up above a fortnight. But above all, remember that those, among them, who are most affected by the distresses of their fellows, ought to be the principal objects of your own charity.

Let five hundred pounds of this money be appropriated to the enlargement of such prisoners as are under durance for sums not amounting to ten pounds. You will thereby free the captive ; give means of bread to the hungry ; and restore to your country many members that are worse than useless, that are a dead weight and incumbrance upon her. Let the remaining thousand pounds be applied to the relief of those prisoners of note, whose cases call for singular compassion. And be sure to keep an account, where your money may fall short of such valuable purposes ; and as far as five hundred pounds more will reach, we will supply the defect.

Hereupon Harry caught his patron about the neck, and repeatedly kissing him, cried, O dada, how happy, how very happy you make me ! O, that we had money enough to employ every fortnight, the year round, like this sweet fortnight !

The next morning our travellers set out. But, we forbear to say any thing relative thereto, till their return; as they themselves are the best qualified, to give the particulars of their own extraordinary adventures.

Our Harry and his friend Clement had not been gone above an hour, when Mr. Fenton received a card from the Countess of Maitland, requesting his company to coffee in the evening. She was widow to the late Earl, a very lovely woman; had taken the most sumptuous house on the hill, and was resorted to by numbers of the first figure.

Mr. Fenton attended my lady precisely at the time appointed. When he entered, she was writing a note at her desk. On turning her eye to the door, she was struck with the grace of his figure, the sweetness of his aspect, and ease of his deportment. She was farther struck with a recollection as of something very interesting, but which had happened at a vast distance, or of which she had dreamed. Her heart was affected, she coloured, and again turned pale, without being yet able to move from her chair. At length, recovering, and rising and advancing toward him, Mr. Fenton, says she, this is a very singular favour, a favour for which I have long wished. This, sir, you know, is my third time of asking, but my two former cards were not so happy as to bring you.—Madam, said he carelessly, I am but a very poor visitor; however, I could not refuse myself the honour of attending your ladyship's summons, at least for once.—I have been now, said the Countess, three months on the hill. Within that time I have applied to all my acquaintance, in order to get some of them to introduce me to you; but none of them were so fortunate as to know your name.—To be known, madam, replied Mr. Fenton, a person must have been, in some way, considerable; indeed it is no way disagreeable to my own inclinations to pass the short remnant of an insignificant life as little noticed as possible. Much company then came in, and the evening was spent in agreeable conversation.

On the following morning, as he sat in his study, some one tapped at the door, and, on desiring them to walk in, who should enter but lady Maitland in an agreeable dishabille.

Mr. Fenton, said she, (deeply blushing and hesitating,) I, I—you must think it very odd—I say, sir, I should not have intruded upon you thus, out of all form, perhaps indecently unseasonable.—Please to be seated, madam.—The business I come upon, sir, is so very interesting, so concerning to my peace, that I could not refuse myself this opportunity of breaking in upon you.—Be assured, my dear

madam, that the greatest pleasure you can do me, is to let me know, as soon as possible, wherein I can serve you.

Here the Countess, looking eagerly on him, put her hand in her bosom, took out a picture, and alternately surveying the one and the other, "Yes, she cried, it is, it must certainly be so." Then, reaching out the picture, "Can you tell me, sir, said she, for whom this was drawn, or, rather, do you remember to whom you gave it?"

Mr. Fenton took the picture, looked at it, and started; when, recollecting ideas and passages, as from afar off; Good God! he exclaimed, is it possible, can you be my little Fanny Goodall?—Yes, my dearest cousin, answered the Countess, as surely as you are the still too amiable Harry Clinton.

Hereupon they both rose suddenly, and Mr. Fenton, catching his Fanny in his arms, pressed her to his bosom with warm and kindred affection. But the agitation of the Countess was too big for utterance, till resuming her chair, she gave scope to her passion, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a mutual and affecting silence: Ah! cries Mr. Fenton, in a voice expressive of much emotion, how am I, my lovely cousin, to interpret these tears? Am I to consider them as further proofs of your ancient aversion to me, or as dear instances of your returning affection?—The Countess answered not: and Mr. Fenton continued.

You may remember, my cousin, that I had very few relations. My only brother ever continued to behave himself toward me as an alien and an enemy; and my only uncle and guardian, who, in his latter years, became your father, was no way agreeable to my taste or disposition. In you, therefore, from your infancy, in you alone, my amiable cousin, I had centered all my sensations of fatherhood, brotherhood, all the affections and tender feelings that naturally arise from kindred and consanguinity. How have I been delighted with your infant prattle! how have I exulted in your opening charms! On the death of my first wife you were my only consolation; and, in your innocent caresses and attractive endearments, I felt a sweetness that I never felt before.

On my return from France, with what transports did you receive me! we grew, as it were, in our embracements to each other. You were then, as I apprehend, about ten years of age. But, on my next visit, you refused to be seen by me. Soon after you were taken ill. I daily went with an aching heart to inquire after your health, but your mamma peremptorily refused me admission to your presence, till, on your recovery, you were conveyed from me, and secreted into the country.



Though this unkindness went near my heart, it did not alter my affections ; I still continued to inquire after you, I still continued to be interested in you, and I preferred my ardent wishes and prayers to heaven for your prosperity.

Mr. Fenton, said lady Maitland, (you have unquestionably your reasons for chusing to be so called,) I am very sensible of your extraordinary partiality to me from my earliest years. Your tenderness, as you mentioned, was that of the fondest of fathers or brothers. You knew the degree and kind of affection that was suitable between such relations ; and you kept yourself precisely within the limits. But, alas ! for my part, I knew no such distinctions. I was as a piece of virgin wax, willingly yielding to the first kindly impression. You made that impression, my cousin, you made it deep and entire. As I had but one heart, so I had but one love ; and that love was all your own, without distinction or degree.

Gracious heaven, exclaimed Mr. Fenton, what is this you tell me, madam ? Is it possible that, at your years, you should actually conceive a passion for one who might almost have been your grandfather ? Ah, if that be the case, what have I not to answer for ?

Alas, replied the Countess, if you have any thing to answer for, on that account, the charge is weighty which I have to bring against you. I was not eight years old when I begged this picture from you, which you generously enriched with this circlet of diamonds. Soon after you went to France : and during your absence, this picture was my constant companion, whom I caressed, whom I talked to, and to whom alone I made my complaints in all my little matters of grievance. I know not by what instinct it was, that I endeavoured to conceal my affection for this your resemblance, and never made my court to it but when I was alone.

The morning after your visit, on your return from Paris, as I was carelessly performing the business of my little toilette before the glass ; I took out your picture, and surveyed it with new and increasing delight. In the mean time I did not know that my mamma stood behind me, attentive to all my motions that were reflected to her by the mirror. She heard me talk to your picture, she saw me kiss it and eagerly press it to my bosom. At last I turned my eye to the glass, and perceived a piece of her image, whereon I started, coloured, and trembled, and was thrown, I knew not why, into the utmost confusion.

Ah, Fanny, cried my mother, what is this that I see ? Your young heart, my child, is certainly affected. Unquestionably you love your

cousin Clinton.—Ought I not to love him, madam, does he not love me as well as I love him?—No, no, my darling, said my mother, I would to heaven that he did. Your cousin Clinton indeed is worthy of all love, but then he has lately given away his heart to another. He is married, my Fanny.—And cannot he love me still, for all that, madam?—By no means, my sweet innocent. When once a man marries, he vows to love no one but his wife; and what is more, my Fanny, it is accounted very naughty in any girl to think of loving such a one afterwards.

What emotions did I then feel, what a conflict of opposing passions! But resentment, for the time, got the upper hand. I had yet formed no idea of the relations of sex, or matrimony, or any conjugal obligation, save that of love alone. But then it was sufficient to me that I had given you my whole heart; that nothing less than your whole heart could satisfy me in return; and I felt myself outraged to the last degree, by your having imparted a share thereof to another.

The day following, as I sat, languid and much discomposed, as well by my passion as want of rest the night before; my mamma came up, to tell me that you were below and inquired for me.—No, no, my dearest mamma, said I, it does not signify, I will not see him. Let him go to whomever he loves best.—But, what shall I say to him, my Fanny, what excuse shall I make?—No matter for excuses, madam; tell him that I never desire to see his face any more.

As something informed me that you could not help still loving me a little, I laid hold of that little love to be revenged of you for your perfidy. But, as soon as I was told you were gone, my heart sunk down, as from a mount of triumph into a depth of desolation.

My mamma came up to console me. She highly applauded my spirit; and blamed you for marrying another, at a time that you pretended so much fondness to me. She further endeavoured to set me against your age. She told me that you must soon be old and ugly, and that you was much fitter to be my father than my lover. She also spoke to me of my vast fortune, of my beauty, and so forth; and that I might have my choice of all the young and handsome earls and dukes in the nation. She opened to me, in a variety of glittering prospects, all the pleasures and advantages of wealth, title, state, equipage, with the respect and admiration of crowds bending around me. As she represented them to my imagination, I caught at each of them for comfort; but, alas, I did not find you among them, and all to me became empty.

That night my tender mamma forsook her own bed, and came to

lie in mine. I saw that she had been afflicted ; so, for fear of adding to her trouble, I suppressed my own emotions, and, pretending to be asleep, I lay quiet by her side, till toward morning, when I was seized with a violent fever. During my illness I was told that you came daily to inquire about me ; and that, I believe, above all things contributed to my recovery. One day, my mamma came and informed me that you sat below in tears, and earnestly requested to see me. O, how sweet did those tears seem to drop upon my heart ; but, mustering all my little pride, No, no, my mamma, I cried, I will die first ! If he does not first unmarry himself, I will never see him any more.

When I had gotten strength enough to walk about the chamber, my mamma and I being alone, I went to my drawer, and taking out your picture, and turning my head aside, I reached it to her, saying, Here, madam, take this and lock it up from me ; for while I love it and hate it so much, it troubles me to look at it. My mamma thereupon took it from me, and caught me to her bosom ; but, without saying a word, she burst into tears, and straight quitted the room.

As soon as it was judged that I was able to travel, my parents took me into the country. My mother, in the mean time, had unquestionably confided my secret to my father ; for though he was naturally of a severe temper, he became extremely tender and indulgent toward me.

As I was the only child they ever had, their whole solicitude was employed in procuring me a variety of amusements. When I was in spirits, they were in a kind of triumph ; but my dejection was to them the most grievous of all oppressions. They took down my French mistress and my music-master with him ; and they collected from all parts the most agreeable set of misses and masters that they could muster ; so that my time was portioned out the most happily that could be, between business and recreations. They had taken care that your name should never be mentioned before me : and though, at times, my soul was athirst, and my ear opened and turned to hear tidings concerning you, yet a certain native bashfulness did not permit me to inquire after you.

Thus a length of absence, and a variety of dissipations, by degrees greatly abated the ardour of my passion, insomuch that I did not seem to feel any more for you. When any occasion, however, renewed in me the impression of former scenes, a thrilling sort of chillness would run through my blood. And, at other times, when alone and thinking of you, a swimming kind of stupor would fall sadly upon my soul.



On our return to London, after five years absence, the great number of people, with the novelty and variety of objects, engaged my whole attention. But, when we entered the old mansion, when I turned my eyes on the places where you sat, where you walked, where you talked, and used to caress me, you became as it were actually visible to my eyes; something seemed to wring my heart; and I was seized with a sickness near to fainting. I took hold of my maid by the arm, and with her walked into the garden for fresh air; but there too you had got before me, on the terrace, in the walks and alleys, where you used to run feigned races with me, and to gather fruit for me, and to play with me at bob-cherry, and afterward to press the lips that had gained the prize. I then turned away from a place that afforded me no asylum from you. My mother met, and eagerly asked what ailed me. Let us go, mamma, I cried, let us go somewhere else, I am not able to stay in this place. Accordingly, that very evening we removed to lodgings; and in a few days my papa took a new house.

I shall not dwell, my dear sir, on a trivial detail of the many little incidents that happened during the space of four succeeding years. An infinity of suitors paid their addresses to me or my fortune. I neither knew nor cared to which; for I continued alike insensible to all. It is true, that during such a number of years, having neither seen nor heard from you, I dropt all thoughts of you, and scarce retained the traces or lineaments of your person or aspect. From the impression, however, which you had left in my mind, I had formed to myself a confused image of the lovely, of the desirable, and this I looked for every where, but could no where find any resemblance thereof.

In the mean time my parents urged me strongly to matrimony. They represented that they should not die in peace, if I did not afford them the prospect of perpetuating themselves in my offspring; such is the fond succedaneum which short-lived creatures propose for eking out their existence, and supplying the lot of an inevitable mortality, by the flattering, though poor, substitute of a name.

At length I told my parents that, as I could not form any choice of my own, I would trust wholly to their judgment. Hereupon they recommended the earl of Maitland to me. I kept to my promise, and we were consequently married.

My husband was comely in his person, easy and affable in his temper, and a man of singular sense and letters. He loved me with pas-

sion; and, as I could not pay him in specie, I endeavoured to supply my want of affection to him by my attention and assiduities.

On the fifth year of my marriage my father died of a good old age; and in four years more my dearest mother left me disconsolate. In her I lost the only object of fond affection that I had upon earth, and my looks tacitly reproached my husband for want of power to console me.

I believe it was equally unhappy for my lord, as myself, that we were not blessed with children. The tender attachments that bind parents to their offspring, serve also as a more affecting nuptial band for uniting parents more intimately to each other. It draws about them a new circle of interests and amities; and, by creating a mutual confidence, forbids the intrusion of jealousies. This, however, was not the case between lord Maitland and me. We never had a child. Perhaps, in some constitutions, a union of souls as well as persons may be requisite for such an effect.

During the two years succeeding the death of my dear mother, I conceived a disgust against company and entertainments. I took a religious turn. I looked upon this world and all that it contained as quite unworthy the regard of an immortal being. The principal part of my time was taken up in books and offices of devotion; in which employment I alternately sunk under the most gloomy depression of spirits, and again was elevated above myself into a new world of joys and inexpressible openings.

At length I was taken ill of what the physicians called a fever upon the nerves, which confined me to my bed above six weeks. During my illness, my husband was the most constant and assiduous of all my attendants. The affectionate sadness, the painful distress, the tender solicitude, that was visible in all his looks and actions, made way into my soul; and while I reproached myself for my ungrateful defect of sensibility toward him, love, or something tender and very like to love, took place in my bosom.

As soon as I was on the recovery, my husband disappeared, without taking leave, or giving me any notice; and for three weeks I knew not what was become of him. At length, he returned pale and and greatly emaciated. I had lost none of the tenderness which I conceived for him during my illness. I took him affectionately by the hand, which glowed like a coal of fire. Ah, I cried, where have you been, what looks are these, my lord, what is the meaning of all this? He answered not, but, withdrawing his hand, and scarce deigning to look toward me; I am not well, he faintly said, I must go to my bed.

While his servants undressed him, I stood in silent astonishment, vainly guessing at the cause of this extraordinary behaviour: but as soon as he had lain down, I took a seat by his side; and, seizing and pressing one of his hands between mine, I broke into tears.

After a sad and mutual silence, Ah, madam, cried my husband, what am I to understand by these tears? I am willing to consider them as proofs of your humanity, but I cannot consider them as instances of your affection. You love me not madam; you never did love me. All the constancy of the most ardent passion, all my assiduities, have not been able to procure me the smallest interest in your heart. I blame you not, madam: alas! we are not the masters of our own affections. I am sensible that I never deserved your love. That was a blessing reserved for a more amiable object. But then the tenderness of my attachment to you might surely have laid claim to a share of your confidence. Ah, how precious had such a confidence been to my heart! It had stood to me in the place of your love, and I should not have reproached you for irresistible propensities. Yes, madam, I say irresistible, for I know you are virtuous. Perhaps it was not in your power to refuse another your love; but then you might have admitted your husband to a share of your friendship.

You have my friendship, I cried, my tenderest friendship, my most affectionate regards. If my love be not so ardent as you could wish, you however have all the love of which I am capable, and you possess it entire and undivided.

What is this you tell me, madam? I would to heaven you could still deceive me, that I had still continued in ignorance! But that is past, it is over, madam, my eyes are opened to my wretchedness; and I die in the double want of your faith and your affection. I have seen your lover, lady; I saw him four days ago from an opposite window. He stood before this house in converse with another. I expected every moment, that, taking advantage of my absence, he would have gained admission to you. I held my sword ready to follow, to pierce his heart, and sacrifice him to the claims of my honour and my love. But he suddenly disappeared, and disappointed my vengeance.

Gracious heaven! I exclaimed, what madness is this? Do you dream, or who is it that has thus cruelly imposed upon you?—You shall see the impostor, madam, replied my lord. So saying, he suddenly put his hand back; and, taking your picture from under the pillow, he indignantly demanded, Do you know the original of this portrait, lady?—Ah, I screamed, I confess it, I do know him, I did know him



indeed; he was the idol of my heart, I delighted in him; I doated upon him!—You then acknowledge, you avow it, rejoined my husband; and at length you deign to make me the confidant of a passion which I suppose, in your favour, to have been involuntary. Ah, had I been earlier apprized of my unhappiness, I might not have sunk under the sudden pressure as I do at this day. But say, who and what is this formidable rival, who robs me of my peace, who tears my life from me?

First tell me, my lord, said I, how you came by this picture?—I found it in your cabinet during your illness, said he, when I searched for your essences to relieve you from a fainting fit. I flatter myself that I am not of a jealous disposition. Curiosity first incited me to hurry it into my pocket. I afterwards surveyed it more at leisure, and some starting doubts arose. I endeavoured to suppress them; I argued with myself, that it might be a family picture, the representative of a brother or dear relation deceased. But then some enemy of my peace again whispered, that, if this had been the case, you would not be so solicitous to conceal it from me; you would rather have boasted of such an ornament of your lineage; you would have been proud to exhibit it before all people. This staggered me, I confess, and additional doubts were impelled upon my soul. She reserves this, said I to myself, for her own eye; to revise it, to gaze and dwell upon it in secret, and to please her sight with the favourite image that is impressed upon her heart. At each of these reflections I felt a sting in my bosom; and the more I debated on these uncertainties, the greater strength they gained. Ah, I cried, her real coldness and feigned regards, are now equally accounted for. She deceives me, she imposes on me; and I will counterfeit in my turn till this mystery is detected. I then attempted, and would have constrained myself to look at you with my accustomed tenderness; but I found it impossible. I therefore withdrew suddenly, and without any notice. If she ever had a tincture of friendship for me, thought I, the apprehension of my loss will awake in her a sense thereof. I disguised myself; and, as a stranger, took lodgings over against you. I took my station at the window. I was on the watch from morn till noon, to make a thorough inquisition into your conduct during my absence. I shall discover her disposition, said I, by the visitants whom she receives: but, during a fortnight of observation, I could not perceive that of the numbers who called, any one was admitted. My jealous passions abated; and I began to reproach myself for having ever conceived them; when, to my utter confusion, there stood full to my view, in

dress, aspect, mein, and attitude, the distinguished original of the portrait which I had in my pocket.

Here, I passionately broke in upon my husband's narration. God be praised, I exclaimed, he then lives, he still lives, my most dear and amiable cousin, though I never wish to behold his face any more ! My only relation, you are still living, and I trust you are happy ; and that is enough.—Your relation, your only relation, madam ! cried my lord ; is he so near ? Is he no nearer, no dearer to you than consanguinity will warrant ?—Proceed, my lord, I said, I will then tell you all, without disguise or palliation.

I confess to you, answered my husband, that the sight of him struck my soul with the fullest conviction of my being betrayed. My jealous pangs returned with double poignancy. I was set on fire, my heart was rent several ways. A violent fever seized upon me ; but my thirst of vengeance supported me under it. For four days longer I held up in the impatient expectation of once more beholding your lover, that I might pierce him in a thousand places, in every seducing part about him. But nature at length gave way, I sunk under the oppression ; and I returned, once for all, to behold, to reproach, and to expire before you.

O, my husband, my friend, my true lover, I cried, how I feel for you ! I excuse your suspicions, however injurious, since your jealousy perhaps is not wholly without foundation. I did indeed love the person for whom that portrait was drawn, with tenderness, with passion. But believe me, when I assure you that I have not set my eyes, either on the original or picture, these twenty years.

What is this you tell me ? exclaimed my lord. You are not yet, as I take it, thirty years of age. Could you love, even to passion, at so very early a period ?

Here I found myself under the necessity of discovering to my husband the little adventures, and sentiments, of my infancy, wherewith you are already acquainted. When I had finished my short narrative, he seized my hand, and pressing it passionately to his lips, and then to his burning bosom, he melted into tears. O, my Fanny, he cried, my most noble, my adorable creature ! what a combat have you fought, what a conquest have you gained, of grace over nature, of virtue against passion ! Can you excuse me, will you forgive me ? May I hope you will restore me to the blessings of your friendship ? May I flatter myself that you gave me as much as you could of your affections ? That if you had been able, you would have loved me with a love like mine ?

I will not distress you, my cousin, by a description of the affecting scenes that ensued. My husband left me vastly rich, but still more forlorn. During the first years of my widowhood, I looked upon myself as a friendless and unnecessary burden upon earth. Though I thought of you at times, it was not without a resentment and a tincture of aversion, for your never having deigned to inquire or find out, whether any such person, as your too affectionate Fanny Goodall, was in the land of the living. At length my physicians and my friends, (as they styled themselves) prevailed upon me once more to enter into the light, and air, and amusements of their world. I consented, and I gradually got rid of the grievous oppression that lay upon my spirits.

When you entered, I did not know you. The strange name of Fenton, as well as the alteration which years had made in you, shut you out almost wholly from my recollection. I felt myself, however, agitated I knew not why. Something in your person and manner renewed in my heart impressions kindred to those which were once its sole concern. I could not look at you, I could not speak to you, without emotion. All night I lay disturbed, in vain endeavouring to remember when or where I had seen you. At morning a sudden light darted into my mind. I got up, and flew to your picture, which at once laid all open, and detected your disguise. You are much altered, cousin. The ruin however is still very noble, and endearingly renews in me the idea of what the building once was. Your abstracted air, and the change of your name, seem to intimate some distressing situation. But, if fifty thousand pounds, or that sum doubled, will be of use to you, I shall for once think that fortune has been of advantage to me.

My most dear and generous cousin, replied Mr. Fenton, I shall never pardon myself those griefs which the excess of my affection inadvertently occasioned you. No brother ever loved a sister, no parent a child, with fonder passion. The aversion, which I thought you had suddenly taken to me, was one of the most sensible afflictions of my life; and my ignorance of what lately became of you, can only be accounted for by an abstract of my own story.

The world, my lovely cousin, is to man as his temper or complexion. The mind constitutes its own prosperity and adversity; winter presents no clouds to a cheerful spirit, neither can summer find sunshine for the spirit that is in dejection. In my youth every object presented me with happiness; but, alas! the time came when the universe appeared as a vault wherein joy was entombed, and the sun himself but a lamp that served to shew the horrors around me.



As my father and mother died before I was taken from nurse, I knew none of those parental endearments that serve to humanize the soul, and give it the first impressions of social attachment; neither were those sweetnesss, in any degree, supplied to me by the behaviour of an imperious brother, or of a magisterial guardian. As I was naturally, however, of a benevolent cast, I sought for those affections among strangers which I had not found in relations. I pass over the immaterial parts of my life at school and college, and hasten to the more important period of my apprenticeship. Your father bound me to Mr. Golding, a very wealthy merchant, who lived over against the Exchange. He had been some years a widower, and his only child, a daughter, was then at the boarding-school. Mr. Golding, with a plain understanding, was a man of strict honesty. At first sight he conceived a partial affection for me, whereof he gave me very frequent proofs; and, as he stood to me in the place of a father, I felt for him all the fondness of a child.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship he called me to his closet, and, taking me by the hand, Harry, says he, I love you; your interest lies near my heart; for though you are not the begotten of my body, you are the child of my affections.—Be quiet, Harry!—Let me speak!—I have to talk to you of matters of consequence.—I went yesterday to your uncle Goodall, to know how accounts stood between you:—Though he is but a cold kinsman, he is a very faithful guardian.—He has just married a very lovely young woman, and I would have you go and pay your compliments to them on the occasion.—Your uncle has laid out your little penny to good advantage, and your 12,000*l.* is now nearly doubled.—And now, Harry, as your father did not behave like a father toward you, in the dividend which he made between you and your brother, I propose, in some measure, to supply his place, and I make you a present of this note of 12,000*l.* which added to your little patrimony may enable you — O, sir! I cried.—Be quiet, child, I say again, till you find whether or no you shall have reason to thank me.—I am growing old, my Harry, and, by a long course of industry, have earned a title to some little rest: I would therefore gladly make a composition between your application and my repose. I shall not be so often in the counting-house as usual. I propose to take you into immediate partnership. But, as I also propose that you shall be at three-fourths of the trouble, it is but just I should offer you a proportionable advantage.—Now as my capital, Harry, is more than five times as much as yours of 36,000*l.* I offer to your acceptance a full moiety of all the profits in recompense of your extra-

ordinary application.—Hear me out!—I do not think that I shall lose by this bargain. The affairs of Potiphar prospered under the hands of young Joseph; and I believe that you, also, are a favourite of your God.

I could not speak. The good man perceived my oppression, and catching me in his arms, and pressing me to his bosom, he shed a silent tear of satisfaction, and withdrew without saying another word.

For several days following, Mr. Golding was employed in advising his correspondents that I was now become his partner, and I was wearied with congratulations on my being one of the principal merchants in London before I had attained my twentieth year. The obligations and advantages which the good man thus delighted to heap upon me, incited me to double application in superintending and guarding the interests of my patron.

On a day in summer I rode to Barnet, to settle accounts with Mr. Fradgil, a correspondent of my master's. As I approached the town, I observed an elderly gentlewoman walking leisurely towards me, attended by an orderly train of young maidens. I observed, at the same time, two men in glistening apparel who hastily followed, and, coming quickly up, put all the females to a stand, and caused them to gather in a group, as for mutual defence. One of the men, rudely caught one of the elder Misses in his arms, and, repeatedly kissing her, thrust his hand into her bosom. Mean while the young lady shrieked and cried aloud for help; when, riding suddenly up, I struck the ruffian to the ground, with the heavy end of my whip. His companion drew his sword and turned upon me, but, pushing my horse at him, I cast him also to the earth, then alighting, I broke their swords, and, leaving my gallants in a plight not suddenly to be dreaded, I led my horse by the bridle till I saw my fair wards all safe to their dwelling.

Some months after, Mr. Golding called me aside. Harry, says he, my daughter is now drawing to woman's estate, and should learn something more substantial than needle-work, and dancing, and harpsichords; I therefore propose to take her home, where, by the help of our cook and housekeeper, she may be taught how to make a pudding, and to superintend a family. I go to see her once in every month, accompanied by some male or female acquaintance, but never called you to be of the party, as we could not so conveniently be both from home.

My child, though a plain girl, is very dutiful and good-natured. Her fortune, as you are sensible, will entitle her to the first lord of

the land ; yet, I know not how it is, I would rather that my girl should be happy than great. I do not wish to have her a fine titled dame. I would rather see her married to some honest and tender-hearted man, whose love might induce him to live peaceably and pleasingly within his family-circle, than to see her mated with a prince of the blood.

Now, Harry, as this affair, of all affairs, sits nearest at my heart, it is greatly in your power to oblige me. On my daughter's coming home, I conclude we shall be beset by a number of courtiers. Wherefore, my son, I would have you keep a sharp eye about you, and to take good note of the manners and dispositions of such suitors as my daughter shall appear to regard ; as also to inquire minutely into their circumstances and characters. Your vigilance may save us from ruin. Should my child be made unhappy, your friend must be miserable. But I depend, my dear Harry, that while I live you will prove a kind brother to her ; and that you will prove a father to her in case of my mortality. Here the good man, no longer able to restrain his passion, put his handkerchief to his eyes, and quitted the chamber.

Within a few days Mr. Golding set out, accompanied by a number of his city friends, in order to conduct his daughter home. On their arrival I was deeply engaged in the counting-house, and it was near the time for supper before I could attend. As I entered, Mr. Golding presented me to his daughter, saying, This, my dear, is Mr. Clinton, my partner, my friend, my son, and your brother. Hereupon Miss Golding coloured, and, drawing back as I approached to salute her, If I am not mistaken, sir, says she, he is something more to us than all you have mentioned ; it would ill become me to forget that he is the deliverer of your daughter.—Your deliverer, my dear Matty ! how, where, when ?—Why pray, papa, did Mr. Clinton never tell you of his adventure at Barnet ?—No, indeed, my dear.—It is not every one who would be silent, papa, where so much was to be said to their own honour.

Here Miss Golding began to give a narrative of the matter already recited, but in terms of aggravated encomium. While, all abashed and confused, I withdrew. In truth I was much surprised to hear Miss Golding mention the adventure of Barnet, for I did not recollect that I had ever seen her, and had taken much more note of two or three other Misses than I had of her.

Being resummoned to supper, Mr. Golding met me as I entered, and clasping me in his arms, O my Harry, he cried, how wonderfully



gracious has God been to me in sending my best friend to the rescue of my only child! In sending, at so critical a conjuncture, perhaps the only person who had either gallantry or humanity enough to preserve her.—Indeed, sir, I replied, you owe nothing; I did not even know that the Lady was your daughter, and I could not pride myself, in any degree, on an action which I thought incumbent on every man to perform.

During supper Miss Golding was very cheerful and agreeable. Her face indeed could not be numbered among the beauties; but her person was grace and majesty, though in miniature, her conversation was pleasing, and her mien and motions were music. For the three first months after Miss Golding's arrival, all was crowding and gaiety at our house. She was as a magnet that drew all the peerage and gentry of England together. But, as business happened to crowd upon us uncommonly at that season, I was not at liberty to partake of their amusements. As those suitors, in a numerous succession, applied to Mr. Golding for his consent, his general answer was that his good liking was inseparable from that of his only child. But when he repeatedly questioned his daughter, she would take his hand between her's, and kissing it say, O no, my dear papa, this is not the man.

One day, as I sat alone in the counting-room, Miss Golding entered and presented me with an order from her father for 250*l*. And pray, madam, said I, why this ceremony? Sure Miss Golding may, at any time, command twenty times this sum without any order save her own intimation.—Indeed! are you serious, Mr. Clinton? I am very proud to have so much credit with you. But, Mr. Harry, how comes it to pass that we have so little of your company?—Your father's business, madam, deprives me of the pleasure I should otherwise have in attending you.—Sir! I am quite proud that it is your attention to my father, alone, which prevents your having any attention for his daughter.—So saying, she vanished. Immediately I was struck with a glimpse of some uncommon meaning in the words and behaviour of Miss Golding, but I passed it lightly over.

Among the concourse of suitors there was one Mr. Spelling, a young gentleman highly accomplished in his person and manners, and of a most amiable countenance and disposition. His father, like Miss Golding's, had been a merchant, and like him too had amassed a very large fortune. As he was modest, as I may say, to a degree of shamefacedness, he did not declare himself a lover, till nearly the whole multitude of competitors had been discarded. Then, he avowed his passion to Mr. Golding, and earnestly besought his consent. You

have not only my consent, replied the good old man, you have also my best wishes. However, I must warn you at the same time, Mr. Spelling, that I will not do any violence to the inclinations of my child, although there are not two in the world whom I would prefer to you.

I was writing in my closet when Mr. Golding came in, with an anxious importance in his countenance, and telling me what had passed between him and Mr. Spelling, asked if I did not approve the match.—I do not know, sir, said I, that man in England who is so deserving of your daughter as Mr. Spelling.—Then, my dear Harry, I have a commission to give you; Matilda has a great respect for your judgment; I beseech you to make use of your influence with her, in behalf of this young man.—Sir, said I, since you are bent upon it, I will obey you; but it is the first time that I ever obeyed you with reluctance.

Soon after Mr. Golding left me, his daughter entered, with a countenance visibly anxious and confused. My papa, sir, said she, informs me that you have a business of consequence to impart to me.—Indeed, my dear Miss Golding, this office was not of my chusing, and I hope, I say, you will be so good as to pardon my presumption, in consideration of my acting by your father's command.—You alarm me, Mr. Clinton; pray proceed.—Your father highly approves of Mr. Spelling for a son-in-law; and indeed, Miss, might I dare to speak my judgment, I know not where you could chuse to better advantage.—If that is the case, Mr. Harry, I wish that I could be of the same opinion.—And, madam, what exception can you have to my friend Spelling?—A very simple one, sir; that he is not the man who can make me happy.—I am sorry for it, my dear Miss Golding; were I to pick from mankind, if any one can deserve you, it is, surely, this same Spelling.—And yet, Mr. Harry, I remember to have seen the man, who is infinitely preferable to your favourite Spelling.—Where, when, my dear Miss?—When I am brought to the torture, I may possibly be under the necessity of confessing.—Pardon, pardon, sweet madam, I meant no offence; and yet I wish to heaven I knew.—But that you never shall know, Mr. Harry.—Pray then, madam, if I may adventure on one question more, has the party so highly favoured any knowledge of his own happiness?—I hope not, Mr. Harry. But can you suppose that such a person could deign to look with favour on such a one as I am.—I do not believe, madam, that the man is in England who would not think himself highly honoured with your hand. But then are you assured, Miss, that this man is worthy of it?—Ah, there lies my misfortune! he is too worthy, too noble, too accomplished, for

my wishes to leave any thing to my hopes. And now, Mr. Harry, that I have entrusted you with my secret, I hope you will not betray my confidence, and reveal it to my papa. Use some other colour for reconciling him to my refusal of Mr. Spelling. And to make you some amends for rejecting your advocacy in behalf of your friend, I here engage never to marry without your approbation. There is one thing further, Mr. Clinton, in which you may oblige me, it is to prevail on my father to dismiss these assemblies and revels; indeed, they never were to my taste, but now they are grown quite insufferable to me.—Here her eye began to fill, and, heaving a gentle sigh, she courtesied, and withdrew.

Immediately my heart was softened; I saw the child of my friend and patron, in whom his hopes, and very life, were wrapt up; I saw that she was unhappy, and would gladly have parted with half my fortune to have given her ease. In the mean while, it was the farthest of all things from my imagination, that I was the person who sat so near her heart. I daily saw the loveliest youths of the land attendant on her words and smiles. I saw also that her immense fortune and rare attractions entitled her to their homage; and I was neither vain enough, nor base enough, to attempt a competition.

One day, as I happened to pass near her anti-chamber, I heard the warble of distant music. I approached toward the sound, the door was on the jar, and, gently opening it, I entered, and stood behind her unperceived. She sat and sang to her lute. The words were Shakespear's, but sweetly set by herself. They expressed that passage in his play of the *Twelfth Night*, where it is said of Viola, *She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud, feed on her damask cheek.* Ah, how affectingly did her instrument answer to her voice, while she gently tuned her sighs to the soft and melancholy cadences! My breast was so swelled by a mixture of anguish and compassion, that I could no longer wholly suppress a rising groan. Hereat she started and turned, and, rising suddenly, her face glowed with indignation. But observing the tears that still trickled down my cheeks, her countenance was as suddenly changed into kindness, and she cast upon me a look of inexpressible complacence.

Ah, Mr. Harry, says she, I see you have a gentle heart, and that, if ever you love, you will love with greater tenderness. Have you ever loved, Mr. Harry?—Indeed, madam, I cannot say; my commerce has been very little among the Ladies. But, my charming sister, (your father has honoured me with the privilege of calling you by that tender name,) why will you not entrust your truest friend with the secret



of your disquiet? Whoever the object of your esteem may be, I here solemnly engage, at the risque of my life, to bring him voluntarily to pay his vows at your feet. O, my sister, I would to Heaven that he had been now present to have his soul melted as mine has been; his heart must have been harder than the stones, if you did not attract it, and move it, at pleasure.—Ah, you flatterer, she cried, with a voice tuned to harmony, you almost tempt me to tell you what I would not wish that any one in the world should know. But, I must snatch myself from the danger.—So saying, and casting at me a vanishing glance, she was out of sight in an instant.

As our assemblies were now discontinued, Miss Golding seemed quite pleased with our domestic quiet; which giving us frequent opportunities of being together, I endeavoured, by a variety of little amusements, to dispel the melancholy under which she laboured. I was greatly surprised at my success, her cheerfulness returned; she discovered new graces in her manners and conversation, and in a little time did not appear to want any consolation.

One day, being on the Exchange, I was accosted by a Jew, who told me he would sell me a jewel of great price. It was a solitaire composed of oriental pearls, with a diamond in the centre: after some chaffering, we agreed for three thousand pieces, and I put it in my pocket-book. As my business detained me on the Exchange till it was late, I did not return till the evening was advanced.

On my entering, I was told that Mr. Golding was abroad, and that Miss Matilda had just ordered coffee for some ladies. I ran up, and opened the door without ceremony; but was struck with the look which she turned toward me, a look that at once intimated dejection and disgust. As soon as the cups were removed, the fair visitants got up; and very formally took their leave.

When she had seen them to the door, she turned without speaking to me, and withdrew toward her own apartment. I followed, and, as she was about to enter, my Matilda, said I, do your Harry the favour to accept this trifle, as an instance of my regard for the dearest object upon earth. So saying, I presented her with my recent purchase. She did not, however, even deign to look at it; but, surveying me from head to foot with an eye of strange passions, she took it, and dashed it against the floor; and rushing into her chamber, she shut the door upon me without speaking a word. I stood in an inconceivable astonishment. In vain I searched my memory for some instance wherein I might have offended her; but, not presuming to obtrude upon her in order to expostulate with her, I retreated to my apartment.

Mr. Golding did not return till it was late in the evening. He immediately sent for me. Harry, says he, what is the matter, has any thing happened amiss? I never saw you look so discomposed.—Indeed, sir, I am not so well as I could wish.—Bless me! we had better send for a doctor.—No, sir, I am in hopes it will soon be over.—Where is Matilda?—In her chamber, sir, I believe.—He then called Mrs. Fusan, and bid her tell Matilda that he desired to speak with her; but she answered that her mistress was gone to bed indisposed.

Supper being served up, we sat down in silence, and, as neither of us offered to taste a bit, I rose, wished Mr. Golding a good night, and retired to my chamber. After a sleepless night, my servant entered in a visible alarm, and told me that Miss Golding was extremely ill.

Very unhappy were many succeeding days. I saw my friend, my father, the man I loved above the world, I saw him in a depth of distress, and I found my heart wrung with inexpressible anguish.

Though I was constant in my inquiries after Miss Golding, yet I purposely avoided appearing in her presence, lest the sight of one so obnoxious should add to her distemper. At length the good old man came to me: Will you not go, Harry, says he, will you not go and see Matilda before she dies? The doctors tell me they have tried all the powers of medicine, but that they do yet not know what to make of her sickness.

My dear sir, said I, it is then no longer time to conceal from you what I conjecture concerning this matter. Miss Matilda herself entrusted me with the secret, but under the strictest injunctions of silence; the extremity of her case, however, ought to dispense with all such engagements. Your daughter loves, sir; but who the object of her affections is, I cannot imagine. Let it be your part to discover what she so industriously hides; she will refuse nothing to the tenderness of such a parent.

Here Mr. Golding left me, but returned in about an hour. His whole frame seemed to labour with something extraordinary. You were right, Harry, he cried; you were right in your conjectures. With difficulty I have wrung the secret from her. O, my son, it is greatly in your power to befriend us. Would you not do something for the relief of a family that doat upon you as we do.—Something for you, sir? said I; yes, every thing; all things that are possible to be done. But, pray, sir, do I know the party?—You do, Harry, you do; for, as the prophet said unto David, “Thou art the man.”

I, sir! I exclaimed, impossible! she cannot bear my sight, she detests the ground I go upon.—Not so, said he, not so, she loves the

very ground upon which you tread. Something, surely, is due in mitigation of the calamities which you have occasioned. We lie at your mercy, Mr. Clinton, my precious daughter and myself! It is your's to bid us live or die at your pleasure. If not for her sake, yet for mine, my beloved Harry, let me beseech you to constrain yourself before her, to affect some little tenderness, that may revive her from the deplorable state under which she languishes.

While he spoke I was agitated by unutterable emotions, and he might have proceeded much further, before I should have had the power to reply. At length I cast myself on my knee, and catching his hand to my bosom, Ah, my friend, my father, my dear father, I cried, am I then no better than a barbarian in your sight? To me would you impute such cruelty and ingratitude? Take my hand, sir, take my heart, dispose of them as you please.

The good man caught me in his arms, and pressed me to his breast in a long and speechless ecstasy; then taking me by the hand, he led me in silence to his daughter's apartment. As we entered, she turned her eyes toward the door, and her pale countenance was straight suffused with a short-lived red. I was so affected, that I was scarcely able to reach her bed-side, where, kneeling down, I gently took one of her hands, and pressing it between mine, I bathed it in a silent shower of tears.

Ah, my papa, she faintly cried, I fear you have betrayed me! Mr. Harry is certainly informed of my weakness. I am informed, said I, my lovely sister, I am informed that I may hope for a happiness infinitely above my merit; but it shall be the business of my life to deserve it.

My dear, said Mr. Golding, I perceive you are something flurried, your constitution is too weak for such emotions as these. For the present your brother Harry must leave you. To-morrow, I trust, you will be better able to support our company. Hereupon I took her hand, and impressing upon it a tender kiss, I just ventured to look up, and saw her fine eyes suffused with a glittering tear, and her countenance bent upon me with a look of inexpressible sweetness; but Mr. Golding, to prevent the effects of too tender a scene, instantly took me by the arm, and led me away.

As he perceived that my spirits had been much disturbed, he took me to his own chamber, and told me that he requested some further converse with me. As soon as we had taken our seats, he looked earnestly upon me, then seized me by the hand, and looked at me again. But suddenly getting up, he stepped to the window, and, breaking into tears, went and sobbed for a good part of an hour.



When he was somewhat composed, he resumed his seat. Mr. Clinton, says he, are you really sincere in your professions to my daughter? May I venture to ask, should it please the Almighty to raise her from her present bed of sickness, is it actually your intention to make her your wife?—My dear father, I answered, that lady is not alive whom my judgment or inclinations would prefer to your Matilda.

Then, said he, I pronounce her the happiest of women. And now, my Harry, I will tell you a secret. From the first time that I beheld you, I wished you for my daughter. I wished that she might have charms to fix your heart; but, as I feared, and was persuaded that this was not the case, I forbore to indulge myself in such flattering expectations. You know I never took you with me to see her at the boarding-school; the true reason was, I dreaded exposing her young and inexperienced heart to such a temptation, lest she should conceive and languish under a hopeless passion.

On her return to town, my apprehensions, on your score, were much abated, as I imagined the great number of her suitors would divert her attention from you; and I purposely laid all the business of our house on your shoulders, that she might have as little of your company as possible.

But, notwithstanding, I had not given up all thoughts of you myself. While she talked or sung in your presence, I often turned my eye upon you, and thought, at times, that I perceived a growing tenderness in your behaviour, which, further acquaintance, I trusted, might ripen into love. But, when, in order to try you, I proposed your advocacy in behalf of Spelling, and that you appeared to undertake it with readiness, I at once dropped all my flattering hopes concerning you, and heartily wished that my child had accepted that worthy young man. Blessed, however, be the favouring Hand of that Providence, who, so unexpectedly fulfilled the capital wish of my life. But I will no longer delay carrying to my dear child the glad tidings of your affection; it will prove the best of balms to her wounded mind, and will close her eyes, for this night, in rest and peace of heart.

I was scarce dressed the next morning, when Matilda's favourite maid entered my chamber, and bid me good morrow. Mrs. Susan, said I, your pleasant countenance bids me presume that Miss Golding is better.—O, vastly better, vastly better, sir, I assure you; she slept sweetly all the night, and did not want for happy dreams either, I warrant.—Here is something for your good news.—No, sir, no, I never take money from gentlemen; my mistress's generosity does

not leave me to the temptation. I love my mistress, sir, and I think we ought all rather to join and fee you, Mr. Harry, as well for yesterday's visit, as for another which I hope you will pay her to-day. Mr. Harry, she continued, I would give my last quarter's wages to know what charm it is that you carry about you, to make all the pretty ladies so fond of you.—In truth, Mrs. Susan, I am equally stranger to the charm, and to the fondness you talk of.—Do not tell me, sir, do not tell me. The very day of that night on which my mistress fell sick, here was a lady in a chariot to enquire for you, one of the loveliest young creatures I ever set my eyes on. She asked very particularly and very affectionately for you.—It must, I cried, have been some mistake, or some imposture; for I assure you, Mrs. Susan, I know of no such a person. But pray be so good as to go to your young lady, and tell her that I wait her permission to attend her.

I forgot to tell you, madam, that agreeable to the advice which Mr. Golding had given me, I went to felicitate my uncle Goodall on his marriage with your mother. He had already been informed of my admission into partnership, and thereupon received me with very unusual marks of esteem. Your mother, at that time, was exceeding lovely in her person and manners. At every season of leisure I frequented their house, and she conceived a very tender friendship for me; but, during Miss Golding's illness, I had not been to visit them.

Susan was but just gone, when Mr. Golding came and told me that he believed Matty would be pleased to see me. I instantly obeyed the summons. As I entered, I observed that she sat up in her bed, a morning gown was wrapped about her, and Susan, with the help of pillows, supported her behind. On my appearing, her spirits again took the alarm. She scarce ventured a glance toward me. I was greatly pained by the abashment under which I saw she laboured, and I hastened to relieve myself as well as her from the distress.

I sat down by her bed-side, and gently taking one of her hands, without looking in her face, My dear Miss Golding, said I, I hope you will not be jealous of your papa's affection for me. He has, indeed, been too partial toward me, and has approved himself more than a father to me. He is not satisfied with allowing me to call you by the tender name of sister; he gives me to hope that I may be united to you by the dearest of all ties. Nothing but your consent is wanting, my sister, to make me the happiest of mankind. You are silent, my Matilda. May I venture to call you mine? Blessed be your silence; I will dare then endeavour to interpret it in my own

favour. Indeed I should long since have avowed my passion for you; but I did not presume to listen to my own heart. I deemed it a flight too high for me, to aspire to the happiness of your hand.

Here, venturing to look up, I perceived that she had put her handkerchief to her eyes. Ah! Mr. Clinton, she cried, with a trembling voice, from the moment you preserved me, against arms and against odds, at the great peril of your own life, in you, and you alone, I saw every thing that was amiable. But then I dreaded lest all women should behold you with my eyes; and, above all, I was assured that you never would have any eyes or attention for me. You have at length seen, or rather been informed of my malady. You pity me, you wish to relieve me, and you would love me if you could. It is enough, Mr. Harry, even this perhaps is quite as much of happiness as I can bear.

Here, again, I began to protest the sincerity of my affections; but she cut me short, and said, I am very sensible of the tenderness of your friendship for me, and that sensibility constitutes the whole of my happiness. I trust also that it is all the happiness I shall ever desire. To see you, to hear you, to have you with me, to be permitted to attend, to serve you, to conduce to your satisfaction, is a lot that will cause me to account myself the first among women.

Ah, I cried, can I say nothing, can I do nothing to convince you how dear, how exceedingly dear, you are to me? I certainly loved you, long before I knew what it was to be a lover. Believe me, my Matilda, when I presumed to present you with this as a token of my affection, I held it for a trifle altogether unworthy of you; accept it, however, for the sake of the giver.

And is this the gem, says she, which I cast from me with such disdain? Forgive me, my brother; it is just so that the world casts from them the pearl of great price. I would to Heaven, that I could reject all the pomps, pleasures, and vanities, of this transitory world, with the same aversion that I spurned from me this jewel; but there is little hope of that, Mr. Harry, while you yourself may be partly numbered among transitory things.

But tell me, and tell me truly, Mr. Clinton, these gems, when you first purchased them, were they actually intended for me? Were they not rather intended for your Fanny, for your own Fanny, Mr. Clinton?—What can you mean? I exclaimed, I know of no Fanny in the universe with whom I have any acquaintance. That is strange! she replied; but, lest you should think me of a jealous temper, I will relate the affair to you precisely as it happened.





*I certainly loved you, long before I knew  
what it was to be a lover.*



On the day in which I took to my bed, I was looking out of the parlour window, when a chariot whirled up to our door. I observed a single lady in it, whom I supposed of my acquaintance, and instantly sent Susan to request her to walk in. On her entering, I was greatly struck by the beauty of her figure, and eyed her from head to foot. Having courtesied gracefully to me, Can you tell me, Miss, says she, is Mr. Clinton at home?—No, indeed, madam, said I; but if you will be pleased to entrust me with your commands.—It is only, Miss, that I request to see him as soon as possible.—And pray, madam, where shall he attend you?—O, he will know that instantly, when you tell him it was Fanny Goodall, his own Fanny Goodall, who was here to wait upon him.—Good Heaven, I cried out, my aunt, my aunt Goodall!—What do you say, your aunt, sir, can it be? Ah, she is too young, and too lovely, to be an aunt, Mr. Harry.—The very same, indeed, madam. I admit, as you say, that she is young and exceedingly lovely; but still she is a wife, and likely soon, as I think, to be a mother.—Alas, says my Matilda, what a doleful jest is this! a cruel aunt she has been to me; what days of sighs, and nights of tears, she has cost me! Ah, that heart-breaking term, *his own, his own Fanny*; I think I shall never be able to forgive her that expression!

As Mr. Golding just then entered, we dropped the subject. Why, Matty, says he, you are quite another creature; I think I never saw you wear so happy a face.—I know you are come to chide me, says she, for keeping your partner from business; but pay me down the portion you intended for me, papa, and I will reimburse you the damage of every hour of his absence.—Yes, my love, cries the tender father, if wealth might serve for wages to a heart like that of my Harry, he shall be amply paid for every instance of his attention to you.—Every hour of my life, I cried, is already her due; she has nothing to pay to one who is her debtor beyond account.

During several following days, Miss Golding recovered with amazing rapidity. In less than five weeks she looked fairer than ever. Peace smiled in her countenance. Joy laughed in her eyes. Her whole frame seemed as actuated by some internal music. And thus, all lovely and beloved, she was given up to my arms, in the presence of my uncle and aunt, and of a few city friends.

Here the Countess, for the first time, broke in upon her cousin's narration. Happy Matilda, she cried, how distinguished was thy destiny! were it but for a year, were it but for a day, for that day thou didst enjoy the consummation of all thy wishes, a lot rarely allowed to any daughter of Adam. I was not then born to envy her



state. But tell me, my cousin, how could you be so long ignorant of the girl's affection for you?—Indeed, madam, replied Mr. Clinton, she herself led me away from any such apprehension, by drawing so many pictures of the man whom she said she loved, disguised with such imaginary excellencies as must have prevented myself, as well as every one living, from perceiving the smallest trace of my own resemblance.—Do not tell me, cried Lady Maitland, she was a true and a sweet painter! And I should have known you by her portrait in the midst of a million. But proceed, I beseech you; my whole soul is in your story.

Within a few months after my marriage, continued Mr. Clinton, you, my cousin, first opened your fair eyes to the light, and my Matty and I had the honour of being your sponsors. Within the first year of my marriage, my girl also brought a son into the world, and within the two years following was delivered of a daughter. The joy of the grandfather on those events, was inexpressible. He saw himself, as it were, perpetuated in a descending and widening progeny, who, like their native Thames, should roll down in a tide of expanding wealth and prosperity.

A number of external successes also assisted to persuade us, that felicity was to be attained upon earth. We sent our ships out to the east, and to the west, and wealth came pouring in upon us from all quarters of the globe.

In the mean while my wife and I lived together in perfect harmony. I had no friendships, from home, that partook of heartfelt tenderness, except for your mamma. All my pleasures and desires, all my world was, in a manner, confined within the compass of my own walls. In the good old man and his daughter, and in the pledges of their endearing attachment to me, every wish of my soul was centered. Mutual joy sat round our board, mutual peace prepared our pillows; and, during a swimming period of six years, I scarce remember to have experienced the smallest discontent, save what arose from the inordinancy of my wife's affection for me.

I thought that no one had ever loved with greater warmth than I loved her; and yet, at times, I remarked a striking difference between the effects of our feelings for each other. If business detained me an hour extraordinary abroad, the panting of her bosom, that eagerness of look with which she received me, was an evidence of her anxiety during my absence. If my head or my finger ached, I found myself under the necessity of concealing it, to prevent her ready alarms. On the other hand, my affection was tranquil and serene;

it was tender and fervent, indeed, but without tumult or disturbance: a species of love which I afterwards found to be by far the most eligible.

Thus the years of my life moved onward upon down, when the small-pox became epidemical in the city. Our children caught the contagion. All possible care was taken, and all possible art employed. Fifteen days of their illness were already elapsed, and the doctors pronounced them out of danger; when the distemper took a sudden turn, and in one and the same minute both my babes expired in the arms of their mother.

I was in the room at the time, and as I knew the extreme tenderness of my Matty's nature, all my concern, as well as attention, was turned upon her. I took her fondly by the hand, and, looking up to her face, I was instantly alarmed by that placid serenity which appeared in her countenance, and which I expected to be instantly changed into some frantic eruption. But, first dropping a smiling tear on her infants, and then lifting her glistening eyes to heaven, I thank thee, I thank thee, O my Master, she cried, thou hast made me of some use; I have not been born in vain; thou hast ordained me the humble vehicle of two angels, living attendants on thy throne, and sweet singers of thy praises in the kingdom of little children for ever and ever. I have yet sufficient left, more blessings remaining than suit the lot of mortality; take me from them, I beseech thee, whenever it is thy good pleasure, for I fear there are some of them which I could not bear to have taken from me.—So prayed the dear saint, and looking eagerly at me, No, my Harry, she cried out, I feared I could not bear it! So saying, she suddenly cast herself into my bosom, and gushing into a flood of anguish, we mingled our sobs and our tears together, till no more were left to be shed.

You are affected, my dearest cousin; I had better stop here.—Go on! cried the Countess. I love to weep! I joy to grieve! It is my happiness to have my heart broken to pieces.

We were both of us, I proceeded, much relieved by the vent of our mutual passion; for, though my wife still continued to cling about me, she yet seemed to be sweetly composed. At length I listened to a kind of murmur in the hall, and I heard one cry, O my master, my master!

We started up at the instant. Mr. Golding had been from home at the time of the deadly crisis of my two little ones, and had quieted all his fears, in the full assurance of their quick recovery. We had been too much engaged in our personal griefs, to give our servants

the seasonable precaution of breaking the matter to our father by unalarming degrees ; and a rude fellow, at his entrance, bluntly told him, that the children were both dead ; whereupon he clapped his hands together, and, casting himself into a chair, remained without sense or motion.

When we ran down we were greatly terrified, by the manner of his aspect ; though his eyes were closed, his brows were gloomy and contracted. I instantly sent for a surgeon, while my Matty stood motionless, with her hands closed together, and her eyes fixed upon her father. At length she cried out, My dear papa, I would I had died before I came to this hour ! but, blessed be thy will, since it is thy will, O God ! when all other props are plucked from under me, I trust to fall into thy hands, my Father, which art in heaven !

Being put to bed and bled, he recovered motion and speech, though he did not yet recollect any person or thing about him. Notwithstanding our late fatigues, Matty and I sat up with him most of the night ; and then, ordering a pallet to be brought into the room, we lay down to take a little rest toward morning. Alas, said I to myself, how rich was I yesterday,—how is my world abridged !

Poor Mr. Golding was but ill qualified to bear calamity. His life had been a life of sound health and successes ; and he never had been acquainted with affliction, save on the death of his wife, whom he had married for money, and on the illness of his daughter already related.

As he had taken an opiate, he did not awaken till it was late in the day. Turning his head toward me, Is it you, Harry ? says he.—How do you find yourself, sir, said I ?—Why, has any thing been the matter with me ? Indeed I do not feel myself right ; but send my children to me, send my Jacky and my little Harriot ! the sight of them will be a restorative beyond all the cordials in the world.—You are silent, Harry ! What is the meaning ? O, now I begin to remember ! My sweet babies, I shall never see you any more !

Here he burst into the most violent gush of passion. He groaned, he wept, he cried aloud with heart-piercing exclamations, while I caught up Matty in my arms, and running with her to a distant apartment, caught a kiss, and locked her in.

I returned, but found him in the same violence of agitation. I would have comforted him ; but he cried, Be quiet, Harry, I will not be comforted. I will go to my children. They shall not be torn from me ! We will die ! We will be buried ! We will lie in the same grave together.—As I found myself sick, and ready to faint, I



withdrew to the next chamber, and there plentifully vented the contagious shower.

After some time I listened, and perceived that all was quiet, and, returning, I found him in a kind of troubled doze, from whence he fell into a deep and peaceful sleep. Thus he continued, for three days, wailing and slumbering by fits, without tasting any matter of nourishment, though his daughter and I implored him on our knees, and with tears. No reasonings, no intreaties, could avail for appeasing him. It was from the association of our sorrows alone that he appeared to admit of any consolation.

At length his passion subsided into a sullen calm ; he would speak to no body ; he would answer none of us except by monosyllables. Within a few following weeks, news were brought me that our ship the *Phoenix* was arrived in the Downs, richly laden from the East-Indies.

Immediately I carried the tidings to the old man. But, fixing his look upon me, wherefore, Harry, dost thou tell me of ships and Indies ? he cried. Both Indies are poor to me : they have nothing that they can send me. I have no road to go upon earth, no way upon sea to navigate ! I am already become a wild and wasted Babylon, wherein the voice of music shall never more be heard. O ye old and unblest knees, where are now your precious babies, who where went to play about you, and cling and climb upon you ? Gone, gone, gone, never, never to return !

Here, breaking into tears, I cried, We are both young, my father : we may have many children to be the comfort of your age.—No, my Harry, no ! he replied. You may, indeed, have many children, but you will never have any children like my darling children !

Love, as it should seem, my cousin, like bodies, gains additional velocity in the descent. It descends from God to his creatures, and so from creature to creature, but rarely knows a due return of affection. It is incomparably more intense in the parent than in the child, and still acquires increasing fondness toward the grandchild, and so downward. Nay, you may almost universally observe it more warm in patrons toward their dependents, than in those who are benefited toward their benefactors.

Mr. Golding, from this time, no more entered his counting-house, nor kept up any correspondence. Even my company, and that of his daughter, appeared to oppress him, and he rarely left his apartment, where an old folio Bible was his only companion.

Hereupon I began to withdraw our effects from trade, and having

called in the best part of them, I lodged near half a million in the Dutch funds. When I went to advise with my father on the occasion: What, my child, said he, what have I to say to the world? Do just as you please with the one and the other; and never consult a person on any affair wherein he has no concern.

One morning as I lay in bed, Matty threw her arms about me, and hiding her blushing face in my bosom, My Harry, says she, if you could bring it about to my poor papa, perhaps it would be some consolation to him to know that I am with child. When I broke the matter to him, he did not at first appear to be affected; in time, however, the weight of his affliction seemed considerably lightened; and as my wife advanced in her pregnancy, he began to look us in the face, and became conversable as formerly.

One day I went to dine with Mr. Settle, a hardware merchant, who had appointed to pay me a large sum of money. On my return in the evening, through Moorfields, attended only by my favourite Irishman, a very faithful and active fellow, I was suddenly set upon by a posse of robbers, who rushed from behind a cover. The first of them fired directly in my face, but did me no further damage than carrying away a small piece of the upper part of my left ear. Had they demanded my money, I would have given it them at a word; but finding them bent on murder, I resolved that they should have my life at as dear a rate as possible. I instantly drew my sword, and run the first through the body; and then, rushing on the second assailant, I laid him also on the ground, before he had time to take his aim, so that his pistol went harmlessly off in his fall.

In the mean while my brave companion was not idle; with two strokes of his oaken cudgel he had levelled two more of them with the earth. Hereupon the remainder halted, and then stood and fired upon us altogether; but observing that we did not drop, they cast their arms to the ground, and run off several ways as fast as they could. My good friend, Tirlah O'Donnoh, then turned affectionately to me; Are you hurt, my dear master? says he.—I believe I am, Tirlah; let us make home the best we can.—O, cried the noble creature, if no body were hurt but Tirlah, Tirlah would not be hurt at all.

Here, taking me under the arm, we walked slowly to the city, till coming to a hackney coach, he put me into it, and sitting beside me, supported me, as I began to grow weak through effusion of blood. As soon as we got home, the coachman, as their practice, thundered at the door; and my Matty, according to custom whenever I was abroad, was the readiest of all our domestics to open it.

By this time I had fainted, and was quite insensible; but when my tender mate saw me borne by two men into her presence, all pale and bloody, she, who thought she had fortitude to support the wreck of the world, gave a shriek, and instantly falling backward, got a violent contusion on the hinder part of her head.

Immediately we were conveyed to separate beds, and all requisite help was provided. It was found that I had received six or seven flesh wounds, but none of them proved dangerous, as they were given at a distance, and by pistol shot. But, alas, my Matty's case was very different; she fell into sudden labour, and, having suffered extreme anguish all the night, during which she ceased not to inquire after me, she was with difficulty delivered of a male infant, who was suffocated in the birth.

In the mean while, the good old gentleman hurried about incessantly, from one of us to the other, wringing his hands, and scarcely retaining his senses. As soon as my wounds were dressed, and I had recovered my memory, I looked about, and hastily inquired for my wife; but they cautiously answered that she was indisposed with the fright which she got at seeing me bloody, and that her father had insisted on her going to bed.

On the second dressing of my wounds, I was pronounced out of danger, and then they ventured to tell me of my Matty's miscarriage, and of the bruise which she had got in her fall when she fainted. On hearing this, my heart was cleft, as it were, in twain; I accused myself of the murder of my wife and infant; and I accused all, without exception, of their indiscretion in not concealing my disaster from her.

At times I began to fear that my wife was either dead, or much worse than they represented. On my third dressing, therefore, I peremptorily insisted on my being carried into her chamber. I sent her notice of my visit, and, on my entering the room, He lives then, she cried; my husband, my Harry lives! It is enough; I shall now depart in peace.

I ordered myself to be laid by her side; when having taken a hand which she had feebly reached out, and pressing it to my lips, You would forsake me then, my Matty! You die, you say, and you die happy in leaving me the most desolate of men. You die, my love, you die; and I, who would have fostered you and your babe with my vitals, it is I who have dug a grave for the one and for the other. But, you must not forsake me, my Matty, I will not be forsaken by you. Since we cannot live asunder, let us die, let us die together.



Here a passionate silence ensued on either part. But my wounds beginning to bleed afresh, I was obliged to be carried back to my own apartment. Within a few days more, I was so well recovered as to be able to walk about; from which time I was a constant attendant on my beloved, and became her most tender and assiduous nurse.

My Matty was the holiest of all saints, without any parade. Her's was a religion, of whose value she had the daily and hourly experience; it was, indeed, a religion of power. It held her as on a rock, in the midst of a turbulent and fluctuating world. It gave her a peace of spirit that smiled at provocation. It gave her comfort in affliction, patience in anguish, exultation in humiliation, and triumph in death.

In about five weeks after her unhappy miscarriage, she appeared on the recovery, though by very slow degrees, and with assistance, at times, sat up in her bed: when her oldest physician, one morning called me apart; I am loath, sir, said he, very loath to acquaint you with my apprehensions; I wish I may be mistaken, but I fear greatly for you! I fear that your dear lady cannot recover. By the symptoms, I conjecture, that an abscess, or imposthume, is forming within her; but a few days will ascertain matters.

Had all sorts of evil tidings come crowding one upon another, I should not have been affected as I then was affected. I could not rise from my seat. My knees trembled under me! A swimming came before my eyes! and a sudden sickness relaxed my whole frame. Alas, I had not at that time the resource of my Matty; I had not on the armour with which she was armed for all events. I, however, raised my thoughts to heaven, in a kind of helpless acquiescence, rather than confident resignation.

Having recollected my strength and spirits the best I could, I adventured to enter my wife's apartment. She was just raised in her bed, from whence her pale countenance looked forth as the sun, toward his setting, looks through a sickly atmosphere.

Having dejectedly seated myself beside her, she reached out both her hands, and pressing one of mine between them, I love you no longer, my Harry! she cried. I love you no longer. Your rival at length has conquered. I am the bride of another. And yet I love you in a measure, since in you I love all that is him, or that is his; and that I think is much, a great deal, indeed, of all that is lovely. O, my dear, my sweet, my only enemy, as I may say! Riches are nothing unto me; pleasures were nothing unto me; the world was nothing unto me; you, and you only, Harry, stood between me and my Heaven, between me and my God. Long, and often, and vainly,

have I strove and struggled against you ; but my bridegroom at length is become jealous of you ! My true owner calls me from you, and takes me all to himself ! Be not alarmed, my Harry, when I tell you that I must leave you. You will grieve for me, you will grieve greatly for me, my beloved ! But give way to the kindly shower that your Lord shed for his Lazarus, and let the tears of humanity lighten the weight of affliction.—Ah, my Harry, I tremble for you ! What a course have you to run ! What perils, what temptations ! Deliver him from them, my Master, deliver him from them all !—Again, what blissful prospects ! They are gone, they are vanished ! I sink under the weight of succeeding misery !—Again it opens ! All is cleared, and his end, like that of Job, is more blessed than his beginning.—Ah, my Harry, my Harry, your heart shall be tried in many fires ; but I trust it is a golden heart, and will come forth with all its weight.

You have been dreaming, my love ! I said, you have been dreaming ; and the impression still lies heavy and melancholy on your memory.

Yes, she replied, I have been dreaming indeed ; but then my dreams are much more real than my waking visions. When all things sensible are shut out, it is then that the spirit enlarges, grows conscious of its own activity, its own power and prescience, and sees by a light whose evidence is beyond that of the sun. I will tell you a secret, my Harry ; there is nothing in the universe but littleness and greatness, the littleness of the creature, and the greatness of God ; and in the sense of this lies the essence of all philosophy and of all religion. Be content, then, with your lot, my husband ; be content to be little, if you wish to be great. Become an emptiness, and then your God will bring the fulness of his own immensity upon you, and will open a world in your spirit more expanded and more glorious than this surrounding world with all its luminaries.

O, my angel, I cried, should any thing happen to you, I should then be little indeed. But I dare not look that way, for I know, I find, I feel, that I could not survive you.

You must survive me, my Harry, nay you will once more be married. I beheld your bride last night. Even now she stands before me, the sister of my spirit, and one of the loveliest compositions of sin and death that ever was framed for dissolution. Her, also, you will lose ; and you will think, nay, you will assure yourself, that no powers in heaven or in earth can avail for a ray of comfort. In this life however you will finally, unexpectedly, and most wonderfully, be blessed ; and, soon after, we shall all meet and be more intimately and more

endearingly wedded than ever; where yet there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

While she yet spoke, her pains, as the pains of labour, again came upon her, and went off, and again returned, after intermitted swoonings.

O, my cousin, what a solemn, what a fearful thing, is death! All our inlets of knowledge and sensation closed at once! the sound of cheerfulness, and the voice of friendship, and the comfort of light, shut out from us for ever! Nothing before us but a blackness and depth of oblivion, or, beyond it, a doubtful and alarming sensibility, strange scenes, and strange worlds, strange associates, and strange perceptions, perhaps of horrid realities, infinitely worse than non-entity! Such are the brightest prospects of infidelity in death.

Where, at that time, are your scoffers, your defiers of futurity? Where your merry companions, who turn their own eternity into matter of ridicule? Dejected and aghast, their countenance wholly fallen, and their hearts sunk within them, they all tremble and wish to believe, in this the hour of dissolution. They feel their existence sinking from under them; and nature compels them, in the drowning of their souls, to cry out to something, to any thing, Save, save, or I perish?

Far different was the state of my Matty, at that tremendous period: where all others would have sunk, there she soared aloft; and she dropped the world and its wealth, with her body and all the sensible affections thereof, with the same satisfaction that a poor man just come to a great estate, would drop his tattered garb to put on georgious apparel.

O, my Beloved! (she would cry in the midst of her pains,) I have been weak through life! I have been weakness itself, and therefore not able to take up thy cross! But be thou strong in my weakness, shew thy mightiness in me, and then lay it upon me with all its weight!

Again, after a swoon, and when her pangs became excessive, I refuse not thy process, my Master! she cried. Thy cross and thorny crown they are all my ambition. Point thy thorns, twist them harder, let them pierce into my soul, so thou suffer me not to fall from thee!

When she drew near the goal of her blessed course upon earth, O, my almighty Samson! she faintly cried, thou shakest the two pillars of my frail fabric! finish then thy conquest in me! down, down with the whole building appointed to ruin! Let no one, O Lord, of mine enemies or of thine enemies escape thy victorious arm! So saying, her pains in an instant forsook her. The form of her coun-



tenance was suddenly changed from the expression of agony into that of ecstasy. She raised her hands on high, and cried, I come, I come! then sighed, and sunk down. The muscles of her face still retained the stamp of the last sentiment of her soul; and, while the body hastened to be mingled with earth, it seemed to partake of that heaven to which its spirit had been exalted.

During the latter part of my wife's illness, and for some weeks after her death, Mr. Golding was confined to his chamber by a severe fit of the gout, and the acuteness of his pains scarce permitted him to attend to any other concern. While my Matty lived, I divided my time as equally as I could between the daughter and father, and, at any intervals of ease, I used to read to him his favourite passages in the Bible.

As soon as my saint had expired, I charged the servants not to give any intimation of her death to their master; but, alas! our silence and our looks were enough.

Having looked, several times, intently in my face, Well, Harry, says Mr. Golding, all is over then, I see! We must go to her, but my child shall no more return to us. You are silent, my Harry. O thou fell glutton, death! I had but one morsel left for the whole of my sustenance, and that too thou hast devoured! Here he gave a deep groan, and sunk into a state of insensibility, from which, however, he was soon recovered by the return of an agonizing fit of the gout.

I had not yet dropped a tear. I was in a state of half stupid and half flighty insensibility; as one who, having lost every thing, had nothing further to look for, and therefore nothing to regard. But when I saw my dear old man, my best friend, my father,whelmed under such a depth of affliction, all the sluices of my soul were laid open, and I broke into tears and exclamations, till, like David in his strife of love with Jonathan, I exceeded. I accused myself of all the evils that had happened to his house; and I devoted the day to darkness, wherein, by my presence and connections, I had brought those mischiefs upon him. The good man was greatly struck, and, I think, partly consoled by the excess of my sorrows; and, all desolate as he was, he attempted to administer that comfort to me which he himself wanted more than any who had life.

Break not your heart, my Harry! Break not your heart, my child! he cried. Deprive me not of the only consolation that is left me! You are now my only trust, my only stay upon earth. A wretched merchant I am, whose whole wealth is cast away, save thee, thou

precious casket. My girl, indeed, was thy true lover; her love to thee, my son, was passing the love of women! But, we have lost her, we have lost her, and wailing is all the portion that is left us below.

On the following day I got the precious remains of my angel embalmed. She was laid under a canopy with a silver coffin at her bed's foot, and every night, when the house was at rest, I stole secretly from my bed, and stretched myself beside her. I pressed her cold lips to mine. I clasped her corpse to my warm bosom, as though I expected to restore it to life by transfusing my soul into it. I spoke to her as when living. I reminded her of the several endearing passages of our loves; and I reminded her also of the loss of our little ones; by whom we became essentially one, inseparably united in soul and body for ever.

There is surely, my cousin, a species of pleasure in grief; a kind of soothing delight that arises with the tears which are pushed from the fountain of God in the soul, from the sensibilities of the human heart divine.

True, true, my precious cousin, replied the Countess, giving a fresh loose to her tears; O Matilda, I would I were with thee!

Upon the ninth night, continued Mr. Clinton, as I lay by the side of all that remained of my Matty, over-toiled and over-watched, I fell into a deep sleep. My mind, notwithstanding, seemed more awake and more alive than ever. In an instant she stood confessed before me. I saw her clearer than at noon-day. Every feature trace seemed heightened into a lustre, without a loss of the least similitude. She smiled ineffable sweetness and blessedness upon me. And, stooping down, I felt her embrace about my heart and about my spirit. After a length of ecstatic pleasure, which I felt from her communion and infusion into my soul; My Harry, says she, grieve not for me; all the delights that your world could sum up in an age would not amount to my bliss, no, not for an hour! It is a weight of enjoyment that, in an instant, would crush to nothing the whole frame of your mortality. Grieve not for me, then, my Harry, but resign my beggarly spoils to their beggarly parent, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust! I have obtained a promise, that my Master and your Master, my Beloved and your Lover, shall finally bear you triumphant through all the enemies that are set in fearful array against you. At these words my soul was overpowered with ecstasy, too mighty for mortality to bear. Every sense was suspended; and I sunk into a state of utter oblivion.

Toward the dawning, I was awakened by the clapping of hands and the cries of lamentation. Starting up, I perceived Mr. Golding

at the bedside, suspended over his Matty and me, and pouring forth his complaints.

There was a favourite domestic of his, a little old man, who had always kept a careful eye over every thing that concerned our household. This Argus, it seems, had suspected my nightly visits to the dead, and, lurking in a corner, saw me open and enter the chamber where the corpse was deposited. As he lay in his master's apartment, he took the first opportunity of his being awake to impart what he thought a matter of extraordinary intelligence. Sir, says he, if I am not greatly deceived, my young master is this moment in bed with his dead lady.—What is this you tell me? cried Mr. Golding. No, John, no; what you say is impossible. All who live, love that which is living alone; whatever savours of death is detestable to all men.—As I am here, replied John, I am almost assured that what I tell you is fact. If you are able to stir, I will help you to go and see. I am sure the thought of it melts the very heart within me.

Accordingly Mr. Golding, like old Jacob, strengthened himself and arose; and, pained as he was, he came, with the help of his John, to the place where I lay. Having for some time looked upon me, as I slept with his Matty fast folded in my arms, he could no longer contain his emotions, but he and John broke forth into tears and exclamations. O my children, my children, my dearest children, he cried, why did ye exalt me to such a pitch of blessedness? Was it only to cast me down into the deeper gulph of misery, a gulph that has neither bank nor bottom?

As I arose, all ashamed, the good man caught me in his arms. My Harry, my Harry, says he, what shall I pay you, my son, for your superabundant love to me and to mine? Could my wretchedness give you bliss, I should almost think myself blessed in being wretched, my Harry!

I now prepared to execute the last command of my angel, and to consign to earth the little that was earthly in her. But, when our domestics understood that all that was left of their loved mistress was now going to be taken away from them for ever, they broke into tears anew, and set no bounds to their lamentations.

Her desolate father was desirous of attending the funeral; but, on my knees, I dissuaded him from it, as I was assured it would burst in twain the already overstretched thread of his age and infirmities. He then insisted on having the lid of the coffin removed, and, bending over, he cast his whole body on the corpse; again he rose and gazed upon it, and, clapping his hands with a shout, Is this my world, he



cried, the whole of my possessions? Are you she that was once my prattling Matty? The playfellow of my knees, the laughter away of care, who brought cheer to my heart, and warmth to my bosom? Are you she for whom alone I spent my nights in thought, and my days in application? Is this all that is left, then, of my length of labours? O, my spark of life is quenched! In thee, my Matty, my Matty, the flowing fountain of my existence is dried up for ever!

There is something exceedingly affecting, my cousin, in the circumstances and apparatus of our funerals. Though I grieved no more for my Matty; though I was assured of her bliss as I was of my own being; yet, when the gloom of the procession was gathered around me; when I heard the wailings of the many families whom her charity had sustained; when I heard the bitter sobbings of the servants, whom her sweetness had so endearingly attached to her person; when all joined to bewail themselves, as lost in her loss, my heart died as it were within me, and I should have been suffocated on the spot, had I not given instant way to the swell of my sorrows.

The tempest of the soul, madam, like that of the elements, can endure but for a season. The passion of Mr. Golding, on the interment of every joy that he could look for upon earth, within a few weeks subsided, or rather sunk into a solid but sullen peace, a kind of peace that seemed to say, there is nothing in this universe that can disturb me.

Harry, said he, one evening, I have been thinking of the vision that I have had.—Vision, sir! said I, has my Matty then appeared to you?—Yes, he answered, she was the principal part of my vision for these twenty years past. The vision that I mean, my Harry, is the dream of a very long and laborious life. Here have I, by the toil of fifty years application, scraped together as much as, in these times, would set kings at contention, and be accounted a worthy cause for spilling the blood of thousands; and yet, what are these things to me, or of what value in themselves more than the stones and rubbish that make our pavement before the door? I have been hungering and thirsting after the goods of this world; I have acquired all that it could give me; and now my soul, like a sick stomach, disgorges the whole.—I then took one of his hands, and pressing it tenderly between mine, O, my father, I cried, O, that I might be made sons and daughters, and every sort of kindred to you! All that I am and have should gladly be spent in bringing any kind of comfort to you, my father.

In about a fortnight after, as I entered his apartment one morning, I observed that his countenance had much altered from what it was

the evening before ; that he looked deeply dejected, and seemed to breathe with difficulty.—Are you not well, sir?—No, says he, my spirits are greatly oppressed. I find that I must leave you shortly ; I believe that I must go suddenly. But where to? That is the question! The very terrible question! The only question of any importance in heaven or in earth!—Sure, sir, said I, that can be no question to you, whose whole life has been a continued course of righteousness, of daily worship to God, and good-will to all men. If you have any sins to account for, they must be covered ten-fold by the multitude of your charities.

Talk not, Harry, said he, of the filthy rags of my own righteousness. I am far from the confidence of the boastful Pharisee. Alas! I have not even that of the humbled Publican, for I dare not look up to say, “ Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!” Wherefore then do you speak of having finished my course toward God and toward man? It is but lately, very lately, that I set out upon it, and I am cut short before I have got within sight of the goal. Yes, Harry, I fear, I know, I feel that there is no salvation for me.

You amaze me, sir, said I, you terrify me to death. If there is not salvation for such as you, what a depth of perdition opens for the rest of mankind!

I would you could comfort me! he cried. I want to be comforted! I desire comfort, any kind of consolation ; but I feel my condemnation within myself. Moreover, I see every text of the Bible set in broad array against me.—What text, sir? said I; I am sure I know of no texts that bring terror or condemnation to the just.—Ah, Harry, he replied, what says the great Apostle? “ Circumcision availeth nothing, neither uncircumcision, but a new creature.” For Christ himself hath said, “ Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” Again, the same Apostle saith, “ I delight in the law of God after the inward man.” And again, “ My little children, of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you.” Now, if all these corresponding expressions of being ‘ born again,’ a ‘ new creature,’ a ‘ new man,’ an ‘ inward man,’ ‘ Christ formed in us,’ are to be explained away as meaning little more than a state of moral sentiments and moral behaviour, there can be nothing of real import in the gospel of Christ.

Again, hear what the Redeemer saith, “ Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Again, “ If any man will come after me, let him deny him-

self, and take up his cross and follow me." Again, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

If these things, I cried, are to be taken according to the apparent sense and import, neither the teachers of the gospel, nor those who are taught, can be saved.

Therefore, replied he, it is said that, "Many be called, but few chosen." And again, "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." O, my Harry, my Harry, our lives have been employed in seeking and "loving the world, and the things of the world," therefore, "the love of the Father could not be in us." O, that I had never been born! O thou God, whose tribunal, at this hour, is set up so tremendously against me, at length I feel the propriety of thy precepts, in rejecting the world, and all that is therein! for what can they yield, save a little food and raiment to bodily corruption, or incitements to that pride which cast Lucifer into a gulph, that now opens before me without a bottom?

As I had nothing to answer, I proposed to bring some of our clergy to him. No, Harry, no, says he, I will have none of their worldly comforts! I will not rest my soul on expectations as baseless as the bubbles which float in the air. Can they persuade me that I am one of the few who are chosen? can they tell me wherein I have striven to enter at the strait gate, where many shall seek to enter but shall not be able?

Here he sunk into a fit of agonizing desperation, so that a cold dew broke forth from all parts of his body, and fell, drop after drop, down his ghastly countenance. Never, madam, never did I feel such horror as I then felt. I was all frozen to my inmost soul.

At length I recollected myself a little. My master, I cried, my father, my dearest father, since you will not take comfort in your own righteousness, take comfort in that of him who was made righteousness for you. Do you not now reject the world? Do you not now deny yourself?—I do, I do, he said, I detest the one and the other.—And do you not feel that you are wholly a compound of sin and of death?—Ay, he cried, there is the weight, there is the mountain under which I sink for ever.—Come then to Christ, my father, heavy laden as you are, and he will, questionless, embrace you and be rest to you, my father.—I would come, Harry, he cried, but I dare not; I am not able.—Strive, my father; do but turn to him, and he will more than



meet you. Cry out, with sinking Peter, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" and he will catch you with the hand of his ever-ready salvation.

Here his countenance began to settle into an earnest composure; and his eyes were turned and fixed upward, while his enfeebled body continued to labour under the symptoms of near dissolution. At length he started, and, seizing my hand with a dying pressure, there is comfort, Harry, there is comfort! he cried, and expired.

I was now cast, once more, upon a strange and friendless world. All the interests of my heart were buried with this family; and I seemed, to myself, as without kindred or connections in the midst of mankind. Your dear mamma, indeed, sometimes called to condole with me, and water my losses with her tears; and in her, and you, my cousin, young as you then were, was locked up the whole stock I had left of endearing sensations.

As the scenes of my former happiness served, daily and nightly, to render me more wretched by a sad recollection, I determined to quit my house, and to take private lodgings. For this purpose, I summoned Mr. Golding's domestics, and, as he had made no will, I first paid them their wages, and then gave them such addition as brought their tears and their blessings in a shower upon me.

As soon as I had discharged all, except the two favourite servants of my master and my Matty, I desired that John, our little old man, should be sent to me. John, said I, as he entered, here is a bill for five hundred pounds, which may help, with what you have saved, to soften and make easy the bed of death in your old age.—Do you mean to part with me, sir? said John, seemingly thankless and unconcerned about the gift I had offered.—Indeed, John, said I, in my present state of dejection, attendance of any kind would be but an encumbrance to me.—Then, sir, you may keep your bounty to yourself, for I shall break my heart before five and twenty hours are over.—Nay, John, said I, I am far from turning you from me; stay with me as my friend, and welcome, but not as my servant, and I shall see the comfort of old times in always seeing you about me.—Thank you, thank you, sir, he cried, I will not disturb you with my tears; but I should die unblessed, I should die unblessed, if I died out of your presence! So saying, he rushed from me in a fit of restrained passion.

I then sent for my wife's maid, whom I formerly mentioned. She had just heard of my discharging the other servants, and entered with a sad countenance. Come near, Mrs. Susan, I am going to part with you, said I; come to me, and give me a farewell kiss. She approached

with downcast looks, when taking her in my arms, I pressed and kissed her repeatedly, and scarcely withheld my tears. O, my girl! my Matty's precious girl! I cried, I am not forgetful of your love, your honour, and disinterestedness toward me. Here, my Susy, your darling mistress presents you with this bill of a thousand pounds. This, however, does not discharge me from my regard and attention to you; you are of a helpless sex, my Susy, that is subject to many impositions and calamities; wherefore, when this sum shall fail you, come to me again; come to me as your friend, as to your debtor, Susy, and I will repeat my remembrance, and repeat it again, as you may have occasion.

Here the grateful and amazed creature threw herself on the floor. She cried aloud, while the family heard and echoed to her lamentations. She clasped my knees, she kissed my feet again and again. I could not disengage myself, I could not force her from me. O, my master! she cried, my all that is left of my adored, my angel mistress! must I then be torn from you? must you live without the service of the hands and heart of your Susy? But I understand your regard and care for me, my master: It is a cruel and naughty world, and must be complied with.

Here I compelled her to rise, and, kissing her again, I turned hastily to the chamber where my Matty's corpse had been laid; and, bolting the door, and casting myself on the bed, I broke into tears, and at length wept myself to sleep.

While I was preparing to leave the once-loved mansion, I found, in Mr. Golding's cabinet, a parchment that much surprized me. On my marriage he had proposed to make a settlement of his fortune upon me, which however I obstinately refused to accept; whereupon, without my privity, he got this deed perfected, which contained an absolute conveyance to me of all his worldly effects; and this again renewed in me the tender and endearing remembrance of each of those kindnesses and benefits which he had formerly conferred upon me.

I now found myself in possession of near a million of money, which, however, appeared no worthier than so much lumber. And I know not how it was that, through the subsequent course of my life, although I was by no means of an economical turn, though I never sued for a debt, nor gave a denial to the wants of those who asked, nor turned away from him who desired to borrow of me, yet uncoveted wealth came pouring in upon me.

It was not without some sighs, and a plentiful shower of tears, that I departed from the seat of all my past enjoyments. I took

lodgings within a few doors of your father; and my little household consisted of my favourite Irishman, my little old man, two footmen, and an elderly woman, who used daily to dress a plain dish of meat for us.

It was then, my fairest cousin, that your early attractions drew me daily to your house; my heart was soothed and my griefs cheered by the sweetness of your prattle; and I was melted down, and moulded anew, as it were, by the unaffected warmth and innocence of your caresses.

As I had no faith in dreams, not even in that of my Matty, I thought it impossible that I should ever marry again. I therefore resolved to make you my heir, and to endow you, in marriage, with the best part of my fortune.—But you are a little pale, madam: you look dejected and fatigued. If you please I will suspend my narration, and in the morning, as early as you will, I shall proceed.—Here he pressed her hand to his lips. She withdrew with a tearful eye; and the next day he resumed his narration as follows:

Though you, my cousin, at that time, were a great consolation to me, yet the griefs of heart which I had suffered fell on my constitution, and affected my nerves or spirits. I think our doctors pretty much confound the one with the other. I was advised to travel for change of air and exercise; and I was preparing for my journey, when there happened in my family the most extraordinary instance of a watchful providence that occurs to my memory.

My little old man, John, began to decline apace, and at length took to his bed; and, having a tender friendship for him, I went to sit beside him, and to comfort him the best I could. John, said I, are you afraid to die?—No, sir, not in the least. I long to be dissolved, and to be with our loving Lord.—Indeed, John, said I, I am inclined to think you have been a very good liver.—A dog, sir, a mere dog, desperately wicked, the vilest of sinners! I am a murderer too, my master, there is blood upon my head!—Blood! said I, and started.—Yes, sir, replied John; but then the blood that was shed for me is stronger than the blood that was shed by me.—Blood, however, John, is a very terrible thing: are you not afraid to appear before the judgment seat of Christ?—By no means, my dear master! I have long since laid the burden of my sins before him, for I had nothing else to bring to him, nothing else to offer him, and he has accepted them and me, and my conscience is at rest in him.—Then, John, there may yet be room for hope.—There is assurance, my master, for I have laid hold upon the Rock, and cannot be shaken.



But how do you intend to dispose of your worldly substance?—All that I have, sir, I got with you and my old master, and where I found it, even there I resolve to leave it.—Indeed, John, I will not finger a penny of your money. How much may it amount to?—Eight hundred and thirty-seven pounds, sir, or thereabout.—And have you no relation of your own?—Not one living that I know of.—Then think of some one else, for no part of it shall lay on my conscience, I assure you.

I have read somewhere or other, sir, of a great king who was advised of God, in a dream, to take the very first man whom he should meet the next morning, to be his partner in the government. Now, if it pleases you, I will follow the like counsel, and whosoever shall be first found before our door, let that person be the inheritor of my substance.—It shall even be as you say: I will go and see whom God shall be pleased to send us.

Accordingly I went and opened our door, when a woman, who had nearly passed, turned about at the noise, and, perceiving me, came up and said, A little charity, sir, for the sake of him who had not where to lay his head!

I was strongly affected by the manner in which she addressed me, and, eyeing her attentively, I observed that she was clean, though meanly apparelled; wherefore, to make a further trial, I slipt a guinea into her hand, and desired her to go about her business. Accordingly, she courtesied and went from me a few steps, when, looking into her hand, she turned suddenly back. Sir, sir, says she, here had like to have been a sad mistake! You meant to give me a shilling, and you have given me a whole guinea!—It was, said I, a mistake indeed; but be pleased to come in, and we will try to rectify our errors.

Here, I took her into the chamber where John lay, and, having constrained her to sit down, I put my hand in my pocket. Here, good woman, said I, here are ten guineas for you, to make you some amends for the mistake I was guilty of in giving you but one. The poor creature could scarcely credit her senses, but raising her eyes in ecstasy, and dropping from the chair upon her knees, she was proceeding to bless me; but I peremptorily insisted on her retaking her seat. Mistress, said I, what I want from you is the story of your life; tell me who and what you are, without suppressing any circumstances, or concealing the faults of which you have been guilty, and I will make you the mistress of twenty guineas, that shall be added to what you have already received.

Sir, said she, you frighten me! My story is a very unhappy story, and cannot be of the smallest consequence to you. Sure you are too much of the gentleman to desire to ensnare me; and, indeed, I know not of any thing whereby I may be ensnared. Wherefore, bountiful sir! unto you, as unto Heaven, I will open my whole soul, without seeking to know why you look into the concerns of such a worm as I am.

I was the daughter of a farmer in Essex, my maiden name was Eleanor Damer. I was married, early in life, to a man who kept a chandler's shop in a little lane that led to Tower-hill: his name was Barnaby Tirril.—Barnaby Tirril! exclaimed John: Are you very sure that his name was Barnaby Tirril?—Peace, John, I cried; whatever you may know of this man, I command you not to interrupt the woman till she has finished her story.—She then continued.

I had neither brother nor sister, sir, but one brother, a twin brother, and we loved one another, as though there was nobody else in the world to be loved.

About three years before my marriage, my brother Tommy, then a sweet pretty lad, took a seafaring life, and went from me, I knew not where, upon a voyage that I was told was a great way off; and so I cried day and night as many tears after him as would have served me to swim in. My husband was very fond of me, and when he used to see me cry, while I spoke of my Tommy, he would kiss me and try to comfort me, and say, that he wished for nothing more than his return to Old England, that he might welcome him, and love him as much as I did. One night, on the ninth month of my marriage, as I sat moping and alone, my husband being abroad upon some business, I heard a knocking at the door, which was opened by our little servant girl. And then before you could say this, in leaped my brother, and caught me fast in his dear arms.

I gave a great shout for joy, you may be sure; and, pushing my Tommy from me, and pulling him to me again and again, we embraced, and cried, and kissed; and embraced, and kissed again, as though we could never be tired.

In the mean while, the door being open, my cruel Barnaby entered, unperceived by either of us, and, seeing a strange man so fond and familiar with me, he opened a long hasped knife which he had in his pocket, and, rushing up, he gave my darling brother three stabs in the body, before he could speak a word, or turn about to defend himself. Then, casting down the knife, in a minute he was out of the house, and I never saw him more.

For a time I stood like a stone, and then giving a great shriek, I fainted, and fell on my brother, as he lay weltering in his blood. Our little Mary, in the while, ran about like a wild thing, and alarmed the street. Our neighbours crowded in, and sent for the next surgeon. My brother's wounds were dressed, and he was laid in our bed. Mean time, being forward with child, I fell into strong and untimely labour, and, after very grievous travail, was delivered of a boy, who was christened and called James, after my dear and lately deceased father.

No pains of my own, however, kept me from inquiring after that dear brother, who had been killed, as I supposed, for his love to me. But his youth and natural strength carried him through all dangers. In about three months he was up and about as well as ever. And, in less than three more, he set out on another voyage, from whence he never, never returned. Before he went abroad, my dear sweet fellow had left me a power to receive his wages. But, in five years after, I heard that he was cast away, or killed by the Barbary people; and, though I went and went again, in the middle of my wants, to petition for his pay, I never could get an answer of any comfort.

My little Jemmy, however, grew and prated apace, and was my only prop under all my afflictions. My husband, indeed, had left me in pretty circumstances, and, had he but stayed with me, we should have prospered above our fellows. But what can a woman do, single, weak, and unprotected? I was imposed upon by some; by others I was refused payment for the goods that I had given, and at length I was reduced to poverty, and obliged to shut up my shop. Mean time I had spared no cost on the bringing up of my Jemmy. I had given him school-learning, and he was now grown a very clever boy. And, my sweet fellow every night used to bring to me whatever he had earned in the day-time.

In the loss of my husband and brother, in the loss of my Barnaby, and in the loss of my Tommy, to be sure I had grief upon grief; so that my health went from me, and next my strength, and I was not able to work, and go out a washing as before. But this did not signify much, while my child had his health; for he had now got a porter's place in the Custom-house, and, young as he was, he willingly carried heavy burdens to have the pleasure of bringing home his hard earnings to his mother. But about six weeks ago, may it please your honour, my dear boy fell ill of a quartan ague, as they call it, under which he and his mother's heart still continue to labour.

As soon as she had ended her short narrative, Well, John, said I, methinks this business will do; in my opinion you have got a very



worthy inheritor of your fortune ; what say you to it, John ?—First, sir, let me ask her a question or two, if you please. Honest woman ! draw your chair a little nearer to me, I pray you. And now tell me the truth ; did you ever love your husband ?—Yes, dearly, indeed, very dearly, did I love him ; for he had loved me very dearly, till that miserable night. But when, as I thought, he had killed my brother, I hated him as much as I had loved him before. But then again, when my Tommy had recovered of his wounds, I sent far and near to inquire after him, and, when I could learn no tidings of him, I put it into all the printed papers, that Thomas Damer was well recovered, and that Barnabas Tirrel, who had wounded him, might return without danger to his wife and infant.

And he is returned ! shouted John : He is returned, my Nelly ! Your barbarous husband, who stabbed your brother, and left you and your infant to famish, he is returned to you, my Nelly ! and, in his death, he shall make you amends for all the sufferings which he brought upon you during his life-time. But, my master ! my dearest master ! send immediately for my child, my Jemmy, I beseech you, that, bad as I am myself, I may give him a father's blessing before I die !

I was surprized and affected, madam, beyond expression, by incidents that were at once so wonderful and so tender ; and I directly sent servants and a sedan chair for James, with orders to have him carefully wrapt up ; for, what his mother told me of him had already given me a very strong prejudice in his favour. Mean while, the poor woman had sunk on her knees by her husband's bedside, and was plentifully pouring forth her tears upon him ; partly for joy of having found him, and partly for grief of having found him in that condition.

O, my Nelly ! my Nelly ! cried Barnabas, had I known who the person was whose blood I drew that terrible night, I would sooner have thrust my knife into my own heart, than into any part of the body of that dear brother of yours. But jealousy is a mad devil that rages in the breast like hell-fire ; it never knew how to spare, but tears and consumes every thing that comes within its reach.

At length James was brought to us, and as we were in his father's apartment, a chamber no way adorned, James entered without any respect to persons. He was a tall and comely youth, but very pale and lean, and, as it was one of his well days, he walked in without help. He had barely been told that his mother sent for him in a hurry, so that he entered with a visible alarm in his countenance.

What is the matter, my dear mother ? says he : alas ! I am little

able to help you at present. I hope nothing has happened that is distressful.—Nothing amiss, my child, more than that your dear father, for whom I have been sighing this many a year, lies dangerously ill in this very bed, my Jemmy!—Am I then so blessed, cried the boy, as to see and embrace a father?—O, my child! exclaimed the old man, and eagerly stretched his arms toward him; Come to my bosom, thou only offspring of my life! I may now say with blessed Jacob, let me die, let me die, since I have seen thy face, and thou art alive, my son!

I would at any time give a thousand pounds, my cousin, for a tenth of the enjoyment that I then had, in the feelings which God poured into the hearts of this little family, on their unexpected and marvellous meeting. It appeared to me, however, that young James even exceeded his parents in love; and this gave me such a cordial attachment to him, that from that day to this we have never been sundered. He never failed nor forsook me; and, at this very day, he is my respected friend, and the superintendant of my family. John, otherwise Barnabas, continued to linger for about a fortnight longer, and then departed quite happy, and without a groan. During the same space, James was daily attended by my own physician, and was nearly re-established in his health.

Being then intent on my departure, I sent for the widow. Mrs. Tirrel, said I, I should be much inclined to take your James along with me, if I did not think you would grieve over much in his absence.—No, no, sir! said she, I would to heaven I were myself a young man for your sake. I desire no better either of him or for him, than that he should live and die faithfully in your service.

The next day I went down the Thames in a barge, to speak to the captain of the vessel in which I proposed to embark. As I drew near to the Customhouse-wharf, I observed a wherry, crowded with men whom she was about to land at the stairs; and, on inquiry, I was informed that they were slaves, whom our Consul at Algiers, by his intercession or bounty, had ransomed and sent home.

Immediately compassion rose powerfully in my bosom. Alas! said I, to myself, I see that I am not without companions in affliction. I, indeed, have now neither wife nor children, nor father nor mother, nor brother, as I may say, nor sister, nor any connection with the world in which I live. I am shut out, as it were, from every enjoyment upon earth. Let me not, however, be envious; let me rather wish, and give, and dispense enjoyment to others; since to give joy to others is all the joy that is left to myself. Here I ordered my

people to land, and coming up to the late captives, My friends, said I, you are welcome once more to Old England ! I am fond of hearing adventures : you may also have got your appetites ; and, if you will favour me with your company, I will order a dinner for us at yonder tavern.

I need not tell you, madam, that the parties were soon agreed. While a plentiful dinner was providing, I met Alderman Bicker, a city magistrate, and an old acquaintance of mine. Sir Thomas, said I, I insist on your dining with me to-day, at the Phoenix there. Perhaps your companions will not appear to you of the most honourable sort. They are, however, good gospel guests, Sir Thomas ; and consist of the halt, the lame, the maimed, and the beggar. In short, I have invited all yonder ragged regiment, being about five and thirty slaves from Barbary, to dinner ; and, after I have filled their bellies, I intend to give them a hundred pounds per man, to help them to begin the world again, and to keep them from being an encumbrance on their country.

Five and thirty hundred pounds ! exclaimed Sir Thomas Bicker ; five and thirty hundred times twenty shillings of English sterling money ! It is well for you, Harry Clinton, that old Golding was born before you ; but nothing can hold you long at this rate. To whom then do you propose to give this unmeasurable bounty ? To nuisances and offences against society, to wretches whom England has spewed forth from a sick and debauched stomach. But I suppose you expect to purchase extraordinary glories in heaven, as a reward of these extraordinary charities on earth.—No, indeed, Sir Thomas ! said I, I shall never crave nor look for any thing at the hands of the Son of David, save only mercy from him, and justification in him. However, my good friend, if you will indulge me with your company, you yourself shall be judge of the merit of the parties, and I will wholly be guided by your advice.—Then, says he, stay here a few minutes, while, in order to open the hearts of your guests, I go and give them a priming before dinner.

As soon as Sir Thomas had executed his purpose, he came forth, and beckoning me to him, put his mouth to my ear. Do not be offended, says he, at some free expressions that I may let loose, in order to encourage these fellows to the like liberty.—Dinner was now served up, and Sir Thomas, with an easy and cheerful familiarity, desired that they would seat themselves without ceremony. This many of them did with a freedom not far from impudence, while others drew back abashed, and begged permission to stand.



At the head of the first sort was seated a fellow, whose first sight gave my nerves a thrill of horror. His countenance was of that cast in which any one would place an implicit confidence; who wanted an associate for any dark, traitorous, or bloody purpose. When the cloth was removed, my friend pushed the bottles about very jovially, and began to talk so freely, that he gained the confidence of every rogue in company.

As soon as most of them were well warmed, (for some drank but sparingly,) Sir Thomas took out his purse, and, tossing a guinea to each of them, Now, my brave friends, says he, if you desire any more favours, you must tell me honestly the use you intend to make of your money to-night.—Why, master, answered the ill-looking villain, as for me and my six companions here, we have had a long Lent, and a wench is the word !—That is gallantly spoken, cried out Sir Thomas; here are three guineas more apiece for you seven. And now, my brave friends, I shall not be backward of another bounty if you will give me a short history of your adventures.

That is soon done, my master, answered the spokesman. We seven were taken prisoners by an Algerine corsair, after an engagement in which seven and twenty more of us lay in blood upon deck. We were sold to one Pedro Paolo, a renegade, who, having been of all religions in Christendom, had at length turned Turk. We were used very severely. However, we were hardy dogs, and did not matter this very much; when one of their priests came privately to us, and promised that, if we would forsake Christ, and turn to Mahomet, he would ensure us liberty and riches here, and paradise hereafter. These, sir, as you know, were tempting things. But, as soon as our master understood that we had complied with the terms, he hurried us by night into one of his gallies, where we were chained to the oar, and, at every meal of bread and water, we received ten lashes. At length his honour the ambassador, found us out, and redeemed us, and so you see us here.

Pray, my friend, said Sir Thomas, are there any more in this company whom you could recommend to me, as being of the same gallantry of spirit with yourself?—Yes, said he, there are the two Johns, and the two Andrews yonder, who are none of the Saint Johns or Saint Andrews, I promise you. But yonder sits our Saint Thomas, a canting son of a bitch; he wanted, truly, to preach to us during our voyage; and, in the last storm, he would have persuaded us, forsooth, to join with him in prayer. Here then, cried Sir Thomas, you two no Saint Johns, and you two no Saint Andrews, here are three pieces

a man for you also; and that money, I hope, gentlemen, will be sufficient to maintain you in gaol, till we can hear a better account of you. Ho, drawer! are the people I sent for in waiting?—They are, please your honour. Desire them to step in.

Here entered a constable, with a great posse of his people. Constable, said Sir Thomas, take these seven and these four into custody, and keep them in close durance till you hear further from me; I would rather open the Tower cages, and let all the wild beasts abroad through the streets, than loose such reprobates as these among mankind.

At this instant, as a constable was laying hold on our gallant spokesman, he suddenly drew an instrument that was half knife and half dagger, and leaping across me, he caught Sir Thomas by the throat, and, raising his arm, would have plunged the steel into his bosom; but, at the same moment, I seized his hand, and throwing up his heels, I cast him on his back, and wrenched the weapon from him.

As soon as we were thus rid of eleven of our guests, a young man came earnestly up to us: Gentlemen, says he, till those seven hell-hounds were secured, I did not dare to open my mouth. I know them all right well, and, had they known me, there is not one of them but would have thrust his knife into my heart.

About eleven years ago I was taken as cabin-boy, when they, with many more, were taken as sailors on board the good ship *St. Catharine*, Mr. Wm. Thomson master, bound for the West Indies. As soon as we came along-side the Canaries, this big villain, Pat. M'Douel, prevailed on most of the crew to enter into a conspiracy; whereupon they barbarously murdered the master, the officers, and all who were not of their own gang, except myself, being then about ten years of age. But they did not prosper long, for the very next morning we were held in chase, and then they wished for the help of those hands whom they had cut off. So, as M'Douel told you, after a very bloody battle, we were boarded and taken, and those seven confederates were sold to one master; and, well as it happened for me, I was sold to another; and all this and more I am ready to witness in any court.

On the entrance of the constables, I had cast my eye round the room, and remarked that most of our messmates seemed much alarmed, and turned pale on the caption of their late comrades, which rendered their characters also somewhat suspected to me. Wherefore, lest I should cast my seed on a wholly barren soil, I wished to get some further intelligence concerning them. Where, said I, is the person whom they call St. Thomas? I desire a few words with him.

Here a man approached, respectfully, from the farther end of the table, to which, through modesty, he had retreated with his few companions. Mr. Thomas, said I, looking earnestly at him, have I not seen your face before?—No, please your honour, I think that must be impossible. It is now eighteen years since I set a foot in this kingdom, and your honour must then have been but a child. Do you know any thing, Mr. Thomas, of these people or their affairs?—Nothing of their affairs, sir, and little more of their persons, than that they are all men of profane lips; except the lad who spoke to you last, and my five messmates yonder, the only people who, during our long and dangerous voyage, would return thanks to God for any of his mercies.

Then, said I, we will proceed between extremes. On the one side, we will not minister fuel to the lusts of these unhappy creatures, neither will we leave them to perish, or tempt them, through want, to robbery, on the other side. Here, landlady, take this bill. Give twenty pounds to each of these seventeen fellows, and if any of them, within a month, shall bring you a certificate of his good behaviour, give him twenty pounds more. Now, Sir Thomas, I may hope, that I do not exceed your good pleasure.—Not much, Harry, not much: in time you may be tractable.

Here the poor wretches looked amazed, and, scarce crediting the reality of the bounty that was ordered for them, they cried, Thank your honours, thank your honours; and withdrew. One of them, however, seemed to linger after the rest, and, going out at last, he returned again quickly, and threw himself at my feet. I am a reprobate, sir, a mere reprobate, he cried, and am not worthy of your charity.—Does your conscience condemn you then? said I.—It does, sir, it does.—Then I condemn you not; rise, rise, and give me your hand, my brother!

Mr. Clinton, said Sir Thomas, now that I have kept you from casting so much money on the quicksands, you can afford to be the more generous to these worthy fellows.—You will allow me then, said I, to order our landlady to pay them a hundred pounds apiece.—With all my heart, says he; and if you will be so honest as to reimburse me the sixty or seventy pieces which I threw away, for your use, upon the other villains, I will add something to that also, and divide it among them.

Then, Sir Thomas, if you will indulge me with your company for an hour or two longer, let us send for a salesman, to put our friends here in decent apparel; while we listen to what they shall be pleased to tell us of their fortunes.—Agreed, Harry, agreed.—So let us resume our seats, and have the other bottle.



Master Thomas, said I, pray what may be your surname?—Damer, sir.—Damer, Damer! Have you any relations in this kingdom?—Alas, sir, I fear not; my father, James Damer, of Essex, died a little before I set out on my last voyage.—And had you no relation beside?—O, sir, that is it which brought the tears so suddenly into my eyes! I had a sister, an only sister, a sister that I loved dearer than health or safety. But I fear—I fear,—here his speech was stopped by his emotion; while I was ready to leap up and catch him in my arms; but I suppressed my inclinations for the present, that I might heighten the pleasure which I foresaw there would be at the meeting of the twins.

While things were providing for the clothing of our guests, they successively gave us an abstract of their respective histories.—Let us have them, let us have them, by all means! cried lady Maitland.—My dear madam, said Mr. Clinton, were I to relate to you the several affecting stories that occurred to me, throughout my travels, I should never make an end.

But, said the Countess, the poor creature who felt so sudden and affecting a compunction; I have a friendship for that fellow, and I am deeply interested in all the concerns of my friend, I must tell you.—Well, madam, you shall have his story, then, as nearly as I can recollect at this distance of time.

#### *The HISTORY of a REPROBATE.*

I know not, gentlemen, said he, who my parents were. I was found, when an infant, wrapt in rags on a cobbler's bulk, in Westminster. The parish-officers sent me to the poor-house; and, when I was capable of instruction, they sent me to the charity-school. When I had learned to read and write, I was bound for a servant to Mr. Skinner, a neighbouring attorney. My mistress grew fond of me; she was a very holy woman; she taught me my prayers and psalms, till I had got nearly half my Bible by rote. As my master used to send me on many errands, and to entrust me with little matters of money on such occasions, on finding me always honest, he began to love me almost as much as my good mistress did.

But now came on my first falling away from all goodness. I was about twelve years old, when, in a cursed hour, my master sent me to a distant part of the town, with a bill to pay some money, and to bring him back the change. The change amounted to about four pounds in glittering silver. It appeared a mint of money. I had never been in possession of so large a heap; and I sighed, and said to

myself, how blessed must they be who are become the owners of so much money! Then, some one seemed to whisper me that I was the owner; and, again, some one seemed to whisper me that I was not the owner. Then I would go forward toward my master's; and again I would stop and go aside. Then, I would thrust my hand into my pocket, and feel the greatness of my treasure; then turn to the wall, and lay the brightness of it before my eyes. Then I would run a piece off; and again I would stop, and turn, and strive to force myself homeward. Till, what with doubting and delaying, and going backward and forward, I considered, that if I went home I should now get nothing but blame, and so I took a head, and ran into the country as fast as my feet could carry me.

As I ran myself out of breath, from time to time I would look back and look back, and run on and run on, in the thought that my master, or some one from him, was at my heels. But often since I have reflected, and was persuaded in my mind, that my kind master and mistress had not the least suspicion of me, but rather inquired and sorrowed after me, as being kidnapped from them, and this was, at times, a great grief of heart to me.

When I was quite tired, and night came on, I turned up to a sorry kind of an inn, which happened to be near. But, as I feared every thing, I had the cunning to conceal my treasure, and taking a penny from my pocket, I begged the woman of the house, for that and charity's sake, to give me a little bread and milk, and some hole to lie in. Having finished my supper, I was shewn to a kind of hovel under the stairs, where throwing myself on some straw, with a piece of a blanket over me, I fell as fast asleep as a rock. Awakening however about midnight, or somewhat after, and seeing all dark about me, and no creature near hand, I began to tremble greatly; and then I wished to say my prayers, but I did not dare to pray; and so I lay sweating and trembling, and trembling and sweating, till the dawning of the day brought some relief to my spirits.

Having breakfasted at the cost of a second penny, I set out, though not with my former speed; for, reflecting that I had not my livery on, but a small frock coat, I was under the less fear of being known. However, I pushed on as well as I was able, wanting still to get as far from danger as possible. And indeed I hoped, by going on still further and further, to get away from my fears and from my conscience.

On the fifth morning of my travels, having expended what halfpence and small silver I had, I took out a half-crown, and offered it to the man of the house, desiring him to return what was over the reckoning.

As he took it, he gave me a look that I thought went through me, and continuing to stare me in the face, he shamed me so, that I was constrained to turn aside. He gave me the change, however, and I set forward on my journey, all trembling, and apprehending I knew not what.

I had not gone above a mile, when, meeting a dirty road, I turned over a stile that led to a path through the fields. Here I walked on a little way, when, turning, I saw my landlord making long strides after me; whereupon my heart beat, and my knees grew so weak under me, that I stood as still as a stone. He came quickly up with me, and, seizing me by the neck, he cast me on my back. Ha! you young rogue, says he, let us see what money you have got. Then, diving into my pockets, he pulled out the whole stock in which I trusted for happiness. O, you little villain, from whom have you stolen all this treasure? But, I must go and return it to the right owner.—O, good sir, good sir, I roared out, will you not leave me a little? ever so little, dear sir, to keep me from starving? But he was deaf to my cries, and away he went.

Hope, the last comfort of the miserable, now forsook me. I lay a long time, as one who had no use for limbs, nor any further way to travel upon earth. At length I broke out into a great gush of tears, and having got some ease by venting my sorrows, I rose, and went on I knew not whither.

Growing hungry after noon, I would willingly have begged the charity of passengers, but this I did not dare to do, for fear they should ask me whence I came, and where I was going. So I bore my hunger as well as I could, till coming at night to a hovel where a farmer kept his pigs, I made way for myself among them, and slept in the straw till morning.

The day following, as I passed slowly and half famished through a small village, my eye caught at a penny loaf that lay on a little shop window which jutted into the street. I looked here and there, and peered into the shop, and was just going to seize the tempting spoil, when something whispered at my heart, Do not touch it for your life; starve, starve, rather than steal any more. And so I tore myself away, and, running as fast as I could, for fear of turning back, I at last got clear off from the reach of this temptation.

When I had travelled something farther, I got into an enclosed country, where there were hedges on every side with plenty of haws and bramble-berries on every bush. And here I filled my belly with



berries to serve me for a dinner ; and I stuffed my pockets with haws against I should want. Upon this I grew wonderful glad that I had not taken the loaf, and peace again began to come upon my mind ; and about night-fall, having reached a copse on one side of the road, I crept, like a hare, under the shelter of the bushes ; I then supped upon my haws, after which I kneeled down, and half ventured at a prayer to God ; and, gathering up in my form, I slept happily till morning.

Having lived thus for some days, I came into an open country, where there was scarce any path, nor any haw or berry within many a mile. I now began to grow sick and faint with hunger ; and again my sickness went off, and I became so ravenous that I was ready to eat my own flesh from the bones. Soon after I spied, at a distance, a confused heap of something at the root of a great tree that grew in the open fields. I made up to it in expectation of I knew not what, and found an old beggarman fast asleep in his patched cloak, with a bundle of somewhat lying beside him.

Instantly I opened his little baggage, when, to my inexpressible transport, a large luncheon of brown bread, with some halfpence, struck my eyes. I did not hesitate a moment about seizing the bread, for I could no more withstand the cravings of my appetite, at the time, than I could withstand a torrent rushing down a hill. Having appeased my stomach, I began to demur about what I should do with the remainder of the bread, and felt a motion to leave it behind me. But, no, said I, to myself, this is all the bread that I have, or may ever have during life, and I know not where to get a bit in the whole world ; beside, I do this man no harm in taking it away, since I leave him money enough wherewith to buy more. So I put the bread into my pocket, and went on my way, leaving behind me about four or five pence in the wrapper.

That night I took up my lodgings in a waste hut that lay a little way off the road. But though, as I thought, I had plenty of bread, yet I found myself exceedingly heavy, and I was not able to pray as I did the foregoing nights. During all this time, I neither knew where I was, nor whereto I was going, nor any thing more of my travels, than that I came from London. When I was walking, slow and melancholy, on a by-path that led through some woody lawns, I heard the voice of merriment, and, quickly after, perceived a group of Gypsies that came from behind some trees.

As I saw I could not escape them, I gathered courage, and went forward ; when coming up, they stopped and eyed me with much atten-

tion, and made a ring about me. Where are you going, my child ? says a man with a broad girdle, and a very formidable beard.—Indeed, sir, said I, I cannot tell.—And where did you come from then ?—From London, sir, so please you.—From London, child ? Why that is a great way off. And pray what made you leave London ?—To get away from my master.—But, I hope you did not come away empty ; you brought something from him, did you not ?—Some little matter, good sir, but I was robbed of it on the way. Hereupon, this venerable regent smiled, and, turning to his dependents, As far as I see, said he, this chap will answer our purposes to a hair.

Here one of the females asked, if I was hungry ; and, on my answer in the affirmative, they all invited me with a jovial air to dinner. We then turned a distance off from the path wherein we had met, and gradually descended into one of the pleasantest spots in the world. It was a dell, surrounded with hills, some of which were slanting, some headlong and impending, and all covered or spotted with groups of trees, of different heights, sorts and colours ; through which there descended a gurgling rivulet, which, having rolled over stones and pebbles, grew silent in a small lake, that reflected the circling objects from the hills around.

Immediately Nature's carpet was covered with a large cloth. The baggage was taken from the shoulders of the bearers ; and, before I well could observe what they were about, there was spread, as by art magic, before my eyes, a various banquet. Down, instantly, sunk the guests ; some sitting like the Turks, cross-legged ; while others lolled, like the Romans, beside each other.

As they had travelled far that day, they all eat in silence ; and, in a short space, the burden of the luggage-carriers was pretty much lightened. In the mean time, some arose and unladed two asses of the creels which they carried. The cloth then was quickly emptied of the cold fowls and baked meats, with the loins of beef and mutton ; and leather jacks, that contained plenty of the best wines and other liquors, were set before us. These, again, were decanted into clean japanned pitchers ; and a japanned cup, of equal measure, was given into every hand.

Then began mirth and jollity to flow round with the cups ; never did I see so pleasant, so gleeful a company. Joke and banter, without offence, were bandied from every side ; and bursts of laughter were echoed from the answering hills. As soon as I was warmed, and my heart opened by what I ate and drank, they all expressed a liking for me, and requested that I would tell them my story without disguise.

Accordingly I made an ingenuous confession of all the matters related. But, instead of meeting those reproofs which I expected for my wickedness, they jointly began to ridicule my scruples, and to put to shame the little shame that I had of my evil deeds.

I continued among this singular people nearly the space of three years, during which time they initiated me into all the arts and mysteries of their manifold iniquities. But, during my three years incorporation with this fraternity, I never once lifted my heart to God, nor ventured to petition for any kind of favour from him. Though these reprobates continued to perpetrate and to glory in their daily iniquities; yet, hitherto, they had not proceeded to blood.

On the night wherein I left them we were overtaken by a sudden and violent tempest, whereupon we took shelter in a waste barn. When we had struck a light, we set together what combustibles we could find in the barn, and had just kindled a fire, when one of the company came and whispered that there was a man asleep in the far corner. Hereupon they took the candle, and found a pedlar stretched along, with his head on a whisp of straw, and his box close beside him. They immediately lifted the box, and brought it away, in silence, to the place where I was sitting. On opening it, with as little noise as possible, they found therein a large quantity of silks, linens, and laces, with a rich variety of hardwares; and, at the bottom, a little padlocked chest, full of English and Spanish pieces of gold; in all likelihood the whole amount of the labours of his life.

Immediately all was in a kind of bustle and whispering commotion. The great question was, how to possess themselves of such a prey with safety to their persons. It was objected that the man might awake, they were unluckily seen coming that way, and, it may be, entering into that house; the country might be alarmed, and rise upon them; they might be overtaken; they might be seized in the very act: At length, a bold villain proposed to cut his throat, and that then there could be no witness to testify against them; but to this it was objected, that the blood itself would be the surest of all witnesses. Whereupon, another proposed to strangle him, and bury his corpse on the spot; to which scheme, though many were silent, yet no one expressly excepted.

During this deadly consultation, notwithstanding my long course of evil habits, my blood curdled throughout my body, and fear, horror, and detestation, arose in my bosom. But when they went, as I supposed, to put the deed of death into execution, I crouched and shrunk inward; and, creeping out at the door, the dread of being also seized



and murdered, gave me strength to get on my feet, and, feeling along by the wall, I got away from the house, and made off, I neither knew nor cared whither.

The tempest still continued ; the driving of the clouds added to the natural horrors of the night ; I could scarcely discern that I had a road under my foot. But, though I could not see my pursuers, I yet feared that their eyes were better than mine ; and I still turned and listened, to try if the foot of the murderer was behind me.

Having travelled all night as fast and as far as I could, on the rising of the day I saw a large town before me, and, for the first time of three years, I lifted up my eyes, and inwardly blessed God for his mercy in my escape. Thereupon I felt a pleasure that I had never felt before : and I said, in my heart, If thou wilt once more be my God, I will be thy true servant.

I then walked leisurely ; my fatigue went from me, and I seemed quite lightsome. On entering the suburbs I met a gentleman taking his morning's walk. I stopped, and looked him wistfully in the face ; whereupon he also stopped, and eyed me with much attention. Who are you, my pretty lad ? says he.—An unhappy stranger, sir, who wants a service, or any means of earning a little honest bread.—And pray what service can you do ?—Not much, sir, I fear, but my goodwill shall strive hard to make up my lack of ability.—Then, cried he, you shall be my servant. All the servants I ever had promised every thing, but did little : I will now try what may be done by one who promises nothing. What is your name, my boy ?—David Doubtful, sir.—And what wages must I give you, David ?—Just as much, sir, or as little, as you shall think I deserve.

Here he took me to a handsome house, where he kept a mercer's shop in Plymouth. His name was Felton ; he had been a widower of some years, and had an only son, who was then at Westminster school. My master, at first, set me to the most servile offices, such as cleaning his and the servant's shoes, sweeping the street before his door, and carrying out the dirt of his house ; but all this I did with willingness, and even with pleasure, as some little penance for my long course of evil deeds.

On my separating from my brethren in iniquity, as I have told you, I was the proprietor of one hundred and seventy odd pounds, which was locked up in the common chest, being my allotted dividend of the fruits of our knavery ; but, in my present turn of mind, I would no more have accepted any part thereof than I would have taken a bar of red hot iron in my hand. I had, in my pocket, a few crowns

with some small silver, but these I secretly distributed among the poor, that no part, as it were, of Achan's accursed thing might remain about me.

In about three weeks, my master changed the whole manner of my service, and set me to brush his clothes, dress his wigs, whet the knives, lay the cloth, and attend at table: these were matters in which I was quite expert, as I had not yet forgotten my employment with my first master.

In some time after, Mr. Felton asked me if I could read.—A little in the Bible, sir, said I.—And can you write too, David?—If you please I will try, sir.—Why, David, this beats the hand of my clerk! where in the world did you come by all this learning?—From a very good master to a very bad servant: but, pray sir, do not inquire the particulars of my naughtiness; for, indeed, you could not desire a severer monitor than my own conscience is to me.—Well, my child, said the good man, I will not put you to pain; and so, giving me a squeeze by the hand, he went out with a glistening eye.

From this time my master shewed me an uncommon respect. He discharged me from all the menial offices of his household; he gave me his burdens of silks and other wares to carry to his customers; and he desired me to take particular notice of the nature and value of what I carried.—On this encouragement, I became vastly more assiduous than he looked for. I attended the shop closely, and took private notes of all that was estimated or transacted therein. My master looked quite amazed on asking me some questions with respect to his affairs. His eldest apprentice, soon after, set up for himself. He then placed me behind the counter, over his younger apprentice, and in joint authority with his journeyman. And soon after, he gave me the key of his till, and the trust of all his treasure. I now dined with him at the same table, and consulted and conversed with him as his friend and companion. He frequently gave me pocket-money, which, he told me, he would not charge to the account of my wages. I walked with him every evening, went to church with him every Sunday, and read to him in the Bible every night. I was now wholly reconciled to my God; and felt him in my soul as a friend and benefactor. Pleasure played about my heart, peace lay under my pillow; and my happiness seemed as a ship, that, after a long and desperate voyage, had anchored in a calm and secure haven.

I had now been something upward of a year in the service of Mr. Felton, when one day I heard a bustling noise in the street. I stepped to the door, and, looking to the left, saw a great crowd about a cart.

wherein were five criminals going to execution. I stayed till they came just opposite to me, when, to my utter astonishment, I saw five of my old acquaintance, and, in the front of them, the bloody villain who had proposed cutting the throat of the unfortunate pedlar. Instantly I turned all pale as my shirt, and, dreading that they would claim acquaintance with me, I shrunk in, and, running backward, threw myself half fainting into a chair.

I now reflected that it was happy for me no one was in the shop to take notice of my confusion; and, endeavouring to assume some courage, on the entrance of our journeyman, I put on the most unconcerned countenance I could. Mr. Felton happened to dine abroad that day, and did not return till the cloth was laid for supper. He took his chair at table, and desired me to sit beside him. David, said he, is it not wonderful that people should continue so incredulous, notwithstanding the frequent and daily proofs of an all-seeing and all-detecting Providence? If a sparrow falls not to the ground without the notice of our God, how much more will he take account of the life of him whom he formed in his own image? The villain trusts to hide his villany, and dares to affirm (with the first murderer) in the face of God and of man, *I know not where is my brother*. But blood has a voice, a crying voice, David; it cries aloud to heaven from the very bowels of the earth. No depth can cover it, no darkness can conceal it, for the light that shineth in darkness will bring it forth to the day.

About twelve months ago, a pedlar was murdered in a waste house, called Fielding's barn. The murderers were of the people whom they call Gipsies, the most subtle of all sorts of reprobates, so that the fact lay a long time in silence. This pedlar, it seems, had an only brother, to whom the reversion of his substance belonged; and this brother, not seeing nor hearing from him of a long time, went through many parts of the kingdom, inquiring after him. At length he arrived one evening at an inn some miles from hence, where he found in the kitchen seven men jovially seated over a bowl of punch; he quickly accepted their invitation, and having spent the time pleasantly, and the house being thronged, he and one of the company were shewn to the same bed.

About midnight, his companion began to moan most piteously; when jogging and asking him why he groaned; O, Fielding's barn! he cried, Fielding's barn! Fielding's barn! Again, he cried, You cannot say it, you cannot say that my hand was in the murder. Again he would mutter, with a half-smothered voice, See, see how he



struggles! see how he kicks! put, put him out of pain, O put him out of pain!

Hereupon the brother rose and dressed as quietly as possible, and, making away to the next magistrate, he returned, seized, and carried off his bedfellow before any of his comrades were apprized of the matter. What have you done, you villain? said the magistrate, without preface; what have you done with the body of the pedlar whom you murdered in Fielding's barn? On this question the wretch, thinking that all was detected, instantly fell on his knees. I had neither hand nor heart in the murder, sir, he cried; and, if you will get me a pardon, I will faithfully tell you the whole affair. On his confession, the five principal rogues were taken out of bed. And on his evidence, and that of their seventh companion, they were sentenced, and this day executed.

During this narration, I could not refrain from expressing, by my countenance, the strong compunction I felt on recollecting my long association with those reprobates; but my good master ascribed my emotions merely to the detestation which I had of their deeds.

I had been close upon two years in the service of Mr. Felton, and he had lately agreed with me at 25*l.* yearly; when one evening, as I stood behind the counter, a young woman came in and desired to see such and such goods. While she was cheapening on the one hand, and I was setting forth the extraordinary value on the other, several intelligent glances were exchanged between us. Whenever her eyes met mine, she instantly cast them down with a blushing modesty; and yet, whenever I looked at her, I saw that her eyes had been fixed upon me. At length, having bought some little matters, she made me a bashful courtesy, and going out at the door, she turned upon me with a significant glance, and departed.

All that night I felt myself as I had never felt before; I turned and turned again from the image of this girl, and yet she seemed to stand before me, and to look upon me as she had done the day before. For five tedious days she withheld herself from my sight, and I feared that I should never behold her more. At length she came, and I strove in vain to conceal my joy on her appearance. After cheapening and paying for some little matters, she cast her eye on a piece of silk which, she said, she fancied greatly, but feared that her pocket would not reach so far. O Miss! said I, we shall not quarrel for such a matter, provided I know where to call for the money. On Sarah Simper, sir, said she, at such a sign, in such a row.

As I had three or four spare hours from business every evening,

I gladly laid hold of the occasion I had gotten for spending that time in visits to my beloved. I went indeed without forming any purpose, save the pleasure of seeing her. Her fondness seemed, at least, to equal my own; and, though we proceeded at times to toying and dallying, yet for three weeks we kept within warrantable limits. But this was not always the case. Our first transgression was succeeded, on her part, by tears and reproaches, and, on mine, by a depth of sorrow and remorse.

As this was my first fault with respect to women, my conscience was yet unsteeled. I spent the night in sighs and tears of contrition; and I repeated a thousand promises and vows to my God, that I never would be guilty of the like again. For five entire days I kept from going to her. At length I considered, that, as I had injured her, I ought to make her such recompence as was in my power. I put about twelve pounds into my pocket, being all that I had left of my last year's salary, and went and told her that I was come to take my leave of her; then, pouring the money into her lap, I promised to give her what I should earn from time to time, and to marry her whenever I should be enabled to maintain a family. Here we both fell into tears, and from tears we proceeded to caresses, till at last we became as guilty as we had been before.

In like manner, for the six ensuing weeks, I kept on in a course of repenting and sinning, and of sinning and again repenting. Every night I formed resolutions which, I imagined, would be stronger than any I had made before; but, whatever strength I exerted, I never was able to persevere for three days together. When I felt myself drawn to her, as by some irresistible power, I vowed, and flattered myself on the way, that I would return without transgressing; but when I came to her, I found it as impossible to keep from sinning with her, as it was to keep from her. Thus I daily continued to add to my guilt; till at length I became hopeless of any ability to resist the temptation; and sinned on with my eyes open, and yet with less remorse than before.

As I was sitting with her one evening, a bailiff entered suddenly, and laid an action upon her for fifteen pounds, which, he said, she promised to pay for her mother in her last illness. Whether the debt was feigned, and preconcerted between them, I know not; but I afterward recollected that she did not seem to be so alarmed as one would have expected on such an occasion. My soul was filled with bitter and distracting thoughts. I could not think of suffering my love to be confined among felons in a common prison; and yet, how to come

by the money I knew not. I offered the man my note, payable when my salary should be due ; but he refused to depart without instant payment. Hereupon I hurried home, and taking 15*l.* of my master's money, I returned and discharged the action.

From this time my fair one began to extend her appetites, and to rise in her passions. Under colour of being with child, her longings and fits came frequent upon her, and I was in a manner constrained to indulge her, till I had taken of my master's money to the amount of fifty pounds.

David, said she one day, it is time to tell you that I must soon quit my mantua-making business ; for I am growing too big to appear with decency among my customers. So you must take other lodgings for me, and provide a sufficient fund to defray the expences of child-birth.—And where, my dearest Sally ! may such a fund be provided ? I have already gone lengths for you that may bring me to the gallows.—If you had not been a poor-spirited fellow, says she, you could not bear to live in the fears that haunt you so ; you would long since have made away with that old scoundrel, your master. Here, throw this little dust into his broth, or his posset, and you may wallow in money without fear of account.

Here I looked her full in the face, when every beauty that had once enchanted me suddenly vanished from my sight. However, I suppressed my horror as well as I could ; and, putting back the paper, No, Sally, said I, I would rather die the worst of deaths myself, than have a hand in making away with my kind old master.—And die you shall, then, said she, for I will not perish alone.—She then dropped on her knees, and vowed, with fearful imprecations, that she would go directly to Mr. Felton, and make a discovery of my robberies ; that she would also go to the next magistrate, and swear a rape against me ; and that she would poison herself and the bastard within her, that she might not bring into the world any part of such a villain. While she spoke, her aspect looked vivid and deadly, and wrath and despair flashed from her eyes.

My dear Sally, said I, lower your passions a little, give me that paper again ; we must see what may be done. And here I leave you my watch, as a pledge of my return by to-morrow at noon. This I did, however, not with the smallest intention of keeping my promise ; for I determined never more to look her in the face. But I bequeathed to her, as it were, the only stake of value which remained to me, that the wretch whom I had ruined might not be left altogether without means of life.



When I got into the street I hastened homeward, without deliberating a moment on what I was about, or on the consequences that might ensue. My master was in a back chamber, looking over some letters, when I rushed in precipitately, and shut the door behind me. What is the matter, child, says he; are you not well? You look pale and affrighted; what is the matter, David?—O sir, O sir! (and I sunk on my knees,) I bring to you a villain, a reprobate, a thief, a robber, a betrayer of trusts, also the vilest sinner that ever sinned against God and against man. I got in league with a bad woman who seduced me by her beauty, and then prevailed upon me to rob you, and would have persuaded me to murder you; but there I stopt short. I could not be prevailed upon to murder you, my master!—Pray then, said he, somewhat sternly, to what intent are you come?—To demand justice, sir! I cried, and to appease my own conscience, by suffering for my faults.—Tell me then, said he, mildly, and tell me truly, of how much money have you defrauded me?—Of fifty pounds, sir, I answered, a few shillings under or over.—Rise then, pray rise, my David! he cried; I would not bring you to shame, and much less to punishment, for five times the value of fifty pounds. I owe you, for your services, very nearly that sum, and I forgive you the remainder with all my heart.—No, sir! I cried aloud, and burst into tears, you do not forgive me, you cannot forgive me, for this your goodness does but heap the heavier guilt upon my soul.

He then got up and came to me, and, raising me to his bosom, he embraced me, and cried, I rejoice over thee, my David, I rejoice over thee, my child, as Heaven rejoiceth over the sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine that have no need of repentance. You now know your own frailties; you will be cautious of future falls; and you stand upon surer ground than ever.—You know me not, I exclaimed, you know me not, my good master! I am wholly irreclaimable. The devil has taken possession of me, and reigns through all my members. I have no more strength than a midge against temptation; no more power than a fainting man against a torrent that already has borne him far away.

I will pray for you, my son, said the good man, vehemently; I will wrestle with my God for you, and his grace shall be sufficient.—No, sir, I replied, after that which has happened, I never shall be able to look you in the face. I will not trust myself. I know that I should fall on the first trial.—Will you leave me, then, he cried, will you leave me, my son David? And he took out his handkerchief, and wiped away the falling tear.—I must, I answered, I must leave you, my

dearest master: I should be miserable if I stayed. I will go directly to sea; I will confine myself in some ship, where I shall be shut from any commerce with mankind, and not have it within my reach to wrong or damage any person. And, indeed, I could not bear to stay in one town, or even in one kingdom, with that bad woman.—Where may she be found, David? said Mr. Felton.—Ah, sir! I exclaimed, leave her to God, and to her own evil conscience. I believe she is with child by me. Do not desire, my master, to hurt a little innocent that has not yet seen the light.—No, my David, no; I mean nothing but comfort to her. I mean to supply her wants, and to soften her distresses. She will not then be tempted to wish hurt to her benefactor, and I will take care of the little wretch which she carries in her body, for your sake, my David.

There was something so affecting, gentlemen, in such a proof of wonderful goodness, as must have struck to the heart of the most abandoned reprobate. I was quite overcome thereby. I fell suddenly at his feet, and I wished to pour out my very soul, in the same manner as I poured my tears upon them.

As he now found that I was bent on departing, David, says he, since you will go, you must not go unprovided. A sailor ought to have proper necessaries; and, if you will give me your company for three or four days longer, I will get you a good birth in some ship or other. Mean time I would advise you to set about your preparations, for which purpose you must accept these fifty guineas, which you must please to return me, when some happy adventure shall furnish you with the means.—No, no, sir, I cried, putting his purse back with my hand, your plan is not the plan of your reprobate servant; your good births are not at all for my purpose. I will go as a common sailor; the meanest offices and the greatest drudgery will be a penance too little, much too little for my transgressions. And, so saying, I turned and went hastily out.

I made directly to the Quay, where I saw a crowd of citizens intermixed with sailors. On going up, I found that they were enlisting volunteers, to whom they offered from one to three guineas per man. And what will you give me, captain, if I go with you? He then looked earnestly at me, and, having eyed me several times from head to foot, I will give you, my lad, says he, five guineas in your fist; and here is my hand, for a hearty welcome into the bargain.—If your honour, then, will be pleased to order these five pieces to be laid out for me in such necessaries as you think fitting. I live at such a place, and shall be ready at a call.—Enough, said the captain, our ship is called

the Centurion, of 30 guns, the brave David Jenkins commander. We set out by morning's tide, between ten and eleven; and if you come without a call you will be the more welcome. So saying, he gave me a familiar shake by the hand, and we parted.

I then went directly home, and, calling Mr. Felton aside, I told him of my engagement in the Centurion, suppressing only the time of my departure; for I felt that I could not stand the parting with him, and I thought it best to make it as little painful to him and myself as might be. During supper I endeavoured to chat, but I could not. And as Mr. Felton at times looked affectionately upon me, I turned my head aside, and a silent tear stole down my cheek.

I spent the night in sighs and tears, and, getting up before day, I took my shoes in my hand, and, stepping softly down stairs, would have stolen out at the street door; but, in that instant, the door of a side parlour was opened, and, before I could look about, my master had me in his arms. Will you leave me then, David, will you indeed leave me? he cried. O, David, David, I love you next to my only child. Stay with me yet, my son; O, stay with me, my David, and I will do every thing, I will do all things that may be done for you.

Here I sunk, and was just fainting, under the pressure of his goodness. Do not kill me, my master, do not kill me outright, I cried. You must no longer be burdened by my body of sin and death; as God has forsaken me, I must leave you, my master! Let him do with me as he will, and if I perish, I perish. So saying, I broke from him, and away I rushed; weeping and sobbing all the way, as though my heart would cleave in sunder.

The captain received me with great cordiality, and, at times, called me his namesake, and was very familiar with me. The sailors also, after his example, began to affect me without any appearance of envy; for, though I had not been exercised in their profession, yet I was very strong, hale, and active, and ready to assist them at every turn.

I was now incorporated with a fraternity whose wickedness was of a species quite different from that of my former brotherhood. Our sailors were so far from cheating and defrauding, that they scarcely seemed to have any regard for property; and they were as brave a set of fellows as ever trod a deck. But then, they were as hardened to any sense of religion or piety as the nether millstone; and the sacred names of God, and his Christ, were of no other import to them than the ball of a billiard table, to be tossed and bandied about for sport. At first this was a matter of great offence to me. But in time it became less irksome to my ears; and, by degrees, I began to relish and to catch the common contagion.



Our ship had been destined to protect the trade in the Levant. Within the space of three months we had rescued from the captors six English ships, and made prizes of three stout frigates, of those African pirates, who war upon the world; when the boy, from the mast-head, cried out, a sail! We immediately made chace, and found by evening that we had gained considerably upon her; but, as the night came on thick and hazy, we shortened sail, and lay to till morning, but hung out no lights.

At dawn of day we renewed the chace, though no sail was then in sight; but we had not continued it above four or five leagues, when we clearly discerned the same vessel, and perceived that she altered her course, and was standing toward us. Hereupon we shortened sail, and waited for her. But we had not waited long, till we perceived a second vessel that seemed in chace of the first; and, some time after, saw a third that seemed in chace of the two former.

On this the lieutenant, an old and experienced sailor, looked somewhat blank, and desired that the captain would instantly call a council of war. Gentlemen, says he, the many captures we have lately made could not fail of informing our enemies that we are in these seas, and, I apprehend, that they have made choice of their best means to overreach and over-match us. And, indeed, you may already perceive that the ship which we had in chace has shortened sail, and waits to be joined by her two consorts, whom she seemed so lately to fear.—At this they cried, with one voice, No flying! no flying! let them come on, the circumcised dogs, as many as may be of them.—To work then, my brave lads! cries Captain Jenkins, for we are likely to have as warm a bout of it as we could wish.

Our ship at this time was full manned with about two hundred and seventy spirits, all as ready and desirous to go and meet death as a beau to go to a ball, or an alderman to go to a feast. The three consorts were now joined, as our lieutenant had foreseen, and bore down upon us, right before the wind; and then it was that my sins came crowding into my mind, and I believe I was the only person of the ship's company who trembled. They all came up with a desperate boldness; and, while one attacked us on our bow, a second lay upon our quarter, while the third bore away under our stern, and raked us fore and aft with her whole broadside; nor were we idle in the mean time, but plied our guns with such success as soon obliged them to sheer off.

Our ship was of English oak, and stood their shot to a wonder; our metal was also much weightier than theirs; but then they out-

numbered us three to one, in men and guns. Having got out of the reach of our shot, they moved off, as intending to make their escape; but, having repaired their damage, as well as time would allow, they returned upon us with twofold fury. Then it was, gentlemen, that such a scene was opened, as was sufficient to strike hell itself with horror.

They now entertained us with a new kind of warfare. For, getting up within pistol-shot, they tossed their granadoes among us, that were filled with broken bottles, and with rusty and ragged pieces of old iron. These did fearful execution, and our deck was quickly covered with blood and brains, and pieces of human flesh, while the noise of the cannon could scarcely drown the screams of the wounded, and the groans of the dying.

In this desperate situation, we loaded all our guns with grape-shot, which made such havock among our enemies as obliged two of them to sheer away again as fast as they could, while the third kept playing upon us at a distance, till we forced her also to follow her consorts.

We now had leisure to clear our deck, and, with sorrowful hearts, threw our dead companions overboard. Having once more set all to rights, we bore down on all three, but they crowded away from us, maintaining a running fight with their stern chaces; and, as they levelled their shot almost wholly at our rigging, by evening we were incapable of further pursuit.

Meanwhile we had plied them with our cannon so well, that, as it began to wax duskish, we perceived the crew of the hindermost in much confusion, and making signals of distress to their consorts. Soon after we saw them heave out their boat, and they had scarce crowded into her, when their ship went down. Hereon we gave a great shout, which we repeated on seeing their boat overset. But, as the Moors are excellent swimmers, I suppose most of them got safe, and were taken in by their companions. In the mean space, our gallant captain Jenkins had his right leg and thigh carried off by a cannon shot; I think it was the last shot the enemy fired.

As I stood by my captain's side, I caught him in my arms before he fell, and cried out for the surgeons; but the effusion of blood was so great, that we quickly despaired of any life for him.

As I supported him on the deck, he found himself growing faint, and turned his face to me: David, said he, I am not afraid to die, for I am a Christian. I believe, as surely as I am here, that Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief; and he is so great and so gracious, that he will not suffer hell or the grave to disappoint

him of an end for which he paid so dear a price. Here, my David, here is my purse and my watch, which I bequeath to your love as my last legacy ; and here is my diamond ring, with which I entrust you, as a token to my dear daughter, if ever it shall be your fortune to revisit Old England. And if you should go to London, my David, inquire for my good old friend Alderman Bicker ; tell him of my behaviour during your service with me, and that I beseech him to use his interest in procuring my pay for my poor sweet child.

And that I will, right heartily, cried out Sir Thomas. I will also speak a word for yourself, my lad : the Protector cannot refuse his favour to one who has had the honour of serving in the action of the Centurion, whose fame our very enemies have spread through Europe. But, pray proceed in your narration ; I long to hear the event of so interesting a scene.—Though we greatly grieved for our captain, we were still more concerned for the honour of England, lest our good ship should fall into the hands of the Barbarians. For she now lay like a hulk on the face of the water. She could neither pursue, nor avoid an enemy ; and though she had been in plight, we had not hands left sufficient to work her.

Night came on apace, hostilities ceased on both sides : the pirates hung out lights to prevent, as we supposed, their parting from each other ; and we mournfully called a muster of our men, in the dark : whereon we found that, of two hundred and seventy odd men, we had but fifty remaining, twenty of whom were wounded, though not disabled. Come, my lads, cried the old lieutenant, it is as good to be merry as sad. I take upon me to promise, that if you will be guided by me, I will make you masters of one of yonder vessels before sunrise. We engaged compliance to a tittle ; and, accordingly, after we had refreshed ourselves, he ordered our boats to be heaved overboard, and let drive with the wind. We then set our watch, and went down to take a few hours repose.

Two hours before the day we were roused by the lieutenant, and the first thing we did was to bore a large hole in the side of our ship about a foot below water, for which we had an occasional plug prepared. As soon as the day dawned, we set watches to give us timely notice of the enemy's approach ; and then lay down on small arms, out of observation.

The pirates, as we presumed, held up their glasses, but seeing neither men nor boats in our ship, they concluded that we had made an elopement by night, and came on without precaution. As soon as they had arrived within about half a league, our watchmen, according to order,



drew forth the plug, and, creeping upon deck, crouched down with us. The consorts had agreed to board our ship on each side, in confidence of a rich and unresisting prize. But the moment we heard of the first of them rustling along side, and perceived that they were beginning to get up our side, we jumped up, as one man, and setting up a great shout, and, overturning all we met, leaped into their vessel. Never was amazement like that of the enemy! They scarce made any resistance, and in less than a minute not a Moor was left upon deck.

Meantime the other pirate had boarded our late vessel, almost to a man. They had heard, indeed, the shout, with the clamour and groans of their fellows, but did not rightly know what to make of it; till, moving close round the head of our former ship, we shot the few who were left of the second frigate; then, throwing out our grapplings, we towed her off, and then bored and sunk her in the face of her owners. They thereupon set up such a yell of despair and horror, as was affecting, even to the hearts of their enemies. At length they turned the cannon of the *Centurion* upon us, but we soon got out of reach of their shot; and by the time we were about three leagues from them we saw our *Centurion* go to the bottom, the glorious tomb of her noble captain.

We now thought that, of about a thousand assailants, there was not one left to carry tidings to their native country. But, going down to the state-cabin, I saw a young man richly dressed, and of noble aspect, leaning wounded upon a couch, with three attendants about him. As I entered, he gave me a look that seemed compounded of apprehension and courage, and accosted me in broken English, for he had travelled much, and for a season in London. I know, said he, that I am your prisoner. I also know what I am to expect. Draw your cutlass then, and let me join my countrymen.—No, sir, I replied, you have nothing to fear from me. A man, who deserves that name, owes nothing but love to man, except when he is assaulted; the brave see no enemy in the feeble or conquered.

Where have you learned, he cried, the sentiments of my soul? But your generosity shall lose you nothing: demand what ransom you please, and it shall be paid you.—I am not commander in chief, I answered, but, as far as my influence reaches, you are as free as air, and shall be bound to us by nothing but by your affections.—Then, stretching forth his arm, your hand my brother, he cried; and giving me a squeeze, the tear came into his eye.

I went directly on deck, and informed our little crew, now reduced

to thirty-three, of what had passed between the noble Moor and myself, and told them, I hoped they would be so generous as to make my promise good. To this the greater number gladly assented, but some of them murmured. Hereupon I remonstrated that we were already rich enough; for we had brought all the money out of our ship, beside the great treasure in the pirate's frigate which we had not yet divided. I further represented, that we knew not what the events or fortune of war might be; and that it would not be imprudent to make a friend on the African coast, who, in all appearance, was a person of high consideration: and with these reasons, at length all appeared to be satisfied.

I then carried the pleasing tidings to my new friend, and took with me our only surviving surgeon, who dressed the wound in his thigh, which had been made by a musquet ball. As soon as the surgeon had withdrawn, the noble Osmyn of Petra, for so he was called, presented me with his purse, and a carbuncle ring of extraordinary value, and pressed them earnestly upon me; but I as peremptorily refused them, and this refusal appeared to distress him greatly.

During the five days in which we continued together, I had him as honourably attended as our circumstances would admit; and I spent with him all the time I could spare from my duties and great fatigues upon deck, as all the hands we had were kept busily employed in splicing the ropes, refitting the mangled sails and rigging, and in repairing the breaches of the vessel; for our shot had bored her sides quite through in several places. On these accounts we sailed but heavily, still making towards the Straits, and daily wishing to meet or be overtaken by some English ship of force, to which we might safely confide ourselves and our treasures.

On the sixth morning, having arrived within twenty leagues of the mouth, the day discovered to us that we were almost within shot of a ship that carried English colours. Hereat we rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and slackening our sail, and heaving out a small boat, ten of us slipped into it, and away we rowed with all our might. As we approached, we saw numbers, in English dresses, walking to and again on deck; and getting along side, they threw ropes over to us, and we mounted with great alacrity.

Hitherto we were so intoxicated with joy, that we had not the precaution to hail them, till we found ourselves in the very thick of our enemies. I looked round, and, seeing none but tawny and hostile faces about me, I civilly demanded who, and of what country, they were? when a ruffian, gathering his spittle, spirted it full in my face,

and, at the same time, gave me a buffet on the side of my cheek. Then I did not once reflect either where or among whom I was, but, with one stroke of my fist, I stretched him flat upon the deck; then throwing up the heels of another, who had raised his arm against me, he fell with his head foremost across his fellow; and twisting round on a third, who had seized me behind by the shoulder, I dragged him under me, and we fell together upon the board. Here a crowd of them gathered about me, and, each helping to hold a leg or an arm, I was bound with cords that crushed my flesh to the very bone, and then tumbled with kicks, like a dog, along the deck. Meantime, my nine companions were also seized, and bound, and cast into the hold.

For about three hours I lay in excessive anguish, though, through a sort of stubborn pride, I endeavoured to suppress my groans. In the interim I felt the ship begin to move, and soon after I perceived all in a bustle about me. Again I heard, from within and without me, several discharges of small arms, and as I saw several Moors fall around me, I rightly concluded that the ships were engaged. I gave a long and deep groan, and I cried aloud, O, my countrymen! my brave countrymen! why am I not with you, why have I not the happiness of dying with you and for you? And my heart was so wrung, that I fainted away.

I afterward learned that my true and valiant fellows had refused to submit upon summons. That the pirate seeing them so few, and being desirous of saving the frigate for their own use, had attacked them with small arms, which were warmly answered on our part; when having disabled above half of our brave Englishmen, with two of Osmyn's attendants who happened to be upon deck, they entered and mercilessly butchered the remainder, among whom was our old lieutenant and surgeon.

Meantime I lay insensible to all that passed, till a ruffian, seeing me pale and lifeless, in all appearance, gave me a wring by the nose. Hereupon I awaked to the bitterest sensations. I remembered one of my gallant messmates, who had so loved and caressed me above my merits; and my tears, without sigh or groan, went in streams down my cheeks. At length I heard a voice, a known voice, as I thought, crying, Where is my friend, where is my brother David? and turning my head a little, I saw my noble Osmyn just entering the ship. O, gentlemen! be not apt to judge hardly of all who have not learned Christ, by the form and by the letter. Osmyn, my Osmyn proves, that he may be in the heart of those who never acknowledged his name.



Having instantly cast an eye of searching love around, he spied where I lay, and coming and throwing himself beside me, he put one arm about me, and cried, O my brother! my brother David! Is it thus that my people use you? I grieve that you Christians should beat us all to nothing in honour and humanity. He then took out his knife, and having gently cut my cords, he strained his own ability to help me to rise.

He then called for the captain, who came bowing to him with great respect. Their discourse was long and earnest. At length Osmyn rose high in passion, and gave the captain a back stroke with his hand across the face. I observed his choler swelling almost to suffocation, but he suppressed his indignation, and retired in silence. I heard Osmyn then giving some orders to the men, but I knew not the purport of any thing that passed. Soon after, however, I saw my nine companions brought from the hold, and unbound. And Osmyn, turning to me, desired me to tell my people that they were all free, and that as soon as we landed in Barbary he would take the first means of sending them with honour to their native country. Ah! my lord, I cried, I am sorry that you struck the captain; he has many adherents here, and will certainly seek some method of revenge. He dare not, he dare not, replied my friend; the villain would have disputed with me the property of my own frigate, which I manned and fitted out at my own expence. But if I hear or see any more of his insolence, as soon as we land, I will complain to the Dey my uncle, and have the rogue impaled alive.

He then ordered out the long-boat, and, turning to me, said, I am going, David, to take an account of what effects are left in my ship; and I would take you with me if you were in a condition to go: but I will soon return, and in the mean time order the surgeon to do his best for allaying the swelling in your limbs. During his absence, the ship's company, and even the captain, whose name was Barber, behaved themselves toward me and my fellows with great, though silent, civility; and a plentiful mess was served up to us for dinner. But during our repast I observed that the captain called such and such of his men to the quarter-deck, where he held with them a long conversation.

These fellows were the most barbarous and bloody of all their barbarous and bloody countrymen. Having taken the ship wherein we then were, a merchantman, carrying about twenty guns, they had massacred every creature on board, and then dressed themselves in the clothes of the English, in order to inveigle others into the like.

calamity; while they dispatched their own frigate back to Tunis to get recruits.

My noble friend did not return till late in the evening. He then ordered supper to be got ready, and the state-cabin to be prepared for him and me, to lie in; but I whispered and desired him to excuse me for declining that honour, as I perceived that the favours which he did me, had already given much offence to his countrymen.

I know not whence, or for what purpose, forebodings may come; but all that night my spirits were exceedingly depressed; and though my fellows and I were in a part of the ship, the most remote from my friend, yet I imagined that I heard secret treadings and mutterings; and again, at dead of night, that I heard the distant sound of trampling and struggling, as of people in doing and receiving violence. I was still sore from the bruises which I had received; when, toward the end of a sleepless night, a gang of armed ruffians entered the place where we lay, and loaded us with irons. They then took away all our clothes and treasures, and threw to each of us a canvas shirt and drawers, as slaves prepared for the market. The moment they laid their hands upon me, it occurred that they would not have dared to do it, if they had not first made away with my dear friend and patron; at which thought my soul grew instantly sick, and a dark cloud of sorrow fell heavily upon it.

Sore and shackled as I was, I got immediately on deck, and looked wistfully out to sea, but could discover no frigate. I then shuffled along as fast as I could to the cabin, where I had parted the night before with my Osmyn, and looking in at the door, I cried aloud, Where are you, Lord Osmyn? where are you, my master! my friend! my dear Osmyn? where are you, where are you?

When no answer could be had, I returned wild with rage and grief, and notwithstanding my chains, had I not been disabled by my contusions, I should have done my best to throttle every man I met. But all I could do was to wring my hands, and roar aloud to all around, Ye butchers! ye cut-throats! ye villains of all villains! what have you done with your lord, what have you done with your master? what have you done with my friend, with my Osmyn, my Osmyn?

For two nights and two days I tasted nothing but water, which I drank in large quantities, as my soul, as well as body, was in a ferment and fever. On the third day, the captain fearing that I would die of grief, and that he should lose what he purposed to get by my sale, sent a kind of interpreter to me, to let me know that, on the night in which I parted with Osmyn, he and the captain soon after had some

warm words concerning their rights in the frigate, and in the English now on board: whereupon Osmyn swore that he would not remain any longer in his ship; and that, taking with him a number of hands, he reembarked in the frigate, and directly set sail. As this tale carried with it some force, I grew easier in my mind; and, on the very day following, having anchored in the bay of Algiers, my fellows and I were taken into the town, and sold at public market.

I happened to be bought by one of the Dey's factors, who immediately sent me to work at his country palace. This work was a most stupendous undertaking. Above five hundred men had been daily employed in it for two years, and yet a third of it was not done when I arrived. A large lawn extended itself in the front of the palace, and here the Dey had ordered a great canal to be dug, and from its excavation a mount to be raised, whose base measured three hundred yards in circumference. The ascent was easy and spiral, much resembling the prints you have seen of the tower of Babel. The border of this ascent was adorned all the way with lofty cedars interlaced with all sorts of aromatic and flowering shrubs; and from the top, before I left it, was to be seen the bay, the shipping, the city, and country all around; while distant mountains on the one hand, and an extent of ocean on the other, alone bounded the prospect.

You will think it very extraordinary, gentlemen, when I assure you, that till I was in a state of slavery my mind was never free. Hitherto I had been the slave of sin, and of appetite, of passions, and of fears. But here I counted to take up my rest for life. I had no parents, no wealthy kindred, no friend upon earth, to whom I might look for a pennyworth of ransom. There was therefore no further prospect for me, there was nothing further left to excite my desire, or to excite my concern; and I sunk gradually, as it were, down into the peace of my own nothingness.

I had been lately the possessor of the value of some thousands, and now I had not wherewithal to purchase a morsel of bread. But I looked back on the many scenes of my wickedness, and I did not look up to, but looked down before my God, and cried, Not enough, it is not yet enough, O Lord! Something sharper, something heavier!

One night, as I lay on my bed of stubble, I looked up to God, through the cloud of my own iniquities, and said, In life, O my Lord, lay what thou please upon me; but, in the hour of death, save, save me from the judgment! Whereupon something within me said, Fear not, thou vile wretch, fear not, thou worm, David; for nothing shall be able to pluck thee out of my hands. This gave me great conso-



lation, and consolation was followed by peace, and peace was followed by pleasure; insomuch, that I possessed more of the sweetness of heartfelt enjoyment, than came to the share of twenty sensualists.

The Dey or Regent then being, was called Ali Eden Buchar. He was a great warrior, and yet a man of an amiable character; which is rarely the case with Moorish governors. He had been at Constantinople when I was enslaved; and, on his return he was so solicitously engaged in matters of state, that he was not at leisure to come and see our works. Toward the end of the second year of my servitude, he arrived with a pompous train. He was a portly and comely personage, though his complexion was a deep olive. He expressed high delight on surveying what we had done; and he ordered a festival of three days to be proclaimed for his labourers, with sports, martial exercises, and prizes for the victors.

Great preparations were made for this entertainment. In a plain, on the left of the palace, a square of half a mile diameter was enclosed with pales; within which none were permitted to enter, save the Dey and his train, with those who laboured in his several works, amounting to about a thousand men.

Early on the morning of the first appointed day, the festival was opened by the sound of trumpets, and other martial instruments.

It had been a custom, among us of the labourers who were young and active, when the day's work was over, to divert our fellows with various exercises and feats, such as wrestling, running, leaping, and tossing or trundling leaden balls. I was, therefore, up among the soonest, in hopes of distinguishing myself on the occasion.

By the dawning, the city was emptied of its inhabitants, and crowds came on after crowds from all parts of the country, so that the pales were soon circled by an innumerable concourse.

Then came Ali, with his attendants, and, entering the pale, ascended his throne, while his courtiers and guards arranged themselves behind.

Then were exalted on poles, the prizes, that were to be given to such of the slaves or labourers, as excelled in tossing the javelin, or in hitting a distant mark with the bow or sling. But as I had not been practised in these matters, I contented myself, for this day, with being a spectator.

After this, Ali, to entertain his people, ordered a dozen of his courtiers to run at the ring. Immediately a number of neighing steeds, richly caparisoned, were led by lackeys into the lists. The young nobles, without stirrup or saddle, vaulted lightly into their

seats; and turning and winding their fiery horses with wonderful address, gave high delight to the spectators. Each of them caught a javelin which was tossed to him by an attendant; and, setting out, successively, almost at their speed, three of them, in mid course, bore off a small ring of brass from the thread by which it hung, on the point of his lance. And thus ended the sports of the present day.

The second day was ushered in with the like pomp as the former; and prizes were set up for lifting the weight, for tossing the coit, and for pitching the bar.

At a little distance from the front of the throne, a ring was fastened to a leaden mass, that weighed about five hundred pounds, and above fifty adventurers successively attempted to lift, but not a man of them could move it. I then advanced, bowing lowly toward the throne; and putting my right hand in the ring, and exerting my powers, I raised it fairly from the ground, whereupon a great shout was given by all my companions who worked with me at the mount. Hereupon a black came up, of herculean bulk and brawn, and desiring that fifty pounds more should be added to the lead, he lifted and swung them in the air, and the prize was adjudged to him.

A large iron coit was then given to the competitors; about a dozen of them tossed it to a distance that was thought extraordinary. I then took it up, and threw it three feet beyond the furthest. But again, the black slave came up, and tossed it two foot beyond my cast, and consequently achieved the second prize.

A long and massive bar was then presented to us, but all refused to take it in hand, till the same black seized it, and putting one end to his foot, pitched it off to a distance that raised a cry of admiration. I then took my turn, and giving my whole strength and action to this single cast, I pitched it some inches beyond the throw of my rival, whereupon another shout was given and repeated. The black then was wholly inflamed by envy and resentment, and reclaiming the bar, and exerting all his force, he threw it to a length, that, on admeasurement, was judged to exceed my cast, and he proudly laid hold on the third prize.

The great Ali then ordered me to be brought before him. I went, and bending on my knee, laid my head to the earth. Rise, said he; I obeyed, and he surveyed me with long and earnest attention. Young man, he cried, you have been this day something unfortunate, but you have not the less merit; put this ring on your finger, it discharges you henceforth from all kind of labour; but it does not enfranchise you, because, for the present, I do not choose to part with you.

I respectfully took the ring, and, again bowing to the ground, retired in silence.

The morning of the third day was opened as usual, and prizes were exhibited for wrestling, for running, and for leaping.

Immediately the black champion stepped formidably forth, and challenged any to approach, who desired to be crushed to death; but not a man accepted this charitable invitation. Unwilling, then, that this boaster should thus carry off the prize without a contest, I stepped from my rank, depending more upon action than force to cope with him. We both stripped to our canvas drawers, and his looks and gestures menaced me with instant destruction. I advanced however to essay him, and he stretched his arms toward me, as a vulture would reach his pounces to seize upon a chicken; when, springing instantly upon him, I put a hand upon each of his shoulders, and, vaulting lightly over his head, I turned nimbly upon him, threw up his heels, and laid him at his length on the earth.

As the contrast of our colours had rendered us remarkable to all the spectators, a shout was set up that rent the very elements. But the black arose, and roared aloud with his lion-like voice for justice; and the judges, on weighing the matter, appointed me to another trial, forbidding further fraud.

Again we prepared to engage, and again my black adversary stretched forth his arms, with eyes flashing fire, and features distorted with rage; when retiring from him, as if dismayed, I shot forward like lightning, and springing from the ground, I pitched the whole weight of my body into his bosom. This staggered him some steps backward, when, continuing to press upon him, I put one foot behind, and he fell under me, with a horrible squelch upon the sand; and dashing my hand against his forehead, I sprung up lightly on my feet.

Here the people repeated their clamours, which were echoed for awhile from side to side; while I proposed to the judges, that if my rival was not yet satisfied, I would give him the other venture. But the black was so far from being in plight for a third engagement, that he could not rise without help on either hand; and the prize, being a fine turban with a diamond button, was put upon my head.

The competitors for the race then came from among the crowd; being fifteen in number, lightly equipt for the purpose; and I also put on a thin canvas waistcoat that came close to my body.

In the front of the throne, a long pole was set up, from whence we were to start; and another pole was erected on the further side,



round which we were to run, and so return to the post from whence we set out.

We were all arranged in a line; and Ali himself was to give the word; when one of our fellows pretending to think that the word was given, started away, the rest followed, and I was left alone, quietly standing by the post. Why do not you set out? said Ali—When your highness shall be pleased to give the word.—Away, then! he cried, and away I sprung.

As I found that I was gathering them up very fast, I suspended my speed, and lingered behind the hindmost, till they had all turned the post, and extended in a long line before me. I then started away, and passed one, and then another, till, having passed them all, I left the foremost at a distance behind me, and seized the goal; whereon Ali himself gave a cry of admiration, which was answered from all sides by all his people.

I was then presented with a velvet tunic embroidered with gold; and some smaller matters were given to the two who came next to me in speed.

The candidates for the third prize then rose from the ground where they had sat to repose themselves; for they were the same persons who had been competitors in the race. A scarlet girdle was stretched along the grass, as a mark from whence the rivals were to set off on their leap. And each of them took a run, till they came to the appointed limit, and then sprung forward with their utmost agility.

As this, of all others, was the article wherein I excelled, I stood by, as an unconcerned spectator, till the contest was over. I then measured with my eye the length they had passed. Then, taking two men, I set them in mid-space, and placing a pole upon their heads, I took a run, and throwing myself head-foremost over the pole, alighted six inches beyond the furthest leap; whereupon I was presented with a collar adorned with gems of great lustre.

Meanwhile, I received an order from Ali, to dress myself in the prizes which I had won, and to attend him.

I obeyed, and presented myself before him. What is your name, young man?—David, so please your highness.—Are you of Christ or of Mahomet, David?—My will is with Christ, so please you; but, while I confess him with my lips, my whole life has denied him.—Then, David, if you will but forsake Christ, and turn to Mahomet, you shall be the friend of Ali, and he will heap treasures, and titles, and great honours, upon you.—Ah, my lord! I cried out, though I hold my Christ but by a frail and feeble thread, yet I would not quit that

thread for a chain of golden links, that should bind the whole wealth of the world to my possession. And why would your highness desire the service of a traitor? He who proves a traitor to his God, so please you, will never prove true to any master.

Well, David, said he, mildly, we may talk of these matters hereafter. In the mean time, before I do you any grace, I ought at least to do you justice. You have already received the rewards of your valour and your activity, but you have not yet received the reward of your obedience. You were the only one, brave David who, at the risk of your own honour, attended on my word; and here I give you an earnest of the recompence that I intend you.

So saying, he presented me with a large and massy sabre, whose handle was studded with gems of great value. I received it on my knee; and he then continued, Ask me now, David, what further gift you demand, except your dismissal, and it shall be granted you, to a tenth of the treasure in my coffers.

When he had spoken, my eye was caught by one of his retinue, and immediately I recollected the features of the pirate Barber. I instantly cast myself prostrate before his throne, and cried aloud, Ah, generous Ali! may God multiply to you blessings a thousand fold! I ask none of your treasures, O Ali; I only ask the head of that traitor, the head of Barber; I ask but blood for blood: let him restore to me my friend, my brother, my Lord Osmyn: he is a murderer, a traitor, and such I will prove him by night or by day, by sea or by land; at any weapons, against any odds, I will prove him a traitor.

While I spoke, all about appeared under the utmost consternation; and Barber trembled and turned pale, but did not dare to quit his station. Rise, David, said Ali, and tell me what friend, what Osmyn thou dost mean?—All I know of him, my lord, is, that his name was Osmyn of Petra, and that he was nephew to some great prince.—Why, you dream surely, David, replied the regent; Osmyn of Petra was my own nephew; and he perished with all his crew, by the hands of the English.—He did not perish by the hands of the English, I cried; the English were his preservers, his friends. His attendants and he perished by the hands of his own countrymen, and more especially by the hands of this traitor Barber.—Well, said Ali, we have not leisure, at present, to examine into the truth of this: Guards, take that Barber into safe and close custody till we are better informed. Meantime do you, David follow in my train, for you must take up your lodging with me this night.

The palace, though it appeared one uniform edifice, was divided into two by an impassable barrier. The one was the habitation of Ali and his attendants; and his wives, with their eunuchs, were lodged in the other, where it was impalement for any man, save Ali himself, to enter. For three days and nights, after I entered his palace, though I was treated with an attention that gave me much uneasiness, yet I had not the honour of being called to his presence. At length I was conducted by a private door to his cabinet. My friend David, said he, what hast thou to tell me concerning my dear and brave nephew Osmyn? I then minutely, and at large, recited to him the particulars above related. And we shed many tears, that were provoked by the tears of each other.

Having closed my narration, he cast his eyes down awhile, as in deep meditation; and raising them again, he said, the presumptions are strong, very strong, against this man, and yet there is a possibility that he may be guiltless. And though Osmyn was my nephew, and almost my bowels, yet humanity demands of us, David, that nine criminals should escape the punishment they deserve, rather than one innocent person should perish in his righteousness. But the great Alla may give us further lights in this business.

In about five days after, a convict was to be gaunched for the rape and murder of a free woman. He was to be thrown from the top of a high tower, from whose walls projected several sharp and shagged instruments, resembling hooks, scythes, tenters, at certain distances, some below others. He fainted several times as he was carrying to execution; and then being in an agony, he said, he had a matter of the highest consequence to impart to the great Ali, and prayed to be brought into his presence.

I was on the spot when he was led in, and, looking earnestly at him, recollected that he was the ruffian who had spit in my face, and given me a buffet when I entered Barber's ship.

Wretch! cried the Dey, what hast thou to say to Ali?—That I am guilty, answered the convict, of crimes more heinous than that for which I am to suffer, of crimes that nearly concern yourself; O Ali; but which you shall never know, unless you swear to me, by Mahomet, to mitigate the manner of my death.—I do swear it, said the regent, provided the discovery which you make shall be found to be of due import.

He then deposed, that on the night in which Osmyn disappeared, the captain, with ten confederated ruffians, of whom he was one, entered the prince's cabin, and having muffled the faces of him and his atten-



dant, to prevent their crying out, bound them hand and foot, and heaved them through the window into a frigate that waited for them. That then getting into the frigate, they massacred the seven Moors to whose care she had been left, and rifling her of all the money and plate and valuables they could find, they sunk the frigate, with Osmyn and his attendant in her, and then returned to their own ship.

Here Barber was sent for, who, as soon as he saw the face of the convict, without waiting to be confronted by his evidence, rushed violently, with his head foremost, toward the opposite wall, and if a man who was at hand had not caught him by the chain, he would instantly have dashed his skull to shivers.

Ali hereupon, without further examination, ordered the head of the convict to be struck off, and Barber to be impaled in the face of the people. Never was joy like mine, on hearing this sentence pronounced against Barber; and I rose early the next morning to see the execution. He was so enfeebled by his panics, that they were obliged to draw him on a sledge to the stake; and his countenance had all the impressions of death, despair, and hell, represented upon it.

This, however, did not affect me with any other sensation than joy, till the executioners, with unfeeling hearts, began to take the wretch in hand. But when I saw them, with difficulty and great violence, thrusting the stake through his body; when I saw him writhing in agony, and heard his horrible roars and groanings, all my revenge was turned into terror and compassion; his pangs and sufferings, as it seemed, were transferred to my own person, and, had I not turned away, I should have fainted on the spot.

The Dey from this time became extremely fond of me, and familiar with me. He allotted me an affluent pension, with slaves, horses, and attendants. He said I should be to him in the place of a nephew, and of a son, and he called me by the name of David Osmyn.

Some time after, tidings were brought that Caled Amurath, of Fez, was making mighty preparations to invade his dominions. We will more than meet him half way, cried the gallant Ali: perhaps we may even prevent his threatened expedition. He then summoned his forces from all quarters. I was present when he made a general muster of them. His foot were more formidable for their numbers than their discipline; but his horse were perfectly trained.

The day before he set out I threw myself at his feet. I will go with you, my master; I will go with you, I cried. I will not have any command or post of honour; I only desire permission to fight by your side.—No, David, he replied, my people know you are still a christian.

I could not refrain from shewing the love I have for you; and that might be matter of jealousy to my captains. I will leave you here a band of soldiers, with whom you are to encamp within sight of my palace, and to keep these walls from violence, and my women from pollution. But, while you are their guardian, beware that you do not turn an invader, David! I would pardon you any thing but this; I would not pardon you the invasion of my bed, David Osmyn!—No, my lord, I cried aloud, I cannot prove ungrateful. Though your women were as obvious to my walks as yonder pavement, and though adorned with more graces than their first mother in Paradise, they should have no temptation for me, my master.

The next morning Ali began his march; and having escorted him a piece on his way, I returned to my charge. That night, as I lay in my tent, I began to call myself to an account. David, said I to my soul, thou hast now gotten preferment, and riches, and honours; thou art, as it were, the second man in the realm, and all this people have thee in high estimation: but art thou the better or the happier man for all this, David? Far otherwise, far otherwise. O frail and vain heart! these glories have taken hold upon thee, and they have drawn a painted vail between me and my God. To my chain, and my straw, and my nakedness! return me to them, O Lord; return me to my slavery, return me to my labours! I was not then, indeed, gaining conquests and winning prizes; but I was near to obtaining *the prize of the high calling*. My body was not adorned with gold and pearl; but my spirit rejoiced in *the pearl of great price*!

In about five weeks after, as I was taking, by moonlight, my evening's walk of meditation, on the marble that chequered the pavement before the palace, Muley, an old black, and chief of the eunuchs of the seraglio, came up and accosted me. Osmyn, said he, taking a bundle from under his arm, I have here a present for you that would make proud the greatest emperor upon earth. It is a complete suit wrought purposely for you by the fingers of the Sultana, as also by the fingers of her fair and princely sisters. They have heard of your great achievements during the festival, and they send you this in reward. So saying, he unfolded the robes to the moon. They were flowered with gold, pearl, and gems, of such a vivid lustre as reflected her beams with tenfold brightness.

And what is required of me, Muley, I demanded, in return for this inestimable honour?—Nothing, said Muley, but a single hour's attendance, to give them a short sketch of your life and adventures.—Take back your presents, I cried, there is poison and death in them: I will

not betray the trust that our master has reposed in me.—Nay, said Muley, I affirm to you that there is no such intention. Our ladies are all women of the severest chastity. I will undertake to conduct, and reconduct you back in safety. Neither can our master be betrayed in any degree. They all live together, they love like sisters, and no one keeps a secret from the other. However, they desired me to tell you that, if you are of a fearful temper, they will not insist on the favour so much expected.—Here I felt myself piqued: No, Muley, I cried, I am no coward, I can dare all honest dangers. I will attend you. But I will not stay, Muley. I will let your ladies know, that, in the cause of honour and virtue, I can resist all temptations.

I then called a distant slave, who waited my orders, and giving him the bundle, desired him to lay it within my tent. Where now, Muley, said I.—I will shew you, said Muley.—He then led me to a large bucket, wherein water was accustomed to be raised, by pullies, to the balcony, and there to be emptied into vessels that stood upon the leads. You must not enter any door of the lower story, said Muley; for there our domestics inhabit. But, if you get into this bucket, in a minute or two I will raise you by the pullies, and take you gently in.

Muley then went from me, and was admitted, on striking at a distant door; while I stood by the bucket, and, observing its first motion, jumped in, and was conveyed to the top of the palace. Muley there received me in darkness and silence, and, taking me by the hand, led me down by a few steps into a narrow apartment that was scarcely enlightened by a glimmering lamp. He there left me again, giving me only a whispering promise that he would quickly return. I waited for him, under great impatience of getting speedily back again. At length he came, and, taking me by the hand, without speaking a word, he led me through a long and dark entry, till, coming to a folding-door, he touched a spring, whereupon the door flew open on either side, and threw a sudden blaze upon my dazzled eyes.

The saloon, upon which it opened, was profusely illuminated, and most sumptuously furnished. In the midst a board was covered with an elegant collation. Around it were placed a great number of small sofas; and behind each sofa stood a lady richly adorned, but veiled from the head to the waist.

Again Muley led me to the further end, while I made a low obeisance as I passed the company. He then compelled me to sit, where, by a small turn of my head, I could have a full prospect of each fair-one at table. Then, as by one motion, they were all instantly



seated; and again, as by one motion, they all instantly threw up their vails, and I had like to have fallen backward with astonishment. The Sultana Adelaide, sat nearest to me on the right; and was no way distinguished from her princely sisters, but by a small coronet of feathered diamonds that was inserted in her lovely locks. Osmyn, said she, you seem something surprized; were you never in a seraglio before? Have you no seraglios in your country, Osmyn?—No, madam, I replied, we have no seraglio in our country; but sure no seraglio upon earth ever produced such and so many beauties as now strike my eyes.—Would you not wish then, said Adelaide, to have such a seraglio of your own?—No, madam, I answered; without love, in my judgment, there can be no true enjoyment: if ever I love, it can be but the one object, and her I shall love with my whole heart. Here she looked at me with a tenderness that sunk into my soul, and, taking out her handkerchief, wiped away a swelling tear.

Here they pressed me to tell them my story; and here I confess, to my shame, that, however vile I appeared in my own eyes, I was ambitious of appearing as honourable as possible in the eyes of the fair Adelaide. I therefore suppressed what was black, glossed over what was offensive, and enlarged on every thing that I deemed advantageous in my character.

The night was far spent by the time I concluded; and the Sultana arising, proposed to shew me the curiosities of an adjoining cabinet. I accordingly attended her, and was astonished at the lustre, the riches, and profusion of the jewels, as well as at the miracles of art that she displayed before my eyes.

On our return, we perceived that our company had absconded. Adelaide grew all crimson, and cast down her eyes; I also was confused, my heart began to throb, and I looked about for some pretence to make a quick escape. But—but—in short, gentlemen, neither my resolutions, nor religion, nor honour, nor gratitude, were of any avail against such a temptation; they fell together, an easy victim to the all-conquering Adelaide.

Adelaide was the first to press my retreat. It was not yet day. I found Muley in waiting. We went by the way we came; I stepped into the bucket, and he let me gently down. As I approached the pavement, I felt a hand behind that seized me violently by the shoulder. I sprang round, and seizing the wretch by the throat, would have plunged my poniard into his bosom; but some power arrested my arm, and said to my heart, Beware that thou add not murder to adultery, David!

While I hesitated, a number rushed upon me : they griped me by each arm, and, wrestling the poniard from me, bound my hands behind, and led me to the cell of the Imams that stood something aloof from one end of the palace. As soon as they had brought lights, What, Osmyn ! exclaimed their chief, can this be our renowned Osmyn ? Is it thus that you repay the favours of your generous and kind master ? You are a Christian, cried another : has your Christ then taught you to betray the confidence that is reposed in you ? This was a home stab ; it went through my heart : but I stood in a shamefaced sullenness, and opened not my lips.

Here they went apart, and having consulted awhile, returned. Osmyn, said their chief, you are a brave man, and it is a pity to lose you. Your secret is yet with us ; and we swear to you, by our holy Prophet, and by the terrible Alla, that if you perform the single condition we enjoin, we will bury what we know in a depth below the grave, and we will recommend you to the love of Ali, and the acclamations of all the people.—Name it quickly, I cried, whatever it may be ; at the risk, at the loss of my life, I will perform it.—It is, said he, no more than to abjure Christ, and to confess Mahomet, whose priests we are.

Here I gave a deep groan ; and casting down my head, and shedding a silent tear, without daring to lift my thoughts to heaven ; No, no, I cried, though Christ is nothing to me, though I have no interest in him ; though he has rejected me, for time, and for eternity ; though I have daily denied him by every action of my life ; yet my tongue shall never deny him. In poverty and nakedness, in dangers and in dungeons, in death here, and in hell hereafter, my tongue shall confess him.

Here they went apart again, and, returning, told me that I should have two days to deliberate on their proposal ; but that, if I did not comply, I should be impaled alive on the third morning, with all the additional tortures that art could invent. They then put me into a covered waggon, and conveyed me to Algiers, where I was cast into a noisome dungeon, bolted down to the ground with irons, sustained with coarse bread and water, and not allowed a ray of light to divert my thoughts from the horrors of my situation.

Meantime I endeavoured to reinforce my resolution, by repeating to myself the sacred promise, where Christ says, “ Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven.” Mine, indeed, said I, is but a verbal confession ; but

even that, with what I am about to suffer for his sake, may serve to make me less criminal, if not acceptable, in his sight.

I then longed to be brought to the test, while I shuddered at the thoughts of it. At length the day arrived. The Imams came and once more repeated the question; but I still persisted, though in terms that were scarcely intelligible, for my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. They then stripped me to these drawers, out of which also they took my money, with other valuables, and every thing except this insignificant walnut, and, having tied me to a sledge, I was dragged to the place of execution.

The chief Imam once more asked if I would renounce the Son of David; but I made him no answer, for I was unable to speak. I had seen the preparations; the stake in the hands of the executioners; the fires kindled about me, with horrid instruments ready to be put therein, for the tearing off my frying and quivering flesh from the bones.

Could I then have had the confidence to have turned my soul to God, and to have besought his assistance in that trying and terrible hour, I make no question but he would have given me strength from on high, to defy all that men or devils could do unto me. But when I reflected on the writhings of Barber, the bare sight of which my spirits were not able to support; when I saw such an apparatus of additional torments; and when they took me in hand, for instant execution, I utterly lost my senses; I shrunk inward with fear, my hairs stood on end with horror; my tongue found sudden utterance, and I cried, Stay, stay, I will say, I will do, whatever you enjoin me!

The Imam then began to pronounce a form of renunciation, which he ordered me to repeat after him; but I was so panting and breathless, that they were obliged to get a cordial for me to keep me from swooning. As soon as my spirits were something restored, the Imam again began his impious ceremony, and I make no question but I should have gone through it, however repugnant to my soul; but in that instant we heard distant shouts and cries, as of many people; the sound of the clamours drew nearer and nearer; and, soon after, we saw numbers hurrying to and from the city. Their words became now as distinct as they were audible; Ali is slain, Ali is slain! was the only cry; and Amurath comes in full march upon us!

Here all turned suddenly from me, and, flying several ways, left me unbound and alone, sitting close by the stake. Seeing this, I began to recover from the fearful condition in which I was; and, rising, I made the best of my way to the port. There I saw a long-



boat just about to set off with a number of fellows, much in my own plight, and, taking a run, I sprung from the beach into the midst of them. A man then demanded, in English, if I was one of the ransomed? Yes, ransomed, ransomed, I cried, wonderfully ransomed indeed! Whereupon, without further question, they set up their sail, and in about two hours we reached the ship, which the consul had appointed to take them in. For the remainder of that day, I continued in a state that is hard to be conceived. My head and stomach, at times, were disordered by sick fits, and my soul hovered in a fearful kind of a doze, as one not rightly awakened from a dream of horror.

Toward evening I threw myself down in the hold, and sunk into a state of utter oblivion, as I had not slept for the three foregoing nights and days. The day following I found my body something refreshed, but the situation of my mind was like that of a disturbed and tumbling sea after a raging storm. I looked around for comfort, but no comfort was near; I looked afar off for hope, but no hope came in prospect. The sense of existence became a misery, under which I was not able to bear up; and, could I have had my wish, creation would again have been uncreated. During the whole of our voyage I continued very nearly in this distemper of spirit; in a depth of despondence, whose darkness would admit no ray of consolation.

I would then call myself, at dead of night, before that terrible judgment. Thou fiend, David, I would say, wherefore art thou sunk in guilt above all that ever were guilty? It was thy fortune to get three good and kind masters, good and kind above thy wants, and even up to thy wishes; and all these thou hast deceived, thou hast spoiled and betrayed them; even the Master of all masters, the Master who was my freedom in the midst of my captivity. I was on the brink of denying Jesus also; nay, I did reject, I did deny him; I promised, I engaged to reject and deny him; and he will reject thee, through time; and through eternity, he will deny thee, David!

One evening a terrible storm arose; and, while most of the crew gave some of their little matters to the Provider for liquors, and sat, drowning the sense of danger, at one end of the ship; my companions, who are present, were praying or singing glory to God in the other. Both parties invited me to join them, but I refused to be partaker with either; for I could not abet in others, that wickedness which I condemned and detested in myself; and I could not think of taking into my execrable mouth the sacred name of that Christ, to whom I had so lately turned a false apostate. In the mean time, I held myself as Jonah, whose crimes brought perdition on all in the vessel; and I

was on the point of advising the mariners to cast me out. At length the tempest abated, but my perturbations did not abate. I wished to repent, but I deemed myself past the possibility of repentance. And thus I continued in a state of enmity against my God, against man, and woman-kind.

When the constables entered, and, by the order of Sir Thomas, laid hold on such a number of my late associates; though I did not care what became of me, yet nature began to re-assert her rights; I trembled and turned pale, as I suppose; all my crimes came rushing together into my memory; I imagined that they were exposed before your eyes also; and I expected every moment to be seized, like my fellow culprits, and thrown into a dungeon. But, when I found that, instead of punishment, you proposed to load me with your bounties, all my sins appeared to me more exceeding sinful; your goodness came, in a heap, upon the head of my own guilt; and I fell prostrate at your feet, as under the weight of a mountain.

---

As soon as he had closed his story; Take courage, David, I cried. Your case is not near so desperate as your fears have formed it. Your error lay in trusting to your own strength for resisting temptation; and the best man that ever breathed, with no better a dependence, must inevitably have fallen, as you did. You now know your own weakness; you are taught, by repeated experience, that, in or of yourself, you no more can stand against the enemies of your soul, when they assail you, than a tree severed from its root, and barely set on end, can stand the assaults of a tempest. Keep therefore to your root, David. Never dare, in your own strength, to oppose yourself to a reed. Apply to the Rock, my friend, from whence you were hewn. Cling to him, repose upon him, put your whole confidence in him; and then your weakness shall become stronger than an army with banners; and neither life nor death, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus.

While I spoke, his eyes began to glisten, the cloud of his countenance cleared, his aspect assumed a cheerful serenity, he could scarce have been known for the same person; and he cried,—I will, I will, once more seek to my God. Do you, my master, pray him to permit my approach; and in life, or in death, I never will let go my hold of him any more. He then would again have cast himself at my feet, but I hastened to prevent him.

David, said I, I am going to France, and before I set out, I should

be greatly pleased to see you in some decent way of livelihood. Now, instead of the twenty pounds, of which you held yourself so unworthy, here are two hundred to make a beginning for you, and I should be glad to know the use you propose to make of this money.

In the first place, sir, said he, I will refund to my two masters all the money of which I defrauded them, with full or double interest, amounting, as I suppose, to seventy or eighty pounds. And in the next place, I will return to your honour every penny of the remainder; for indeed you shall not persuade me to trust myself with it. In my present way of thinking, it would be of no more use to me than the stones or dirt of the street. My state of slavery and labour was the only state of happiness that I have known since my birth; and I dread, I shudder at the apprehension of affluence. I am already but too rich, in having my liberty. I am now in a free country, and therefore lord of my own earnings. Matter of labour is but matter of play to me. The pay of a porter, on the spot where I am, will be too much of opulence; it will give me a further sufficiency to supply the wants of the needy, and the cravings of the beggar.

My good David, my beloved penitent, said the worthy Sir Thomas, and so saying he took him most cordially by the hand, how came you by that walnut, the only remnant of all your treasures, which you called insignificant, and have yet retained to this day?—You are as Pharaoh to his chief butler, sir, said David, you bring my faults fully into the remembrance of your servant. While the Sultana, as I told you, was shewing me the treasures of her cabinet, she desired me to take whatever I held most estimable. But, as my covetous fit was not upon me, I turned my eye on a few walnuts that I saw in a corner, and taking one of them, said, that I would keep it for her sake. Swear to me then, she cried, that you will never break or open it, till you get into your own country. This was an easy condition, and I instantly complied with it.

Did you love the Sultana, David?—Yes, sir, to excess, as I am also persuaded that she loved me; and we vowed to intermarry, if ever it should be our fortune to regain our liberty; and, bound or free, never to marry another.

Let me look at your walnut, David, said Sir Thomas; you are now under no further injunction concerning it.—Do not break it, I beseech you, then, sir, said David, because I intend never to part with it.—I will not break it, David, I will only open it with my knife.

Sir Thomas then took the walnut, and having poised it for some time in his hand; I will give you a hundred guineas, David, said he,



for your hazard of what this shell contains.—I would take a hundred pence, sir, said David, if I was inclined to take your money without giving value. Sir Thomas then took his knife, and dividing the shell with the utmost caution, I have a strong fancy, David, said he, that I must soon raise the market; and instantly produced a diamond of the first water and magnitude. We all started back, and looked astonished; and David was the only person in company, who neither by word or look expressed the smallest joy or satisfaction.

Sir Thomas, who was a jeweller, having inspected the stone with much delight and admiration, Mr. David, said he, I would offer you seventeen hundred pieces for this diamond, if I did not think my offer considerably under the value; but I shall be a better judge when I have put it in the scales.—Keep it, keep it, sir, cried David, and heartily welcome; return me only the shell, it is all I will accept of. Then, turning to me a pale and alarmed aspect, Ah! sir, said he, this is questionless another device of the tempter; I fear that I am not to get quit of my old associate so soon as I looked for.—I do not think with you, David, in this matter, I replied. I rather conceive that Providence hath sent you this treasure at a time that he sees you will make a worthy use of it.—O, sir, he cried, if it shall ever again be my case to fall from my God, I shall certainly run mad, or make away with myself.—Why so, David? said I. You must not expect, all on a sudden, to jump into a sinless state. Such a state is only for those who have already *fought the good fight*. Such a state is only for those in whom the babe of Bethlehem is not only conceived, but grown up. These indeed run, with a joyful and free will, into all sorts of goodness, as a stream is prone to run to its kindred and parent ocean. But as for such as you and I, brother David, we must be content to struggle on. Yet we should not despond, but turn to our Helper, in total diffidence of ourselves, and full confidence in his mightiness.

Here he caught at my hand, and pressing his lips upon it, What shall I render you, my master? What shall I render you, he cried, for the peace and comfort which you have shed abroad through my bosom? I may now draw near to the Throne of Compassion, heavy laden with all my sins, that is to say, with all myself; and I will trust to free-mercy for removing the burden, and to free-grace alone for any good that shall ever be in me.—As it now grew late, we agreed that Sir Thomas should take David home in his own coach, and that I should take Thomas with me in a hackney; and I gave their remaining comrades an order for a hundred and fifty guineas *per man*.

When we were just upon separating, Thomas caught David about the neck. O my dear David! said he, I shall surely never dare to judge any man again; for I held you to be a very reprobate, when you were fifty times over a better man than myself. Hereupon I wished Sir Thomas and David a good night, and, making Tirlah and Thomas go into the coach with me, went directly home. As I entered the house Mrs. Tirrel met me with joy in her countenance. My dear sir, she cried, I began to be in trouble about you; I have kept supper back this long time. Then, said I, let us have it as soon as you please; for I have brought a dear friend home with me. I placed the twins directly opposite to each other at table, and I made Tirlah and young James sit down along with us.

While I was employed in observing the emotions of the brother and sister, they looked eagerly at each other, they both changed countenance, and neither of them offered to taste a bit. Mr. Thomas, said I, why do not you eat? Thomas! Thomas! cried the sister, in a quick and passionate accent; it may be—it may be—O!—my brother!

So saying, she gave a jump which, for the world, she could not have done at any other time. Over tumbled the table, meat, dishes, and plates; while she caught and clung about her brother, without casting a thought away upon the ruins that she had wrought. O my Tommy, O my Nelly! my Tommy, my Nelly! was all that was uttered in the midst of their caresses. They saw no one but each other; they heard no one but each other; and I would gladly lose a thousand suppers, to be feasted as I was at that season.

When Mr. Clinton came to this part of his story, a messenger entered in fearful haste, and delivered a letter to Lady Maitland. As soon as she had run it over, My dearest sir, she cried, I must leave you this instant. I lately made you an offer of a hundred thousand pounds, and now I know not that I have so many shillings upon earth. I am here informed that the trustee of all my affairs has absconded, and made his escape to France: but I must hurry to town, and inquire into this business. So saying, she suddenly withdrew, without giving her cousin time to make a tender of his services.

The next morning Mr. Clinton ordered his chariot to the door, and hastened to attend her ladyship at her house in London; but there he was told that she had set out for Dover about an hour before, and he returned much grieved upon her account.

In about three weeks after Mr. Clement, with his young pupil, came home quite lightened of the money they had taken abroad. Mr.

Fenton, for so we shall call him again, gave Clement a friendly embrace, and took Harry to his caresses as though he had returned from a long and dangerous voyage. Well, Clement, said Mr. Fenton, what account have you to give us of your expedition?—An account, sir, that would be extremely displeasing to any man except yourself. Our young gentleman, here, has plunged you above a thousand pounds in debt, over and above the large sums that we carried with us.—I hope the objects were worthy, said Mr. Fenton.—Wonderfully worthy, indeed, sir; I never saw such affecting scenes.—Then I shall be overpaid by the narration.

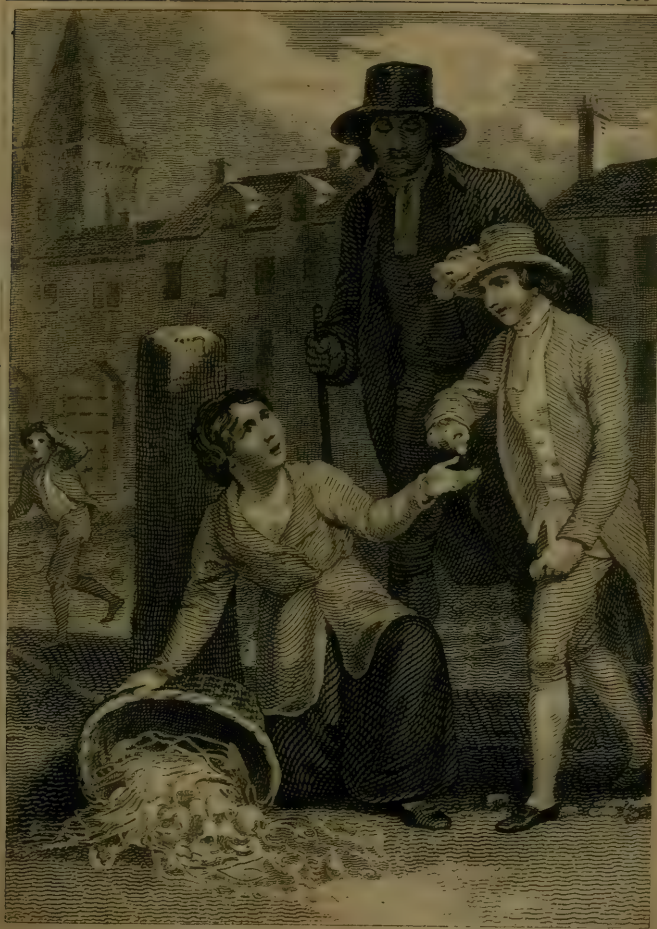
Here Harry inquired for Mrs. Clement and his friend Ned, and being told that they were on a visit to the widow Neighbourly, he took a hasty leave for the present, and away he flew to embrace them.

As soon as he was gone, Sir, said Mr. Clement, I cannot think that there is, in the world, such another boy as your's. I will leave to himself the detail of our adventures in the several prisons; they had such an effect on his heart, that they cannot but have made a deep impression upon his memory; so I shall only tell you of what happened in our way to London.

By the time we approached the suburbs, we had nearly overtaken a grown girl who carried a basket of eggs on her head. A great lubberly boy, just then, passed us by at a smart pace, and tripping up to the girl, gave the basket a tip with his hand, and dashed all the eggs into mash against a stony part of the road, and again taking to his heels run on as before. Immediately Harry's indignation was kindled, and, setting out at top speed, he soon overtook him, and gave him several smart strokes with his little cane across the shoulders. The fellow then turned upon Harry, and gave him a furious blow with his fist over the head, while I hastened to his relief, as the other appeared quite an over-match for him. But, before I had arrived, our hero had put a quick end to the combat, for, springing from the ground, he darted his head full into the nose and mouth of his adversary; who instantly roared out, and, seeing his own blood come pouring down, he once more took to flight, while Harry continued to press upon him, and belaboured him at pleasure, till he judged that he had beaten him to the full value of the eggs.

Meanwhile the poor girl, wholly unmindful of what passed, remained wailing and wringing her hands over the wreck of her merchandise. The voice of a Syren could not so powerfully have recalled Harry; he returned with speed to her, and I followed. My poor girl, says he, where were you going with those eggs?—To market,





W. M. C. del.

T. P. sculp.

*Hold out your two hands, my poor girl! be wiser.*



master, says she. And what did you expect to get for them?—About five shillings, sir, and I had promised my daddy and mammy to lay it out in shoes and stockings for my little brothers and sisters; and so I must now bear all the blame of the poor things going barefoot. Here she again set up her wailings, and her tears poured down afresh.

Harry then desired me to lend him ten shillings, and, turning to the mourner, Hold out your two hands, my poor girl, he cried. Then, putting five shillings into each hand, here is the payment for your eggs, said he, and here are five shillings more, though I fear it is too little, to pay for all the tears they cost you. Never did I see so sudden a change in any countenance. Surprise, gratitude, ecstasy, flashed from her eyes, and gave a joyous flush to her whole aspect. She hurried her money into her bosom, and dropping on her knees in the dirt, and seizing hold of Harry's hand, she squeezed and kissed it repeatedly, without being able to utter a word. While Harry's eyes began to fill, and having disengaged himself, he made off, as fast as he could, from such thanks as he thought he had no way deserved.

This, sir, was our adventure going to London. But, had you seen us on our return, about two hours ago, you would have wondered at the miry plight into which we were put by helping passengers up with their bundles that had tumbled into the dirt; or by assisting to raise cattle that had fallen under their carriages; for master Harry would compel me to be as busy and active, in matters of charity, as himself. However, sir, I am to tell you, that master Harry, with all his excellencies, will be accounted a mere idiot among people of distinction, if he is not permitted to enter into some of the fashionable foibles and vices of the age.

We were taking a walk in the Mall, when we were met by the Earl of Mansfield, who expressed great joy at seeing master Harry, his old acquaintance, as he called him; and he pressed us so earnestly to dinner, that we could not, in good manners, refuse him. There was a vast concourse of company, more especially of the young quality of both sexes, who came to pay their respects to young Lord Bottom, and his sister the Lady Louisa.

Harry was received and saluted by Lady Mansfield and the young Lord, without any appearance of the old animosity. Some time after dinner a large packet of letters was brought in to the Earl, who making his excuse to Harry alone, rose from the table, and retired to his closet. Lord Bottom and his sister then led the young males and females to an adjoining apartment, where several card-tables were laid, and I began to tremble for the credit of my pupil.



I stood at a little distance behind my Lady's chair, seemingly inattentive to any thing that passed, when Bottom entered on tiptoe, and, tripping up to his mother, and tittering and whispering in her ear, What do you think, mamma, said he; sure, master Fenton is a fool, a downright fool, upon my honour. He does not know a single card in the whole pack; he does not know the difference between the ace of hearts and the nine of clubs. I do not think either that he knows any thing of the difference or value of coin; for as we passed through the hall to-day, a beggar asked for a halfpenny, and I saw him slip a shilling into his hand. Indeed, mamma, he is the greatest fool that ever I knew; and yet, poor fellow, he does not seem to know any thing of the matter himself.

Soon after, Harry entered with the rest of the small quality. Master Fenton, cries my Lady, I beg to speak with you. Do not you know the cards, my dear?—No, indeed, madam.—Cannot you play at dice?—No, madam.—Can you play at draughts or chess?—Not at all, madam.—Why then, my dear, I must tell you, that all your father's fortune will never introduce you among people of any breeding or fashion. Can you play at any kind of game, master Harry?—A little at fox and geese, madam.—And pray, my dear, said my Lady, smiling, which of the parties do you espouse?—The part of the geese, madam.—I thought as much, cried out my Lord Bottom; whereupon a loud laugh was echoed through the room.

Here my Lady chid the company, and calling Harry to her again, Tell me, I pray you, said she, why you espouse the part of the geese?—Because, madam, I always wish that simplicity should get the better of fraud and cunning.—The Countess here looked astonished, and having gazed awhile at him, caught and kissed him eagerly. You are a noble fellow, she cried, and all must be fools or mad that take you for the one or the other.

Jemmy Bottom, cried my Lady aloud, come here! I cannot but tell you, Jemmy, that you have behaved yourself extremely ill to your young friend here, who might have improved you by his example as much as he has honoured you by his visit. I must further tell you, Jemmy Bottom, that whenever you pique yourself on degrading master Fenton, you only pride in your own abasement, and glory in your shame. Hereupon, I got up, and, leaving our compliments for the Earl, I carried off my young charge.

Harry now entered, with Mrs. Clement caressing him on the one side, and his old dependent Ned hanging about him on the other. As soon as all were settled and seated: Well, Harry, said Mr. Fenton

will you favour us with some account of your expedition? Have you ever a pretty story for me, my Harry?—Several stories, sir, said Harry, but Mr. Clement had better tell them; they would be sadly bungled if they came through my hands.—The company will make allowances, replied Mr. Fenton; let us have these stories in your own way.

On the second day, sir, as my tutor and I were walking in the court-yard of the Fleet-Prison, who should I spy but my old master, Mr. Vindex, walking, very sad, to and again by the wall. He was so pale and shabby, and so fallen away, that I did not rightly know him, till I looked at him very earnestly. My heart then began to soften and warm toward the poor man; for it told me that something very sorrowful must have happened, before he could have been brought to that condition. So I went up to him with a face, I believe, as melancholy as his own.

How do you do, Mr. Vindex? said I. I should be glad to see you, if I did not see you look so sad. He then stared at me for some time, and, at length, remembering me, he turned away to shun me; but I took him by the hand, and said, You must not leave me, Mr. Vindex; will not you know your old scholar, Harry Fenton?—Yes, says he, casting down his eyes, I know you now, master; I know I used you basely, and I know why you are come; but reproach me as much as you please, all is welcome now, since I cannot lie lower till I am laid in the earth.

I do not mean to insult you, my dear Mr. Vindex; and so I wiped my eye. Here are twenty guineas to put warm clothes upon you in this cold weather. Little and low as I am myself, I will try to do something better for you; and so give me one kiss in token that we are friends. The poor dear man then opened his broad eyes, with a look that was made up half of joy and half of shame. He then kneeled down, that I might reach to kiss him, and taking me into his arms, You are not born of woman, you are an angel, an angel, he cried; and so he fell a crying, and cried so sadly, that I could not, for my heart, but keep him company. I did all I could to pacify him, and getting him up at last, You must not part with me, Mr. Vindex, said I, we must dine together. Here is Mr. Clement, my tutor; you and he too must be friends.

I then led him by the hand into a large ground room that Mr. Close, the keeper, had appointed for us; and I ordered dinner to be brought up. As soon as we were all seated, Mr. Vindex, said I, be so kind to let me know what the money may come to for which you are confined?—A terrible sum, indeed, my darling, said he, no less than a

hundred and fifty-two pounds. I then put my hand in my pocket, and taking out two bills and a little matter of money that made up the sum, I put it into his hand, saying, My friend shall never lie in jail for such a trifle as this.

Having looked for some time at the bills with amazement, he turned to my tutor, and said, Is this young gentleman, sir, duly authorized to dispose of such vast matters as these?—He is, said Mr. Clement, he is the disposer of his father's fortune; and I am confident that his father will think himself doubly paid in the use that his noble son has made of his privilege this day. A gleam then, like that of sunshine, broke through his sad countenance; And, are you the one, he cried, master Harry, whom I treated so barbarously? You may forgive me, my little cherub, you, indeed, may forgive me, but I never shall forgive myself.—O, Mr. Vindex, said I, I would undergo the same whipping again, to make you love me twice as much as you now love me.

Dinner was now served; and calling for wine, I filled him a bumper, in a large glass, which he drank to the health of my glorious dada, as he called you, sir. Upon this we grew very friendly, and, when dinner was over, I begged him to tell me how he came to be put into confinement.

O, master Harry, he cried, I have suffered all that I have suffered very justly, for my harsh and cruel usage of you, master Harry. After the affair of the hobgoblins, as you know, the shame to which I was put by my fright, and by my scourging, began to be whispered, and then to be noised about the town. The boys at length caught the rumour, and began to hoot at me; and the more I chastised them the more they shouted after me, A rod for the flogger, a rod for the flogger!

No blasting so baneful as contempt, to a man in the way of his profession. My boys grew disorderly, and behaved themselves in school, without respect to my person, or regard to my government. Even my intimates shunned me, and would cast at me a side glance of smiling scorn as they passed. My school melted from me like snow in a fog. Even my boarders forsook me. I stood at a high rent; my effects were seized by the landlord. It was in vain that I solicited payment from the parents of my scholars. No one who was indebted to me would give me a penny; while all that I owed came like a tumbling house upon me; and so I was cast into this prison, from whence your bounty has set me free.

Alas, alas, poor Mr. Vindex, said I, had I guessed any part of the



mischiefs that our unlucky pranks have brought upon you, I would have put both my hands into a furnace rather than have borne a part in such a wickedness. In conscience, now, we are indebted to you for every misfortune we caused you; and, as you are not yet paid for the half of your sufferings, I here give you my hand and word to make up a hundred and fifty pounds more for you; and for this I will not accept the smallest thanks, as I think it is no more than an act of common honesty.—And I, cried Mr. Fenton, I hold myself indebted to you a thousand pounds, my noble Harry, for that single sentiment.—That is well, that is well, sir, cried Harry, leaping up and clapping his hands; I shall now be clear in the world with all my poor creditors. Thus, sir, continued he, it rejoiced my heart greatly to send poor Mr. Vindex away in such triumph; while my tutor and I went two or three doors off, to see a mighty pretty young creature who was confined with her ancient father. And I will tell you their story, with two or three other stories.

On tapping at the door we were desired to walk in, and saw a female, with her back to us, weaving bone lace on a cushion; while an elderly man, with spectacles on, read to her in Thomas a Kempis. They both rose to salute us. Mr. Clement then stepped up, and, seeing what they were about, cried, God cannot but prosper your work, good people, since you employ your time to such purposes. As an earnest of his kindness to you, he sends you by us a considerable charity, which you shall receive as soon as you inform us who, and what you are, and how you came here?—Blessed be the messengers of my God, cried out the father; whether they come with happy or with heavy tidings, I say with old Eli, “It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.”

O, sir! I was quite charmed when the daughter turned to me. There was such a sweetness, such a heavenly harmlessness, in her face, that I could have kissed her, and kissed her again. The good man thus began his story. My father's name was Samuel Stern. He had a clear estate of nine hundred and fifty pounds a year, in Sussex, and had, by my mother, three daughters and four sons, of whom I was the second. My father, unhappily, was a loyalist, and when the troubles broke out between King Charles and the Parliament, he took up all the money he could, at any interest, and raised a company at his own cost, which he headed on the part of his royal master.

After some successful skirmishes, his head was split by the broadsword of a trooper, at the battle of Naseby. Immediately all our servants forsook us, each carrying away with them whatever came to

hand; and, quickly after, the soldiers came, drove off all the cattle, and left nothing of our house except the bare walls. In the mean time we, poor children, huddled together into the garden, and, there separating, ran and crept under bushes and hedges, as so many chickens endeavouring to gain shelter from the kite. As soon as the noise was over, we arose, and looked about fearfully, and, getting together again, we helped one another through the garden-hedge, and made, as fast as we could, to the cottage of a neighbouring farmer, who had been our father's tenant. Here we were received coldly, and fared but very hardly for that night. On the next day, however, in order to get quit of us, as I suppose, the man went among our relations, and prevailed on one to take a son, and on another to take a daughter, till we were all divided among them; and so we entered on a kind of service to our kindred; a service, as I believe, that is found, on experience, to be much harder than any service to a stranger.

I forgot to tell you, gentlemen, that our mother died before our father engaged in arms, insomuch, that we became orphans in all respects. I fell to the share of an uncle by my mother's side. He had a small estate of about a hundred and twenty pounds yearly income, with one son, and a daughter whom I thought very lovely. My uncle appointed me overseer of his labourers, as also his clerk; but when it was intimated to him that there was a liking between his daughter and me, he called me aside, and swore that, if ever I married his daughter, he would not give us a groat. If you ever knew what love was, said he to Mr. Clement, you must know that it breaks over stronger fences than these. In short, we were wedded, and turned out of the house without any thing to live upon, except about twenty pounds, in small matters, which had been given to my wife, from time to time, by her godmother.

We made the best of our way to London. My wife understood needlework, and as I knew that my father-in-law was irreconcilable, I joined myself to a house-painter, to whom I gave my time for nothing, on condition of his giving me an insight into his business. In the third year my dear wife brought this poor creature into the world; but, happily, she did not encumber mankind with any more of our wretched progeny. All our care and delight was fixed on this our little daughter, and we thought nothing of any pains that might serve to introduce her, like herself, into the world.

As soon as Charles II. had ascended the throne, our relations were fully assured that we should be restored to our ancient possessions;

and they contributed, for their own credit, to set us forth in a suitable manner for appearing at court. There accordingly we attended, from time to time, for the space of twelve months, and got a number of woeful memorials presented to his Majesty; but his Majesty was so deeply engaged in his pleasures, or so fearful of offending the enemies of his house, that he gave no attention to our wrongs. There may also be something in the great that excites them to acts of bounty rather than acts of justice; for these, as they apprehend, might be accepted as matter of debt, and not as matter of favour.

Being tired of a fruitless suit, I returned to my former employment, and, by industry and frugality, I lived with my little family quite happy and contented. About ten months ago two men came to our lodgings. The one was in a rich livery, and having inquired for my daughter, presented her with a note to this effect.—“Lady Diana Templar sends Diana Stern the inclosed bill of twenty-five pounds, in order to put her into some little way of livelihood.”—As my poor dear child had no cause to suspect any fraud in the case, she desired the men to return her most humble thanks and duty to her Ladyship, and away they went.

As this lady was a distant relation of my wife's father, my daughter, in a few days, dressed herself in her best clothes, and went to return thanks to her ladyship in person; but was told that she was gone to her seat in the country. In the mean time she laid out her supposed bounty in furnishing a little shop with some millinery wares, and was already beginning to get some custom, when one evening two bailiffs entered, arrested her, and, taking her up in their arms, hurried her into a coach that drove up to the door.

My wife and I had rushed out on hearing our child shriek, and seeing a coach set off with her at a great rate, we ran after as fast as we could, shouting, screaming, and crying, Stop the coach, stop the coach, a rape, a rape! At length a bold fellow, who was passing, caught one of the horses by the bridle, and, while the coachman lashed at him, took out his knife and cut the reins in two. A mob then began to gather; whereupon a well dressed man, who was in the coach, leaped out and made his escape; but the coachman was not so lucky, the people pulled him from the box, and having beaten and kicked him, they dragged him through the kennel.

Meanwhile we got our child out, and then the mob overturned the coach, and, jumping upon it, broke and dashed it all to pieces. We then thought that we had nothing further to apprehend, and, taking our child between us, we turned back and walked homeward; but,



alas! we were not permitted to enter; the two bailiffs met us, and, producing their writ, again arrested our daughter at the suit, as they said, of Jonathan Delvil, Esq. for the sum of twenty-five pounds, which he had lent her on such a day. So they conducted her here, while my wife and I accompanied her, weeping and sobbing all the way. I then took these poor apartments, and hastening back to our lodgings, had our bedding brought hither.

It was now evident that the pretended gift of Lady Templar was no other than a scheme of the villain Delvil, to get the person of my darling within his faugs; and I cursed my own stupidity for not perceiving it: but blessed be my God, however, in all events, that my lamb was still innocent. What with grief, and the fright together, my dear wife took her bed, from whence she never rose, but expired on the fifth day, blessing and pressing her daughter to her bosom. My poor infant then fell as dead beside her mother, and could not be recovered from her fit in many hours; and, indeed, it was then the wish of my soul, that we might all be laid and forgotten in one grave together.

As soon as my darling was recovered, however, I again wished to live for her sake, that I might not leave her without a comforter or protector, in the midst of a merciless world.

In order to pay the nurse, the doctor, and apothecary, as also to defray the funeral expences, I left my child with the nurse, and going to our former lodgings, I sold all her millinery wares under prime cost; and having discharged the lodgings, and paid my jail debts, I prepared to lay my precious deposit in the womb of that earth, which is one day to render her back incorruptible to eternity. When the corpse was carrying out at the door, my child fell once more into fits, and I was divided about what I should do, whether to stay with the living, or pay my duty to the dead. But I will no longer detain you with melancholy matters, since all worldly griefs, with all worldly joys, must shortly be done away.

As soon as I understood that Lady Templar was returned to town, I waited upon her, and giving her an-abridgment of our manifold misfortunes, I produced the note that had been written in her name; but she coldly replied, that it was not her hand, and that she was not answerable for the frauds or villanies of others.

Meanwhile my dear girl accused herself as the cause of all our calamities, and pined away, on that account, as pale as the sheets she lay in. She was also so enfeebled by her faintish and sick fits, that she was not able to make a third of her usual earnings; and as I, on

my part, was also disqualified from labouring in my profession, since I did not dare to leave my child alone and unsheltered, we were reduced to a state of the greatest extremity. One day word was brought me that a gentleman, a few doors off, desired to speak with me; and as they who are sinking catch at any thing for their support, my heart fluttered in the hope of some happy reverse. Accordingly I followed the messenger. His appearance, in dress and person, was altogether that of a gentleman.

He ordered all others out of the room, and requesting me to sit beside him, in a half whispering voice he began: I am come, Mr. Stern, from one whom you have great reason to account your greatest enemy, I come from Mr. Delvil, at whose suit your daughter now lies in prison.—I started.—Be patient, sir, he said. He knows your distresses, he knows all your wants, he knows also that he is the author of them; yet I tell you that he feels them, as if they were his own, and that it was not his enmity, but his love, that occasioned them.

He depends on his old uncle Dimmock for a vast fortune. He saw your daughter, and loved her; he saw her again, and loved her to madness. He inquired her family, her character, and found that he had nothing to expect from any licentious proposal. He feared, however, that all must love her as he did, and, to prevent other pirates, he made use of the stratagem, which, contrary to his intentions, has brought you here. He never meant any thing dishonourable by your daughter. Had he carried her clear off, you might all have been happy together at this day; and, if you consent, he will marry her here, in the presence of a few witnesses, who shall be sworn to secrecy till his uncle's death, and he will instantly pay you down three hundred pounds in recompence for your sufferings, and will settle one hundred pounds annuity on your child for life.

I must own that, to one in my circumstances, this proposal had something tempting in it. But who is this Mr. Delvil, said I, I know him not, I never saw him?—I am the man, sir, said he. I would have discharged my action as I came to this place, but I dare not permit your daughter to get out of my custody; for, at the loss of my fortune, at the loss of my life, I am determined that no other man shall possess her.—I then promised him that I would make a faithful narrative to my child of all that had passed; but told him at the same time, that I would wholly subscribe to her pleasure; and so we parted.

As soon as I represented this matter to my Diana, O no, my papa, she cried, it is impossible! it never can be! I would do any thing,

suffer any thing, but this, for your relief. Would you act the marriage of the lamb and the wolf in the fable? If such have been the consequences of this gentleman's affection for us, what have we not to expect from the effects of his aversion? I would prefer any kind of death to a life with such a man. And then my mother! she cried, and burst into tears,—my dear mother whom he has murdered! Though he were worth half the world, and would marry me publicly in the face of the other half; it will not be! it cannot be, indeed, my papa!—Hereupon I wrote Mr. Delvil almost a literal account of my daughter's answer. It is nearly five weeks since this happened, and we have not heard any thing further from him.

In this time, however, we got acquainted with a family at the next door, whose converse has been a great consolation to us. There is a father and mother, with seven small children, boys and girls; they are very worthy people, and of noble descent; but how they contrive to live at all I cannot conceive, for they have no visible means of making a penny. Had we not known them, we should have thought ourselves the poorest of all creatures. We must own them more deserving of your charity than we are.

Here poor Mr. Stern ended; and you cannot think, sir, how my heart leaped with love toward him, on his recommending others as more deserving than himself. So I resolved at once what to do; and taking two fifty pound notes from my pocket-book, You shall not be under the necessity, Mr. Stern, says I, of marrying your pretty lamb to the ugly wolf; so here is fifty pounds to pay your action and fees, and other small debts.

On taking the note, sir, he looked at it very earnestly, and when he saw it was a true note, he opened his eyes and his mouth so wide, and stood so stiff without stirring hand or foot, that he put me in mind of Lot's wife, who was turned into a pillar of salt. However, I did not seem to mind him, but, turning to his daughter, and shewing her the other note, Miss Diana, says I, here are fifty pounds for you also, in order to set you up in your little shop again; but you shall not have it without a certain condition.—What condition, master, said she, smiling?—The condition, says I, of putting your arms about my neck, and giving me one or two sweet kisses. She then looked earnestly at me, with eyes swimming in pleasure, and starting suddenly to me, and catching me to her bosom, she kissed my lips, and my forehead, and my head, again and again, and then set up as lamentable and loud a cry as if her father had lain a corpse before her.



Mr. Stern then lifted up his eyes, and dropping on his knees, O my God ! he cried, how bountiful art thou to a wretch who is not worthy the least of all thy mercies ! Hereupon the daughter turned, and, seeing the posture of her father, she fell on her knees before him, and throwing her arms about him, he folded her in his also, and they wept plentifully upon each other.

How comes it, sir, that crying should be so catching ? However it be, Mr. Clement and I could not contain. On hearing a smart rapping, Mr. Stern rose and opened the door, when a footman, almost breathless, delivered him a letter. The letter was to this purpose, That Mr. Delvil was ill of a quinsy, that he had but a few hours to live, and requested Mr. Stern to bring his daughter to him, that, by marriage, he might give her a lawful title to his fortune.—No, papa, cried Diana, living or dead, nothing shall ever bribe me to give my hand to a man who has been the cause of the death of my dearest mother. Mr. Clement, however, thought it adviseable that Mr. Stern should attend the messenger to see if Mr. Delvil was really ill, or whether this might not be some new contrived treachery.

We promised to stay with his Diana till his return ; and he had not been long gone till some one tapped at the door. I opened it, and saw an exceeding old and reverend man ; he was dressed all in black, and his white head looked like snow on the feathers of a raven. Is Tom Stern here ? said he.—No, sir, said I, he is gone into town.—I thought he was a prisoner.—No, sir, it is not he, but his daughter, who is under confinement.—Will you give a feeble old man leave to sit with you, gentlemen ? and so down he sat.—Come here to me, child, says he to Diana, are you the daughter of Tom Stern ?—I am, sir, so please you.—And what was your mother's name ?—Anne Roche, sir ; but, alas ! she is not living : I was the cause of her death ; she broke her heart, good sir, on my being put to jail.—I hope, child, said the old gentleman, that you were not imprisoned for any thing that was naughty ?—No, sir, no, cried Mr. Clement, it was her honesty alone that brought and kept her here ; had she been less virtuous, she might have been at liberty, and flaunting about in her coach.

The old man then put on his spectacles, and ordering her to draw nearer, he took a hand in each of his, and looking intently in her face, What is your name, my dear ? said he.—Diana, honoured sir.—Indeed, Diana, you are a sweet babe, and the prettiest little prisoner that ever I saw. I will pay all your debts, and give a thousand pounds over, if you will come along with me and be my prisoner, Diana.—Ah, sir, cried the girl, it is too much to have broken the heart of one

parent already ; I would not leave my dear father for all the money in the world.—You do not leave your father, he cried, by going with me, Diana. I am your true father, the father of Nanny Roche, the father of her who bore you, your own grandfather, my Diana.

Here she sunk on her knees, between his knees, begging his blessing ; while his hands and eyes were lifted in prayer over her. He then raised her, and placing her gently on his knee, clasped her in his aged arms ; while she threw her's about his neck, and joining her cheek to his, sobbed aloud, and poured her tears into his bosom. The old gentleman, however, did not express his concern by word, or sob, or even any change of his countenance ; and yet his tears fell fast down his reverend and delightful features, upon his grandchild.

As soon as the height of their passion was abated, Miss Diana turned her eye toward me, and said, You were pleased, my grand-papa, to promise that you would pay my debts ; but that is done already. This angel here was sent to prevent all others, and he further presented me with this bill of fifty pounds to set me up in a better shop than I kept before.

I rejoice, cried the old man, I rejoice to find that so much of heaven is still left upon earth. But you, my Diana, are now in a condition rather to give charity than receive it from any. Your dear uncle Jeremy, who traded to the West Indies, lately died of the small-pox on his passage homeward. You are the heir of his fortunes, and the heir of my fortune ; you are the whole and sole lady of all our possessions. But, tell me, how much did this young gentleman advance in your favour ?—A hundred pounds, sir.

He then took out a bank note of a hundred pounds, and having offered it to me, I did not dare to refuse it, for fear of offending the respectable old gentleman ; so I held it in my hand after a doubting manner. My dear Miss Diana, says I, I will not be put to the pain of taking this back again, but on the condition of your telling me to whom I shall give it ?—O, she cried out instantly, to the babies, to the sweet babies at the next door ; I wish to heaven I had as much more to add to it for their sakes.

I then inquired the name of her favourite family at the next door, and being told it was Ruth, I looked over my list, and found that Mr. Ruth was in for above seven hundred pounds. This grieved me very much, as such a sum nearly amounted to the half of our whole stock. However, I comforted myself with the hope that God would send some one else to make up to this poor family what should be wanting on my part.

Mr. Stern just then returned. I beg pardon, said he, gentlemen, for detaining you so long, but I could not avoid it. The unhappy man is actually dying, a very terrible death, indeed, in his full strength, and almost in his full health, stifling and gasping for air, which the swelling of his glands will not suffer to pass. As soon as I entered, he beckoned to me, and put this paper, sealed, into my hand. And again, observing that I was deeply concerned for the state under which he laboured, he reached out his hand to me, and, grasping my right hand, put this ring upon my finger. This paper contains, under his hand and seal, a discharge of the action which he had laid upon my daughter, as also a conveyance to us of the cash notes enclosed, amounting to three hundred pounds, in consideration, as he recites, of our unjust sufferings. And so, my dear master Fenton, I here return you your hundred pounds with all possible acknowledgments, and a sense of the obligation that will never leave me during life.

Sir, said I, you must excuse me, I am already paid. That gentleman, yonder, compelled me to accept of the very sum you offer. Mr. Stern then started, and turning, he saw his uncle; and, eyeing him inquisitively, at length recollected who he was. He then stepped up, and falling on his knees before him, O, sir, he cried, your pardon, your pardon! it is all I presume to ask, I dare not hope for your blessing.

Tom, said the old gentleman, I wanted to be even with you; I wanted to seduce your daughter, as you seduced mine. But your daughter, Tom, though come of very rebellious parents, would not be seduced. Howsomever, as I have taken a liking to her, she must come along with me whether she will or no. And, as Jacob said to Joseph concerning Ephraim and Manasseh, she shall be mine, and not thine, Tom; and my name and the name of my fathers shall be named upon her, according to her inheritance. But if you have any affection for this my child, Tom, and are unwilling to part with her, you may follow her and welcome.

Soon after we got up, and, having congratulated this happy family on the blessing of their meeting and reconciliation, I stepped to the old gentleman, and, catching him about the neck, tenderly took my leave of him, as I did also of Mr. Stern. But when I went to take leave of the fair Diana, she drew some steps backward, and her eyes and sweet features beginning to swell, she again run forward, and, catching me in her dear arms, O my darling! my darling! she cried, am I then going to lose you, it may be, never to see you more? Were it but once in a week, in a month, in a year, to behold you, even that would keep me alive. O my best, my most generous, my



first preserver, it is you who might be the seducer, who might make me and others to run after you bare-foot. But if we must part, my little angel, do but promise to know me in heaven, and there your poor Diana will meet you, never to part any more.

What could I say or do, father, in answer to the dear girl? My heart swelled, almost to bursting, while she caressed and wept over me. At length, as well as my tears would give me leave, I demanded the name of the place to which she was going, and promised to pay her a visit as soon as possibly I could. We then parted very melancholy, notwithstanding all our success; and going out, I wiped my eyes, and begged Mr. Clement to order tea and coffee, with a comfortable entertainment, for the family at the next door, while I should go in and introduce myself as well as I could.

Having tapped gently at the door, it was opened by a little ragged boy of about five years old. Mrs. Ruth sat full in my view, and her three little daughters stood before her, while she examined them in the Old Testament-questions, of who was the first man, and the wisest man, and the strongest man, and the oldest man, and, above all, the man after God's own heart.

Mrs. Ruth was a fine woman, and had a great deal of humble dignity about her. I bowed to her as I entered, and going familiarly up, I took her by the hand and kissed it. Allow me, madam, said I, to introduce a little neighbour to you; I lodge within a few doors, and shall think myself happy in being acquainted in your family.—Alas, my dear, says she, there are very few who seek acquaintance with calamity.—They who wish to relieve it, seek acquaintance with it, madam.—Having eyed me all over with an earnest kind of surprise, You look, my love, said she, to be very good-natured, and I dare say will be very charitable when you come to have the ability.—The little ability I have, madam, shall be strained for your service. In the mean time, pray pardon the freedom I have taken in ordering tea and coffee into your room, with some cakes and sweetmeats for these pretty Misses. I will only trouble you, madam, with one guest more, it is Mr. Clement, my tutor, who, good man, has been no stranger to poverty or distress.

Here she called Mr. Ruth from an inner room: Give me leave, my dear, says she, to introduce a young stranger to you, from what world he comes I know not, but I am sure that he is not wholly of the world that we have lived in. Mr. Ruth's countenance spoke at once the meekness of Moses and the patience of Job. Having saluted, we both sat down. Mr. Ruth, said I, I have a message to you and your

Lady from your sweet pretty neighbour, Miss Diana Stern. In token of her respect and affection for you, she presents you with this cash note of a hundred pounds.—Diana Stern! cried out Mr. Ruth; why, master, she is nearly as poor as ourselves.—By no means, sir, I assure you; her grandfather is come to town, she is worth several thousands, besides a considerable estate to which she is heiress.—O, the dear angel! cried Mrs. Ruth, I will instantly go and pay her my acknowledgments. So up she got, and out she ran, before I could prevent her.

As soon as she was gone, Mr. Ruth, says I, my father is much fonder of me than I deserve. He has given me a little money to dispose of at pleasure among the confined debtors; and though I may not have enough to answer your occasions, yet my father is so very good, that if you give me the sum of your debts, with the story of your distresses, his heart, I am sure, will melt, and he will set you clear in the world.

He made no answer, however, to this my offer; but, lifting up his eyes, he cried, Well mightest thou say, great Saviour of the simple, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." O, thou first born of many brethren! here indeed, is a true brother of thine; but he speaks in his simplicity, and not according to knowledge. Then, turning toward me, Can you guess, my darling, said he, what you undertake to do for me? I question if the charities of all this nation would be sufficient, when united, to effect my deliverance. Nothing, nothing but the arm of the Almighty can do it. He will do it, indeed in death; but what then shall become of my wife and seven infants? that truly is terrible, it is worse than death to think of.

While we were speaking two sweet little fellows came in, the eldest very nearly of my size, but both clad in very thin and poor apparel. Having kneeled for their father's blessing, they slipt behind us, and, turning my head to observe them, I was quite ashamed, and drew it back again, on perceiving that the poor things were unlading their pockets of old crusts and broken meats, which I supposed they had begged for the family.

Mrs. Ruth just then returned, and her countenance looked something dejected. She took her seat by her husband, and, continuing a while silent, she put her handkerchief before her eyes, and began in broken words; Can you guess, my dear, said she, what sort of a creature this is whom we have got among us? This little heavenly impostor, to lighten our obligation, would have persuaded us that the

hundred pounds was the gift of another; but it is all his own bounty, it is all his own graciousness. Come, my daughters, come my children, kneel down and return your thanks to this your patron, your benefactor, your little father here!

O sir, you would have pitied me sadly had you seen me at that time. The poor dear things came, all in a cluster, pressing, and catching, and clasping, and clinging about me; while my love and my very heart were torn, as it were, to fritters among them. So I took them, one by one, in my arms, and kissed and embraced them very cordially, calling them my brothers and sisters. I then took out another hundred pound note, and, giving it to the eldest of the daughters, Here, my dear, said I, I always loved the little Misses; here is for yourself and your sisters to clothe you in a way more becoming your family. And then taking a note of equal value, I gave it to the eldest son, for himself and his brothers, as I said, to help to educate them in a manner more agreeable to the house from whence they came.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruth looked so astonished at me, and at each other, that for a while they were not able to utter a syllable. And just as they began to make their acknowledgments, I cried, Hush! hush! here comes my tutor. Mr. Clement just then entered, followed by people bringing tea, cold fowls, and a bottle of wine. Having introduced Mr. Clement, we all got round the table, and, when we had finished our little repast, I besought Mr. Ruth to give us the story of his misfortunes.

My father, said he, was Baron of Frankford. He left my brother, with the title, four thousand five hundred pounds a year, entailed, however, upon me in case of his dying without male issue, and he left me four hundred pounds yearly, to support the appearance of a gentleman. As my concern bordered on my brother's estate, we saw one another every day, and continued for several years in tender amity.

Being both invited one day to dine, with other company, at the house of a neighbour, called Mr. Heartless, a question happened to be started over the bottle, whether the method of setting an egg on end was originally the invention of Columbus, or whether it was communicated to him by some other; and I unhappily espoused the opinion that was opposite to that of my brother. Now, though the question was not worth the very shell of the egg about which we debated, yet we entered as warmly into it as though a province had lain at stake: for it is not truth or instruction that disputants seek after; it is victory that is the object of their contention.



After some warm words had passed between my brother and me, he started into a passion, and gave me the lie; whereupon, reaching across the table, I gave him a tap on the cheek with the flat of my fingers; then, rising furiously from his seat, he swore a fearful oath, and cried, I will ruin you, Harry, though it cost me my estate; I will ruin you, Harry Ruth, with all who are your's.

The very next day he mustered his tenants and labourers, and coming upon me with a little army, he laid most of my fences level with the earth. When I complained of this violence to my next neighbours, Mr. Heartless, and Mr. Hollow, they protested they would stand by me against such outrageous proceedings to the last of their fortunes. They then advanced me, between them, five hundred pounds for the purpose. I immediately commenced a suit against my Lord's tenants. But, though I cast them all with costs, I unhappily found that nearly all my money was sunk in the contest.

Meantime scarce a day passed wherein I was not served with a subpœna from Chancery to answer such or such a bill, to which my brother had procured me to be made a party. And he also commenced a suit against me himself, in order to invalidate my father's will, whereby I claimed my little patrimony. When I told this to my friend Mr. Hollow, he broke into a loud laugh. Your title! cried he; the world cannot invalidate your title, Mr. Ruth: I will let you have a thousand pounds upon it to-morrow: and this I was under the necessity of accepting soon after.

The more I had loved my brother, the more I now detested him. Instead of any submission or overture to appease him, my lips uttered, in daily invectives, the overflowings of my heart; as I also was assured that, on his part, he wished me nothing less than perdition. Thus we burned on both sides with unquenchable fire, and the kingdom of Satan was fully opened within us.

At length my body was imprisoned, at the suit of my neighbour Heartless, for seven hundred and fifty pounds, and my lands were taken under execution, at the suit of my neighbour Hollow, for the sum of two thousand pounds. But I soon was informed that all this money was my brother's, who had advanced it, from time to time, to those his clandestine correspondents, in order to hasten and deepen my destruction. When I understood this, I raged, I was all on fire: and I took a horrid pleasure in the notion of having the fangs of a tiger, that I might tear my brother to piecemeal, and my false friends limb from limb, and feast my spirit on their pangs, and mine eyes on their carnage.

But when I turned a look on my wife and seven infants, grief joined with rage to tear me by a double distraction. I cursed the lot to which I was appointed upon earth : and I should have sought some desperate means of putting an end to my torments, but that I dreaded, by my death, to give pleasure to my brother, ten times more than I dreaded the pain of death itself.

O, my friends, had all that ever were sainted come and preached to me the peace of our Lord Christ, at that season, it would have been no more than beating the air. It is distress alone that humbles a proud spirit, by plucking away all its props. At first I was as a worm under the foot of my God. I turned, and struggled, and writhed, and fought with all my force against the crusher. But, alas ! all was in vain ! he was too mighty for me ; and opposition served only to add to my anguish. At length I was compelled to acquiesce, rather through the want of power than the want of will to resist. And I lay as it were without motion under his dispensations, at the same time that my heart reproached him in secret.

Having sold all our moveables, and even our wearing apparel for sustenance, we were reduced to the necessity of sending our eldest boys to beg fragments of victuals at kitchen windows, to keep us from utterly famishing. This I held to be such a further disgrace as stung my soul to the quick ; I therefore began to kick against these pricks also ; but finding that the more I spurned the stronger I was held, I gave up all resistance, and contented myself with grieving and weeping under the hand of the Almighty.

From hence I gradually sunk into a state of resigned serenity, which, although without sunshine, was yet without disturbance. My fury smoothed its crest, my passions subsided, and I felt nothing more of rancour against my brother, or resistance against my God. As I had now no further prospect or concern upon earth, I began to turn my thoughts and attention toward heaven. I locked myself into yonder closet. I threw myself into the dust. I have sinned, I cried, I have greatly sinned, O God ! I am nothing, I am crushed even lower than the nothing that I am : spare, spare me from a deeper perdition, I beseech thee.

I felt that my prayer was heard ; peace descended upon me like dew upon the grass. The day-star began gradually to dawn upon my soul. The dark kingdom of Satan gave way before the kingdom of the Sun of Light and Love ; and I would no more have entertained any one of my former passions, than I would have taken burning coals in my bosom.

I now pitied my brother as much as ever I had hated him. I grieved for having caused the loss of his peace. I wished to restore it to him. I wrote a penitential acknowledgment of my faults. I besought his pardon, in the humblest manner, for the unfortunate blow. I subscribed to the justice of my consequent sufferings; and I sent my son, here, to attend his Lordship with my lowly address.

The triumph which this humiliation gave to my brother, supplied him with patience to go through my memorial. But then conceiving, as I suppose, that it was dictated by mercenary meanness and hypocrisy, he tore it to pieces, and dashed it into the fire. Then, returning to my child the box which had so inflamed the soul of his Lordship, he kicked my poor little fellow out of his house.

My child came home to me weeping sadly; but I consoled him the best I could, and mingled my tears with his; not in any resentment for the treatment received, but through grief for the inveteracy of my unhappy brother. O my God! I cried, I no longer repine at my abasement, at the weight of my sufferings; I bless thee for them, O God! they have proved my best friends, my most salutary physicians. Cruel and stern, indeed, is the porter who stands at the iron gate of pain; but O! it opens upon regions of inward delight; for he who clotheth himself with the cross, is all glorious within.

My happy experience of this truth opened for me a new prospect into the mystery of God's dispensation to mortals; and threw a number of shining lights on those very articles of gospel-redemption which had formerly appeared to me so exceptionable. If God, said I to myself, hath suffered man to fall, he hath also provided for him every possible means of recovery.

Wherefore, when sin came into the world, God also sent suffering, its inseparable attendant, to be a cure and an antidote to the poison thereof. If sin, therefore, hath thrust the kingdom of heaven from within us, suffering comes as God's forerunner; it relaxes and unfolds the brazen gates of our polluted temple, that Christ our righteousness, may enter, the very hem of whose garment is salvation to every soul that lays hold upon it.

Here I took Mr. Ruth about the neck, and, kissing him, said, I was sure my father would be willing to pay his whole debt, in return for the sweet instructions which he had given to his Harry. You speak of your father, my dear, said he, as though he were the representative of God in the gospel, who forgave to his servant ten thousand talents. What you have given me already, master, is beyond any human bounty that I ever heard of. I shall therefore lay by two



of these notes, till I am better informed how far your good father may be satisfied with the donation.

Soon after we took leave, for the present, of this honourable family. We then went among the other principal debtors, whose distresses indeed were great, though their stories had little in them.

On Tuesday, about noon, in the last week, I stepped to Mr. Ruth's, to see if the family had been decently clad, agreeable to my request. There I found him and his four sons clothed in warm and clean, though very coarse, apparel; and he told me that his wife had gone abroad with her three daughters, in order to put them also into a suitable condition.

While I sat with him, a young woman came in, of a very genteel appearance, though in a plain dress. Do not you remember the girl, sir, said she, to Mr. Ruth, who used to come to you over-night in a green bonnet and a little red mantle?—I should be very ungrateful, indeed, said he, if any change of dress could conceal from my remembrance that sweet and charitable countenance.—O, sir, she cried, the few shillings that I brought you, from time to time, came from a very affectionate hand, though from a hand you would little suspect of any affection toward you; they came from your loving niece Belinda Ruth, who has shed many a shower of tears on your misfortunes.—May heaven be her portion, cried out the good man, since earth has nothing equal to so much goodness.—Indeed, sir, continued the girl, the little that your niece sent you was procured with much difficulty and danger to herself; for, from the time that, on her knees and with a deluge of tears, she petitioned her father, in your behalf, he kept a watchful eye over her, and took from her all family trusts, so that she had nothing wherewith to supply you, except the price of some cast gowns, and of other little matters. Moreover, my Lord swore vehemently, that if ever she furnished you with the value of a farthing, or kept any kind of correspondence with you or with your's, he would disown and turn her into the public streets.

You alarm me greatly, cried out Mr. Ruth. Is any thing amiss, has any thing happened to my dear child? She was a lovely little lamb, a little angel from her cradle; though I should not know her now, if she stood before me. I hope, I say—tell me—proceed, I beseech you!

There was a servant, sir, a man whom your niece thought very faithful, and therefore entrusted with the secret of my coming to you, that he might attend and see me safe back again. This fellow, presuming on the confidence that was placed in him, would, this morn-

ing, have taken indecent liberties with his young mistress. This she resented in a becoming manner, and threatened to complain of his insolence to her father. The revengeful villain instantly ran and told the affair to his Lord, with many aggravations, as though his daughter was robbing him of all his substance. Thereupon she was hastily called, and, having in part confessed the charge, my Lord drew his sword in his fury; whereupon, giving a shriek and a sudden spring, she got out of his presence, and has sent me to know, sir, if you will be pleased to receive her.

Yes, cried Mr. Ruth, to my bosom, to my heart; with the same pleasure and welcome that a convict receives pardon on the hour of execution. Just then Mrs. Ruth entered, with her three daughters, who running up to their father, dropped together on their knees before him for a blessing. While his hands and eyes were raised in prayer over them, a young stranger stepped earnestly up, and, falling on her knees beside the daughters, she broke into tears, and cried aloud, Bless me, bless me also, O my father! I am your niece, your Belinda. My father is no more! Your's, my Lord, is the title, your's all the possession; I now, in my turn, depend on your bounty for a morsel of bread.—My brother, my brother is dead! exclaimed Mr. Ruth.—He is, my Lord, she replied; he was suffocated by his rising choler, and expired on the spot.

While the young Lady spoke, Mrs. Ruth looked as quite terrified by the tidings of such a sudden elevation; and clapping her hands together, and lifting her eyes, she cried, It cannot be, it is impossible? Our's the title, our's the fortune!—O my God!—O my husband!—O my children!—with which word she sunk senseless on the floor.

While Harry was speaking, Ned saw a woman standing before one of the windows, and looking earnestly at her, he gave a sudden jump, and cried, O sir, sir, my mammy! my mammy! my mammy! There is my mammy, there is my mammy, as sure as day!

Run, Ned, instantly, cried Mr. Fenton, and call James to me.—James, yonder is the woman who stole Ned from his parents; have an eye to her, do not let her escape! Order Frank to take a horse, and go with all speed to Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, that they may come and know of a surety, whether Ned is their child or not.—Stay a moment; as soon as you have given Frank his orders, take the rest of the servants, and lay hold on this bad woman, bring her into the house by force, and confine her in one of the back rooms till Mr. Fielding arrives. By all Ned's account, she must be a very sad creature.

James went out upon his commission, and, having executed matters with his accustomed punctuality, he returned to the company. La! sir, cried James, it is impossible that this woman should be Ned's mammy, as he called her. This is some unhappy decayed gentlewoman, as innocent of the fact, I dare answer, as the child unborn. I am sorry, with all my heart, that I had her used so roughly. Beside, sir, she is so deaf that she cannot answer to any thing of which she may be accused.

Go to her yourself, Ned, cries Mr. Fenton, and observe her more exactly; for, if what she says has any truth in it, it is impossible she should be your mammy. Ned accordingly went, but returned under evident confusion. I do not know what to think, sir, cries Ned. When I look at the gentlewoman's face, I could swear, twenty times over, to every feature; but when I look at her dress and manners, I could again almost swear against her face.

Ned's perplexity added greatly to Mr. Fenton's curiosity. He got up in haste, and went in person to inspect the party. When he entered, he saw a young woman who looked very pale and sickly, but of a genteel appearance, and neatly, though plainly, dressed. She cast upon him a penetrating look, and courtesying to him, with downcast eyes, Sir, says she, your presence tells me that you are master here. I know not for what offence your people have confined me; but, if it is on any suspicion of misbehaviour, I have here the certificate of a worthy man, who vouches at least for the innocence of my conduct. —Here she presented him with a paper that contained the following words;

“ I certify that the bearer hath served me upwards of five years in quality of housekeeper. That she is a young woman of distinguished piety and merit, and departs, at her own desire, on some business to London. Given under my hand, &c.

“ MARMADUKE CATHARINES, Cl.”

On reading this, Mr. Fenton bowed, and made a motion with his hand for her to sit down. He then took a pen and paper that lay beside him, and wrote to the purpose, that he requested her to allow him to detain her certificate for about an hour, after which he would return it, and endeavour to make her amends for the treatment which his people had given her. On casting her eye over the paper, she made a low courtesy, and said, I shall willingly attend, sir, during your pleasure; but hope, in the mean time, that your charity will afford me a morsel of bread, for I am faint with hunger.

Mr. Fenton then pulled a bell, and, having ordered some cold



meats and white wine to be served, he bowed, and withdrew to his company.

Ned, said he, as he entered, this woman is just as much the empress of Russia as she is your mammy. Here, Mr. Clement, look at this certificate; I have no reason to doubt the truth of the character given in it, for her person and manners are every way conformable to it. I am sorry at heart that I sent in such a hurry for Mr. and Mrs. Fielding; I have thereby raised a sort of expectation in them, and it may be very mortifying to have the expectation wholly defeated.

Some time after a coach and six drove full gallop up to the door, and Mr. and Mrs. Fielding alighted, with anxiety in their countenance. As soon as Mr. Fenton had duly received and seated them; My dear madam, says he to Mrs. Fielding, I think myself very unhappy in having given you any unnecessary trouble. My poor Ned, here, has been utterly mistaken in the person of the woman whom he took to be his mammy. The certificate of her certain residence bears a date even previous to that in which we found him; and her deportment is more than a thousand testimonies against her being of the wandering or dissolute class of people. Be pleased, Mr. Fielding, to look over this certificate; I think it has all the marks of genuine.

The moment Mr. Fielding cast his eyes on the paper, "A well known character, a well known character, indeed!" he exclaimed. It is the hand of Mr. Catharines, my tutor, my friend; the man of the world, excepting yourself, Mr. Fenton, for whom I have the dearest affection. No question can be made of any thing to which he sets his affirmative.

Alas! cried Mrs. Fielding, then all the hopes we had conceived must again be cast aside. Here comes our nurse too, poor woman, in great haste; I sent her word that we had found the person whom we suspected to have stolen our child, and desired that she would meet me here directly.

While Mrs. Fielding spoke, nurse entered trembling and almost breathless, and, without taking any notice of the company, Where, she hastily cried, where is the boy, madam, whom you supposed to be your child?

Ah! nurse, said Mrs. Fielding, we were quite mistaken in the woman whom we supposed to be the kidnapper, and so that affair is all over.

I have nothing to say, cried nurse, to this woman or the other woman; but you must not have another body's child put upon you: if he is indeed your son, I shall know him in an instant; I should

know him from all the children that ever were born.—Why, nurse, cried Mrs. Fielding, eagerly, do you know of any mark, by which you could guess at him?—He had no spot upon him, madam; but, if he be a living boy, he has a mark of my own making that never will out, and that is the reason that I never dared to tell you of it.—What mark, nurse? what mark? tell me instantly.

Why, madam, you must know as how the weather was very cold, it being Twelfth-day in Christmas holidays. So you and my master were from home a visiting, and I had a rousing fire, and my child stood by my knee, being just then twelve months nineteen days old, and as sturdy a fellow, of his age and inches, as any could desire to see. So the cat all at once threw down some crockery-ware behind me. Up I started, and ran to save the vessels; but, hearing my child scream, I turned much nimbler back again, and found him fallen, with his little neck against the upper bar of the grate. It was well that I did not die on the spot, for then he must have died too. So I whipt him up in my arms, but he roared terribly. So I got some softening cream, and spread it over the burn, and put a plaster upon that again; and I covered the place, from day to day, so well with his cap, that neither you nor my master knew any thing of the matter. But the shape of his hurt went so deep into my memory, that, as I was saying, I should know him by it again among all the children in all the world.

Go then, my dear nurse, cried Mrs. Fielding, immediately, and examine if this boy has your mark upon him.—Is this the master, madam, whom you suspect to be your son?—It is, nurse, it is; my heart took a liking to him the first moment I saw him; he too was stolen from his parents, and may as well be my son as the son of another.

Here nurse made a hasty step or two toward Ned, but, suddenly stopping and turning pale, Ah! madam, she cried, I wish you would go and try yourself; the wound, if he has it, is just under his right ear; for, if I should find that he is my very child, I shall certainly run mad for joy.—I dare not try, nurse, I dare not try for the world, said Mrs. Fielding. I am all of a tremble.

Nurse, then, plucking up a little resolution, stepped suddenly to Ned, and turned up his hair; when, giving a loud scream, she had just the power to cry out, My child! my child! and dropped down in a violent hysteric fit.

Mrs. Fielding, on hearing the nurse cry out, rose hastily from her chair, and would have gone to embrace her son, but, falling instantly back, she fainted away.

While the family were all in a bustle, applying remedies to their patients, Mrs. Fielding recovered, and, hearing the cries of her nurse, she went and kneeled down by her, and wept with her and over her, while her tears proved a seasonable restorative to herself.

As soon as Mr. Fielding found that his lady was recovered, he turned to Ned, and, lifting his hair, observed the remarkable seam that the burn had made. It is, it is my child! he tenderly cried. O my God! how is this? wherein have I deserved thy smallest notice, that thou shouldst thus visit me with thy wonders, and, by thy mercies, put me to confusion of face?

Here Ned kneeled respectfully down for a blessing, which his father silently called upon him with lifted hands and eyes. He then raised him, and, sitting down, took him fondly to his bosom; "Thou art, thou art my son, my beloved son, he cried; my first and my last, the only offspring of my life. Thou shalt no more be a wanderer, no more be a beggar, my babe. Thrice blessed be our meeting, and tenfold blessed thy future fortunes! O that our lives, my child, might be one whole oblation to Him from whom this amazing salvation hath come!"

By this time the nurse's distemper was greatly abated, though she still continued extremely low and feeble, and did not seem to recollect, except by faint glimmerings, any thing that had passed. Mr. Fielding then proposed to take her to town, to the physician's; observing that there was room enough for her and Ned in their carriage; and the coach was ordered to turn directly to the door. Poor Ned, during this time, was as a person who fluctuated between the dread of leaving known enjoyments, and the hopes of his possessing somewhat that he had not yet tasted.

Mr. Fielding then stepped up, in a kind of ecstasy, to Mr. Fenton. He caught him in his arms: My dearest sir, he cried, I love, I respect, I revere you, even next to my God! What can I return you? All that I am or have sinks out of sight from your benefits.—I am blessed, my dear sir, I am blessed beyond expression, replied Mr. Fenton, in being made an humble instrument of happiness to a worthy man.—O sir, cried Mr. Fielding, what events next to miraculous! We came to your door, but we were not permitted to pass; our carriage broke for the purpose. You then told us of this foundling; but what likelihood that among millions he should happen to be ours? You then proposed an expedient for ascertaining the persons from whom he was kidnapped. This expedient failed. God, however, would discover



him. He set upon him an indubitable mark for the purpose; none knew of this but his nurse, and she has revealed it. Had any one of these many circumstances been wanting, our child must have continued a stranger to us for ever.—Indeed, sir, said Mr. Fenton, they are all concurring proofs that you are under the especial eye of Providence. But, sir, I fear we shall have a heavy loss of our friend Ned; for, though he does not want his small faults, he is a worthy-hearted child, and a very pleasant companion.—O sir, cried Mr. Fielding, you and master Fenton have a right to command both him and us at all times. But come, Ned, take leave, for the present, of your best friends.

Here Ned, with filling eyes, stepped respectfully to Mr. Fenton, and, kneeling before him, took each of his hands and kissed them, crying, My father! my father! Whereupon Mr. Fenton tenderly raised him, and, pressing him affectionately to his bosom, cried, God be good to you, son, and make you a blessing to your true parents, and to all your kin!

Ned then turned to Harry, and taking him by both hands, and looking him fondly in the face, O master Harry, master Harry, he cried, I never shall be able to say the word farewell to you, my master Harry. I was hungry and you fed me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was a stranger and you took me in; the whole world to me was fatherless and friendless, when you were father and mother, and a whole world of friends, to me, my true lord and master Harry. Are you not my owner, am I not your property, your own hard bargain? Did you not purchase me with your stripes, and will you suffer me to be taken away from you, my heart's master?

— Here Harry, swallowing his passion as well as he was able, clasped Ned in his arms, and cried, My brother, my friend and brother for ever! Then turning to Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, and wiping his eyes, I hope, madam, sir, says he, that you will excuse my young friend here, for his partiality to a family who have loved him long and very dearly; in a little time, to be sure, he will love and respect you both above all the world. Though I grieve to part with him, I heartily rejoice at his being acknowledged to be the child of such worthy parents, and I hope, I say, that you will not be offended at his concern for parting with his old friends.

No, my noble creature, cried Mr. Fielding, we are delighted at the proof that he gives of his gratitude, and at the strength of his attachment where he has been so highly obliged.—O sir! O madam! says Ned, kissing the hands of his parents, did you but know the value of

what I lose, when I leave, when I leave—and here he burst afresh into tears.

Mrs. Fielding then took Ned in her arms, and, tenderly embracing him, cried, We do, my love, we do know the value of the family that you leave, and it is the dearest wish of my heart that we should all become as one family, and as one household. This angel here, as you say, is your rightful owner, and we owe him more, on that account, than our whole fortune can pay, and he shall have you as long and as often as ever he pleases; but, for this night, my darling, it would be very unkind not to go with your good nurse, your true and loving mammy, who has suffered so much for your sake, and her case requires that we should take her immediately to the doctor's. Here Ned acquiesced, and, having taken a weeping leave of all the family, not forgetting the meanest servant in the house, he stepped slowly into the coach, sat down by his nurse, and away they drove.

As soon as the family of the Fieldings were gone, Harry withdrew to his chamber, and locked himself in, while Mr. Fenton went to enfranchise his late prisoner. He first returned her certificate to her, and then, presenting her with twenty guineas, he bowed, and made a motion with his hand to the door, intimating that she was at liberty to depart.

Having looked several times, with silence and surprise, now at Mr. Fenton, and again at the money; I should be very ill deserving of your bounty, sir, she said, should I attempt any longer to impose upon you. I am not deaf; it was only an artifice which I made use of, when taken into custody, to avoid answering questions that might have brought a worthy family into disgrace. But you look so much the gentleman and the christian, that I ought to have no reserve toward you.—Be pleased then, said Mr. Fenton, as far as prudence will allow, to let me know who and what you are.

I hope, sir, she replied, that I am very far from being what I was, otherwise I should be the very vilest of the vile. Wherefore, if you will allow a weakly woman to sit, I will tell you the whole of my story, with the same openness that I make confession of my sins to him from whom alone I look for remission. My maiden name was Fielding; my father was a gentleman of large fortune and good repute: he had by my mother a very worthy son who inherits his estate, and a very unworthy daughter who now takes the shame of confessing her faults. My mother was one of the holiest of women, and brought me up, to the best of her power, in her own principles and practice; but she died when I was in the thirteenth year. before I had acquired a due

relish for my duty, before the yoke of Christ became easy, or his burden light.

My father then provided me a governess, a woman well skilled in French and needle-work, and other shewy accomplishments ; a woman also of much apparent modesty, though inwardly of a bad disposition. There is nothing so pernicious to the morals of children, as being permitted to keep the company of servants. My governess, though something elderly, took a liking to my father's clerk, a modest young man, whom, however, she had the art to seduce to her wanton purposes. In order to promote her intrigue, in my father's absence, at evenings, she used to procure collations, and, after we had eat and drank, to propose plays and other matters of innocent merriment, as she called them. The chief of our men-servants was one Guillaume, the butler, one in whom my father had placed great trust.

One night, as we were playing at Hide-and-Seek, this man watched the place where I sought to conceal myself, and, coming softly and suddenly to me, he caught me up in his arms, and, running with me to a distant apartment, he there ruined me. A false shame did not permit me to say any thing of the matter, and the villain had afterward the insolence to threaten me, that, if I did not admit him to a repetition of his crime, he would expose me to the family. At length both the governess and I proved with child, of which the housekeeper, in private, informed my father ; whereupon the governess was turned out of doors, and I was locked up in a waste room. On the third day of my imprisonment my father entered, and, examined me with a stern though sedate severity ; when on my knees, and with a flood of tears, I confessed the whole affair.

The butler was then sent for. Guillaume, said my father, if you do not directly marry this strumpet I will hang you for a rape ; but if you marry her, I will give you two hundred pounds to set you going in some poor way, on condition that I never see the face of either of you any more. The last terms were immediately complied with. A licence was sent for. We were married in my father's presence. The money was paid down, and we were directly turned into the streets. Upon this small fund, and about a hundred and fifty pounds more which my husband had saved, he set up a gaming-tavern, to which there was great resort ; and, as he was a very bold, sensible, and enterprising man, he became extremely agreeable to numbers of his customers, among whom there were many persons of fortune and distinction.

At length the time of my labour approached, I lay, for a fort-



night, in agonies that admitted of little intermission. My child died within me, and was brought into the world piecemeal. I languished for three months after my delivery, without being able to quit my bed ; and the remembrance of the pangs that I endured caused me to vow, that I would never more have any commerce with mankind. On my recovery, therefore, I resolutely rejected the caresses of my husband, whereupon he began to behave with great coldness, and to frequent the company of lewd women.

In about fourteen months after my marriage, my husband had a run of dice against him, whereby he lost fifteen hundred pounds ; and, as he had not wherewithal to discharge the full sum, he determined, at all events, to pay to the last penny of his debts of honour, as he called them. Hereupon he began to raise contributions on the public, and, after several very bold and successful exploits, he was taken from amidst his right honourable associates at a gaming-table, conveyed to Newgate, tried, convicted, and executed at Tyburn.

Upon this, all our substance was immediately seized by creditors ; and I was turned into an unknown world, without any thing to sustain me, save a few shillings in my pocket, and the single suit of clothes which I had on my back. I forgot to tell you, my dear sir, that my worthy but afflicted father had died before this period ; and this ought to have been the greatest of afflictions to myself : but the season of my feelings was not yet come ; and I barely dropped a slight tear, without any sense of remorse for having been, in all likelihood, his principal executioner.

As my brother was now the only person upon earth to whom I had any right to apply for support, I accordingly went to his house with an anxious, beating heart, and sent him in a written state of my deplorable case. But his answer was, that, if ever I again appeared before his doors, he would take me up as a vagabond, and transport me to the plantations.

Wholly desperate by this disappointment, and stimulated almost to frenzy, my blood boiled in my veins. The horrid thoughts of vengeance could alone assuage my raging spirit ; and I resolved to compass my ends by poison, by dagger, or any of the speediest means. For I looked upon my brother as a robber, who had despoiled me of my title to my father's affection and inheritance. For this accursed purpose it was necessary to get near him. I sold my clothes, and, having disguised myself in the dress of a chair-woman, I engaged as a servant in a cellar over the way. From this place I observed an infant of about two years old, who at times was brought to the door by his nurse ;

and I learned that he was the only child of my brother, and that the lives of his parents were wrapped up in him.

Here I conceived I had found an object on whom I might execute my revenge, with better safety to my own person, and greater torture to my adversary, than by any other method. I therefore couched on my watch, like a lioness for her prey, and, spying the child alone, I shot across the street, caught him up in my arms, and away I flew. I hastened with him as fast as I could till I reached the fields. I then got under a ditch, and stripped him of his raiment, which I folded in a handkerchief; and having cut in pieces an old petticoat, and tacked it about him, I made my way to a little alehouse, and there took up my lodging for the first night.

I believe, sir, I am the greatest instance, that ever was, of the length to which human nature can go in reprobacy, when abandoned of God. The strong bent which my mother had given me to religion, caused me only to recoil with the greater force; and, when my father cast me off, I even reproached God, for having suffered me to fall into my first offence.

I was yet urged and carried further down the hill of perdition, by the example of the licentious set of profligates that daily and nightly frequented my husband's house. In short, I became an alien to all goodness; and I would willingly have been a party in any kind of wickedness, save that of personal prostitution. How pitiable then must have been the case of the unhappy infant who had fallen into my cruel gripe! I often suffered him, on purpose, to weep for hunger, that I might please myself with the miseries of my brother in the person of his child.

For four years and nine months I led a wandering and mendicant life, in which trade my little nephew grew very successful and useful to me, so that I began to abate of my severity toward him. Detested by my relations, and outcast from the world, I cared for nothing but myself, and nightly indulged my appetite with the best victuals and liquor that my pocket could afford.

One day, having passed through Enfield, where I had raised some petty contributions, I spied an infant on a bank at a distance from any house, and instantly the project occurred of exacting the larger charities by his means. I looked about, and, thinking that I was not observed, I caught the child up, and ran off with all my speed. But I had not gone far, when I heard a man shouting after me, and perceived that I was pursued. Thereupon I cast down the child with my pouch of provisions, and, leaving little Ned behind me also, I

made the best of my way through the opposite thicket. As my terrors continued, I continued to run, till I was faint with fatigue, but still keeping forward, though slower and slower. God conducted me within sight of the parsonage-house of Mr. Catharines, which I reached with difficulty, and sunk away on the threshold. I knew nothing further of what passed till I found myself in a warm though coarse bed, with one woman holding a bottle of salts to my nose, and another presenting me with a cordial. I looked about, and found myself something revived, but, on the sight of some meat which was brought, I again fainted. Within some hours, I was seized with pains in all my bones, and fell into a raging fever. Mr. Catharines, who was physician to the bodies as well as souls of all his flock, visited and prescribed for me, and had me attended with great humanity.

On the third night I dreamed that an invisible hand came, and, seizing me by a single hair of my head, hurried me aloft, through the regions of the air, till it held me right over a fiery gulph, in the pinnacles of whose flames a variety of dæmons appeared to hover, the horridness of whose figures was indescribable. They all seemed to struggle toward me, and to stretch forth their fangs to receive me, while my husband, Guillaume, ascended swiftly in the midst, and, rushing up with a pair of sheers, cut the hair, that withheld me, in twain; so down I thought I fell, and, giving a great shriek, I awaked to darkness and inexpressible horrors.

Though no light was in the room, my conscious spirit supplied the office. All my transgressions arose minutely and distinctly to my memory. They appeared as so many fiends, within me and around me; and I fell into an agony that threw me into a fit. I awoke again before morning, but without any abatement of my terrors. I groped about for a knife, or other instrument of self-destruction; for, I said to myself, perhaps death may bring rest to the weary and overladen, or at least afford some respite before the fearful judgment of final condemnation. So, finding no other means, I grasped my neck in my hands, and exerted my force to strangle myself; but nature proved repugnant, and I sunk from my agonies into a second fit.

On the breaking of the day Mr. Catharines entered, but, as the room was darkened, I did not know who he was. He approached my bed, and, taking hold of my hand, he sighed and said, You are very ill, poor woman, exceeding ill, indeed; you have more need of a physician for your soul than your body; if you please then, I will kneel down and pray with you, and for you, that God may receive your departing spirit.—O no, sir, I cried, I cannot pray; even to hear



a prayer would be worse than hell to me. I have no God, no Saviour; they have long since departed from me. I am a sinner to whom hope can never come. Omnipotence itself can do nothing for me; I feel that, if God would, he cannot save me, except he were to create me over again.

And he can create you over again, cried the good Mr. Catharines; even in this instant he can make you a new creature; he can save you from all your sins by an inward salvation, by pouring the abundance of himself into your bosom.

O, sir, I exclaimed, you do not know how vile I am. Even now I am in hell: the fiends have the property and possession of me. O, if any single soul were to suffer, for ever, what I suffered last night, better it were that creation had never been. Here I recounted to him my dream, with the agonies that I felt, and my attempt to destroy myself: when he cried out, Good hopes, good hopes! very excellent hopes, indeed. These are strong and blessed compunctions. I see that the Saviour of sinners is determined not to lose you. Be of good cheer! here, take this julap to recruit your wearied spirits, that you may be able to lay open the wounds of your soul to the ministering physician of your dear and loving Lord.

But, do you think, sir, said I, that there is any hope for me?—Hope, cried he, there is assurance, more stable than the foundations of the earth. God is love: he never rejected any that turned to him. His incarnation, his whole task and business upon earth, his sufferings and crucifixion, his agonies and death, were embraced by him for the sake of sinners. It is in the darkness and the shadow of death, that the light of the loving Jesus delights to spring up. But come, my dear sister, tell me who and what you are. Lay open, with truth, the manifold distempers of your sin-sick soul; your weakness, your poverty, your nakedness, your pollutions, your errors, and your emptiness; and he, who shineth in darkness, will descend into you, and will be your strength, and the riches of pardoning mercy to you; and will purify your pollutions, and turn your errors into rectitude, and your emptiness into the fullness of the joy and glory of your God.

Here I made him a full recital of all the passages of my life, more minutely than I have done to your honour. Never was man so affected. He groaned, he sobbed aloud, he wet his handkerchief with his tears as though it had been drenched in a river.

As soon as I had concluded, Do you not know me then? he cried, (breaking afresh into tears,) do you not know me, Mrs. Phœbe? Know you not Marmaduke Catharines, your brother's tutor and your tutor,

the man from whose lips you used to imbibe instruction with so much avidity? Ah, had I stayed, nothing of this would have happened; but your brother got me presented to a rich living here, and so I left my vineyard and the fruits thereof unguarded! O that accursed Guillaume! I left my lamb to the remorseless wolf! From your infancy, Mrs. Phœbe, you were the darling of my affections; the day did not seem to shine in which I saw you not. Your smiles cheated my spirit, and your unaffected graces played round my heart.

Your brother, too, saw and approved my passion for you. What happiness did he not propose to himself in our union! We will be brothers, he cried, my Catharines, folding me fast in his arms; we will be brothers in reality, as well as inclination. But those blissful prospects soon vanished away. You were seduced, my daughter, you were seduced from your duty, from your God, and your lover. Your brother wrote me an account of your fatal falling away; and I spent my nights in tears, and my days in anguish. Ah, how are you altered, even in person! I could not have known you again. Sin hath taken away the sweetness of your countenance, and spread a cloudiness and stain in the place thereof. But you are returned to virtue, to yourself, and to your God; and he will once more beautify you, and make you, as the king's daughter, all glorious within.

While the holy man spoke, the hardness of my heart began to dissolve, my terrors departed from me; my breast began to heave with a kindly though sad emotion, and a torrent of tears greatly eased my distemper both of body and mind. Mr. Catharines, as I afterward learned, on hearing of my miscarriage, had vowed to himself never to have commerce with woman-kind.

A widowed lady, however, of large fortune and liberal education, but much advanced in years, happened to reside in the neighbourhood. She was first caught by the simple and affecting piety of his discourses from the pulpit. She visited and was visited by him. She was then further charmed by the lustre of his sentiments, the sanctitude of his manners, and the sweetness of his disposition. Sir, said she to him one day, I am by birth a foreigner, and neither have children, nor any relation in this kingdom. I blush not to tell you that, if I were young and beautiful, you are the man whom I would have chosen for my husband. But my defects take nothing from your great merits. You are as precious in my eyes as if I were deserving of you; and I am desirous of making you my own for life, provided you swear to me, before the nuptial knot is tied, that my fortune, my company, and my obedience, are all that ever you will require from me in right of our

marriage. You shall live and be as an only son to me ; and I will have for you, at once all the duty of a wife, and the tenderness of a mother. In the mean time my two capital prospects will be compassed by this scheme : the one of giving myself a legal title to your company ; the other of giving you a legal title to my fortune.

A proposal for such a species of marriage answered exactly to Mr. Catharine's vow. The lady, though considerably upward of sixty, shone in all the graces separable from youth. He could therefore form no rational objection to the scheme ; and, within a few weeks, they were privately married.

While I wept, as I told you, sir, under a kindly remorse for my manifold offences, Mr. Catharines kneeled down, and poured forth his prayers with an elocution so warm, and so deeply affecting, as entered and searched through my heart and my reins, and seemed to tear out, by the roots, all the evil that was in me.

As soon as he had ended, and that I had thanked him, with words half suffocated, for the graciousness of his consolations, Mrs. Catharines came in. Would you then, sir, said she, would you monopolize all the charities ? Will you not suffer a sister near the throne of grace, who may assist in the under-services to the servants of our Master ?—My dear, said he tenderly, I was about to request your presence. Here lies on the bed of sickness, and perhaps of death, the daughter of my patron, the sister of my friend, and once the dearest object of my affections. Pray order a chamber for her, more becoming her station, and my debts to her family.

She instantly went out, and, within a few minutes, several female servants entered, who, gently wrapping me in the clothes wherein I lay, conveyed me to a bed ready sheeted and warmed, that stood in a small but decent apartment. As soon as I was placed, Mrs. Catharines came up, and, stooping, tenderly kissed me, and said, God be gracious to you, my daughter !

Here I was treated with an attention and delicacy that, joined with my evil deeds, put me to utter shame. However, I began to recover apace, and, within a few days, was able to sit up. On the seventh night I had a very singular dream or vision, which will never depart my memory, and which, I trust, through life and death, will preserve its happy influence over me. Methought I walked with vast crowds of fine and merry people, along a road of a gentle and pleasant descent. On a sudden my husband stood beside me. I surveyed him with a delight that I had never known before. He seemed to surpass in beauty all the persons around us ; his garments were embellished



with gold and gems, and his countenance shone with a wonderful lustre.

Come, Miss Phœbe, said he, gracefully taking me by the hand, come with me to yonder paradise, where I will weave a garland for you of never-fading flowers, and treat you with fruits of a heavenly flavour. Immediately a vast garden opened its incomparable beauties to my quickened imagination. The odours thereof perfumed the air far and wide, and the burdened trees reached forth fruits of irresistible temptation.

My husband then plucked, and gave me to eat of the clusters of the grape, which I seized and devoured with an intemperate relish; when, happening to look down, I perceived that he had got the legs and hoofs of a goat, and it instantly occurred that he could be no other than the tempter of our first parents. Terrified almost to death, I did not dare to speak out; but lifting up my heart in secret prayer, he and his paradise immediately vanished. At once I found myself in a vast and dreary wilderness, whose trees were barren of fruits; through which there was no path, and from whence there was no outlet. Go on what side I would, I had scarce made my way through one thicket, when I was presented with another; till, being spent with fatigue, I despaired of any deliverance, and sat me down to die.

Soon after, methought Mr. Catharines approached, in mean apparel, but with a majestic and stern countenance. Wretch! he cried, are you at length come to a knowledge of the evil of your ways? Are you now come to a sense of your vile and forlorn estate? Do you find at last that I alone can be your stay and your helper? So saying, he seized me by the hand, and his touch filled my frame with confidence. We rose into the air, we moved together over a boundless tract of desert, from whence the lions roared and the wolves bayed at us. At length we alighted at the entrance of a narrow path that led up the ascent of a mountainous country. The nearer side was covered with clouds, and blasted by tempests, through which the farther part seemed to gleam with a faint radiance that promised the rising day.

Courage! said my conductor, we must ascend this mountain, in spite of all opposition; in spite of the toils, the difficulties, and dangers; the pains, calamities, distresses, and discouragements, of the way. No obstacles, I cried, shall appal or discourage me; I will rejoice in distresses and pains while I have you by my side.

Hereupon I felt wonderful strength and alacrity. I ran up the ascent with an eager pace, and hoped in a few minutes to reach the

top. But, alas! I was widely out in my account. The way became straiter, and steeper, and rougher. I began to fail through fatigue, and the edged flints tore my feet, and marked my footsteps with blood. Ah, sir, I cried, this is very grievous indeed.—Peace, said he, it is very salutary; these flints are your kindest friends, your truest physicians; and the wounds that they give your body, will be more than the balm of Gilead to the healing of your soul. I then summoned all my powers, and proceeded, though with much anguish, which often compelled me to lean, with all my weight, upon my companion.

At length we came to a pass that was thick set and interwoven with briars and thorns, and, seeing no way, I made a full stop. Good cheer, cried my guide, this must also be traversed; there is no quailing now, you must endure to the end, my daughter. The thorn was pronounced a curse to the first Adam and his posterity, but your second Adam has made it a wreath of living brightness; these accordingly are appointed to twist the garland of your blessedness, and to make you a partaker of the crown of eternal glory.

Revived by this promise, I rushed into the midst, and struggled to get forward, though screaming with anguish; but, when the thorns rent my skin, and entered into my body and soul, and lodged their stings within me, I could endure no longer; but, casting myself on my conductor, O that death, I cried, would put an end to my sufferings! He then turned; and smiled upon me, and, taking me under his arm, bore me harmless through the remainder; then, seating me on a bank, he placed himself beside me.

While I sat, still panting with pain and fatigue, he went forward, and pulled off his sandals. I then saw the large wounds that the nails had made. My spirit instantly told me that it was my Lord himself, under the form of his minister. I threw myself prostrate before him. My bosom opened wide; and taking hold of his feet, covered with dust as they were, I pressed them to my heart; when on their touch I felt such an ecstatic transport, that, if I had not awoken, my body could no longer have retained my spirit; it must instantly have issued to him who breathed it. The consolation of this dream greatly strengthened me, and I hastened to get up, that I might delight myself in serving the servants of my benefactors.

When Mrs. Catharines rose, she found me busied in the basest employments of the kitchen. She looked astonished. Why, my dear, she cried, would you demean yourself in this manner?—O, madam, I replied, I beseech you to leave me to my own conscience, it tells me that even this office is much too honourable for me.

When breakfast was ready, Mr. Catharines came in from his morning's walk of meditation. As he entered, I cast myself before him, and, clasping his knees, cried, How blessed are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings of salvation to sinners! But, above all, blessed is he who beareth, in his own person, the image and impression of the Prince of Peace! Being much surprized and abashed at my manner of salutation, he demanded the reason of it, and I told my dream; whereupon they were so affected, that they both shed tears of tender congratulation.

I have already told you, sir, that Mr. Catharines was physician to the bodies as well as souls of all his parishioners; I might have added, to all the country about him. For this purpose he had provided a little kind of apothecary's shop, where he kept all manner of drugs for the sick, as well as matters of surgery for the sore and the wounded. On these occasions I became his principal assistant. I was myself often astonished at the effects of my application in this way. I scarce remember an instance wherein I failed of success. A spirit of healing seemed to accompany my walks. I have frequently cured those who have been given up as incurable by the doctors and surgeons. And I never had such heartfelt delight as when, on my knees, I bathed the feet of the sick, or washed the ulcers of the beggar; for in them methought the great physician of sin-sick souls lay before me, who had healed my own wounds, and done away my transgressions.

About three months ago Mrs. Catharines began to decline, and peaceably dropped, like over-ripe fruit, into the lap of our general mother. Mr. Catharines had often desired my permission to write to my brother in my favour; but, conscious of the injury that I had done him in the person of his child, I had hitherto declined the proposal. At length, however, I determined to throw myself at his feet, and confess my guilt, though without any prospect of obtaining his pardon. My benefactor approved of my resolution; he wrote a letter to my brother by me; and, within a few days, I set out in his chaise for London.

On the road, I took it into my head once more to make trial of my brother's nature, and to present myself before him as an object of his charity. For this purpose I dismissed the chaise at St. Alban's. I also sent back my little baggage, with an account of my project in a note to Mr. Catharines, and retained nothing but this poor garb that I have on.

On that night I was taken suddenly and extremely ill, and could keep nothing on my stomach for six days. I sent to London for a



physician, who attended me ; and, by the time I was able to creep abroad, what with fees to the doctor, the apothecary's bill, and a still more exorbitant bill from the landlord, I had scarce eighteen pence left to bear my charges to the city. With that sum, however, I set forward on foot ; but, finding myself still very weak and sickly, I was tempted to repine for not having brought more money from home. But, again, I remembered that my Master had told me, that sufferings were the best physicians for such a sinner. I was therefore pleased to be once more reduced to the lowest state of beggary, and, after three days sore travel, God was pleased to conduct me to your door.

This, sir, is the letter which my friend wrote in my favour to my brother. You see it is open ; but, before you read it, I ought to account to you for some touches of uncommon tenderness, which Mr. Catharines has expressed toward me.

Some weeks after the funeral of his lady, he and I stood chatting in the front of the house. The evening was exceeding pleasant, and the maids sat singing and milking the cows before us ; when the great bull, suddenly tearing up the ground with his feet, ran furiously at his master. On seeing him approach, I shrieked and rushed into the house ; but, observing that Mr. Catharines did not follow, I turned and ran as precipitately out again. There I saw the terrible creature had pinned him up between his horns against the wall.

Then casting fear aside, I sprung up, and, seizing the bull by one of his horns, would have torn him away from my dear protector. In the mean time a little favourite dog came out, and, leaping up, caught the monstrous animal by the nose ; whereupon he gave a hideous roar, and, flinging away, ran kicking and leaping about the yard.

I remember nothing more till I awoke from a swoon, and perceived that Mr. Catharines sat beside me. He held one of my hands, which he had washed with his tears, and which at times he pressed to his lips, and again to his bosom. When he had prevailed upon me to swallow a spoonful of cordial, O my Phœbe, he cried, you have this day offered up your precious life, a victim, for the preservation of mine ; and, from this day forward, my life, and all that I am, is your property for ever. But tell me, my Phœbe, whence could you get, in a moment, such astonishing intrepidity ? How attain to the power of acting against nature, against the constitutional terrors and delicacies of your sex ?—Ah, sir, I replied, the book of life tells us, that “ perfect love casteth out fear.”

From that time Mr. Catharines earnestly pressed me to marriage.

My first, and my last, and my only love, he would say, you know that in woman-kind I can love nothing but you. Your whole image, your every feature, is impressed upon my soul; I am already wedded to them, they are inseparable from my being.—O, sir, I would then say, let not our nuptials be sullied by any gloom or regret; let me first be reconciled, if possible, to my brother, and then dispose of me as you please.

I thank you madam, said Mr. Fenton, I thank you for your affecting and edifying narrative; and I will endeavour to recompense you for the trouble that I have given you by being the bearer of very happy tidings. Your little nephew has lived with me almost ever since you lost him. He has received an education becoming his family, and was this day discovered and restored to his parents.

My God, my Christ, she exclaimed, what a wonder is here! How are blind and erring mortals, wilfully blind, and wilfully erring, deserving of such a clue as this to guide them? My nephew alive and well, discovered and restored this very day to his true parents! I am confounded, I am crushed to the centre, beneath the weight of thy benefits, O thou overflowing Fountain of Mercy!

Now, madam, said Mr. Fenton, now it is at your election to reveal or suppress the affair respecting your nephew.—I know, sir, she replied, you proposed this only to try me; I desire no advantage from fraud or disguise, and, could I be so base, this letter, as you will find, would detect and betray me.

Mr. Fenton then unfolded the letter, and read as follows:

“TO EDWARD FIELDING, Esq.

“Friend, and brother of my soul,

“I have often reprovèd, and always detested, that cruel custom of casting off our friends or kindred, on account of their errors or frailty, or even of their fall from honour. This custom is more especially condemnable, when it effects the more tender sex: the indiscretion of their parents begins the alarm; the world follows and increases the cry; the wretches, like marked deer, are driven forth to the hounds, and must speedily become a prey to famine and death, or for ever be precluded from any return of virtue.

“Had you, my dear brother, had you given that charity to your only sister, which you throw to a common beggar, you might have saved her soul alive, and have continued a happy parent of a promising son at this day. She resented your treatment! She rent your child from you! You merited resentment; but I am grieved at the consequence.

“As God has been pleased wonderfully to restore your sister to virtue, she would rejoice to restore your son to you; but it is not in her power, he strayed from her within some miles of this place: we have used all possible means to recover him, but in vain; and his loss has cost her seas of tears.

“Receive her then as a precious pearl from the bottom of the deep, as a casket of jewels recovered from shipwreck; she was dead but is alive again, she was lost but is found. Receive her then, I say, as an angel of God sent on purpose to effect your own salvation. I know not how it comes to pass, that great sinners often become the greatest of saints. It is even so with our precious Phœbe. She is become a gentle flame of divine love. While she stands upon earth, and bends, in her lowliness, beneath all creatures, the moon of changeable things is put under her feet.

“Receive her then, I say again, as the dearest boon and blessing that Heaven can bestow. But, O, restore her to me; give her to me, according to promise, that she may assist to conduct me to that kingdom of little children, whereof she is a blessed inhabitant at this day.

“Yours, &c.

“M. CATHARINES.”

You see, sir, said Mrs. Phœbe, smiling, you see that Mr. Catharines must be a lover by the extravagance of his praise.—I see, madam, said Mr. Fenton, that he deservedly loves, and greatly deserves also to be beloved. But, madam, if you will be ruled by my advice, you will stay here till your brother shall call upon me, which I expect he will do in a very little time. Meanwhile I will introduce you to a sister saint, who has been long tried in the hottest furnace of affliction.

The very next morning Mr. Fielding rode to the door, attended only by a single servant. As soon as he had saluted Mr. Fenton, and sat down, he took out a note for 2000*l.* and presented it to him. You must not refuse, said he, to relieve my distress, by accepting this in part of what I owe you. I can spare it without the smallest inconvenience. I have lately recovered a tract of land that lies contiguous to Mr. Catharines, the worthy man of whom you heard me speak yesterday; so that I shall soon have the pleasure of taking possession of a considerable accession to my fortune, and, at the same time, the greater pleasure of embracing so very dear a friend.—This sum, sir, said Mr. Fenton, comes very seasonably to the relief of a person for whom I have conceived an extraordinary esteem and affection, a person who is entitled to my best service, and who may also be entitled to your further munificence.—So saying, Mr. Fenton rose, went to



the door, took Mrs. Phœbe by the hand, and leading her toward her brother, This, sir, said he, is the gentlewoman of whom I spoke, and whom I recommend to your tenderest regards.

Mr. Fielding looked earnestly at his sister, changed colour, and, for a while, sat mute with astonishment. When, suddenly rising, and stepping hastily to her, he clasped her in his arms, and cried aloud, My Phœbe, my dearest Phœbe, my long lost, long sought, my long lamented sister! Have I found you at last? Are my prayers at length heard? And are you once more restored to my bosom? Ah, what must have been your sufferings! What have I not suffered myself, from the stinging recollection of the barbarity of my behaviour! But, at the time that you applied to me, I was exasperated against you, by being told you had turned out a common prostitute; and, from your connexion with that reprobate to whom my father had unhappily married you, I was ready to believe the worst that could be reported concerning you. Pardon me, however, my Phœbe, do but promise me your pardon, and I will endeavour to compensate for my injurious treatment to you.

Here the sister dropped on her knees, and breaking into tears and sobs, replied, You want no pardon, my brother, you never wronged me. I deserved all sorts of evils; they were due to my transgressions. But I have injured you, I fear past forgiveness, my brother. It was I who stole your little darling, who robbed you of your only child, and caused you so many years of sorrow and bitterness.—I deserved it, I deserved it, exclaimed Mr. Fielding: let us then exchange forgiveness, my Phœbe, for our child is restored to us, and we remember our sorrows no more.—So saying, his eyes filled, and, tenderly raising his sister, he took her again to his bosom. Mr. Fenton, wholly melted by this passionate scene, took them jointly in his arms; and then silently seated them opposite to each other.

My sister, said Mr. Fielding, you have promised me your pardon, before you were acquainted with the extent of my faults. Our dear father, in his last illness, made me sit by his side; when heaving a deep sigh, he thus began: I fear, my son, that I have greatly wronged your sister. I grieve at heart that I had her married to that ruffian Guillaume. With a little less of severity, she might have arisen from her fall; she might have returned to virtue; her errors might have been forgotten; she might have been less wretched, and my days might have been longer. She was young, she was artless and obvious to seduction. I myself joined to betray her, by that she-wolf whom I appointed the guardian of my lamb. Perhaps, as she affirmed, her

inclination no way concurred with the force that was offered her. We ought, as far as possible, to have covered her shame; scandal only serves to make a bashful countenance altogether shameless. Alas, my child, all things appear quite different at my death, from what they did during my life-time; and the pride of blood, and the resentment for injured gentility, give place to the calls of nature, and the feelings of humanity. I intended your sister 5000*l.* but by my will I have cut her off with a shilling, lest the villain her husband should come in for any share of our substance. Wherefore I leave you, in my place, at once the brother, the father, and the guardian, of my dear child. And here his bursting tears prevented another word.

As soon as he was more composed, he proceeded: I adjure you, my son, in the name of our common Father, in the name of that God to whom I am going; I adjure you, I say, to keep a constant watch over the conduct of your still precious sister! For, O, the soul of my wrecked child, at this hour, is infinitely precious in my eyes. I further enjoin you, that in case the reprobate her husband should perish by sword or pistol, or by the gallows, as is most likely, you will pay your sister the sum of 3000*l.* but gradually at first, as her necessities may crave, and the whole on your assurance of her return to virtue.

While her brother was speaking, Mrs. Phœbe had thrown her apron over her face, and, by her groans and passionate sobs, prevented his proceeding. At length she exclaimed, Wretch, parricide that I am! I have cut short the sacred life of him who brought me into the world. You then loved me, my father; you still continued to love me, though I knew it not; and I have murdered the tenderest of parents: but I will die to make atonement, I will not survive you, my father!

Mr. Fielding arose, and stepped affectionately to his sister, and taking her in his arms, and mixing his tears with her's, endeavoured to console her. You did not, my dearest sister, you did not murder him, he cried; you accuse yourself of faults of which you are no way guilty. Our father was aged, and laboured under a complication of disorders that must shortly have put a period to all that was mortal in him. Be comforted then, I say, be comforted, my sister!

When Mr. Fielding had resumed his seat, and the violence of his sister's passion had subsided, he looked earnestly and tenderly at her. I will, said he, my Phœbe, at some other time, account to you for the motive of my barbarity toward you, and how I was imposed upon by the very person whom I kept in pay to give me intelligence concerning you. But tell me how it comes to pass that, in my life, I never

saw you look so charmingly? Even during your infant years, you never had such a sweet simplicity, such a heavenly childishness of countenance, as you now have.—It is, said Mr. Fenton, because she is the King's daughter, "she is all glorious within," and the loveliness of her spirit informs and shines through her aspect. But here is a known character that will fully clear up the matter. And so saying, he presented him with the letter from Mr. Catharines; when, at the sight of the superscription, Mr. Fielding gave an exclamation of surprise. Then, unfolding, he read it in deep silence, but by fits and interruption; frequently putting, and long holding, his handkerchief to his eyes.

As soon as he had finished,—Yes, yes, my dear Catharines, my brother, he cried, the wish of my heart shall be accomplished for us both. You shall have your Phœbe restored to you, and she shall be restored to you with Benjamin's portion, even a double portion!—But, O my God, how wonderful, is all this! to have my only child, and my only sister, at once restored to me by one and the same hand! Teach me, teach me, Mr. Fenton, by some new method of gratitude, to express a part of the sense of what I owe you!

You have already, sir, cried Mr. Fenton, done and said too much upon that head, and have thereby given me pain. The payment that I get is a treasure hidden from all men, save him to whom it is given. I will not, however, do you the offence to return to you your bill, but shall dispose of it in a manner that, I trust, will be as equitable. Meanwhile, my dear friend, I most cordially congratulate you on the signal evidences that have been given of the favour of your God to you, and of his watchful and superintending providence over you and yours. I suppose you will soon set out, with your amiable sister, on your visit to your friend and brother, the worthy Mr. Catharines. I shall heartily pray for a blissful issue to the union of the sainted pair, and I request you to favour me with a call on your way.

Within an hour after, Mr. Fielding set off for London, on horseback; and Harry accompanied his sister, in Mr. Fenton's post chaise, upon a short visit to his friend Ned. As soon as they were departed, Mr. Fenton took paper, and wrote the following letter to Mr. Catharines:

"Reverend and dear Sir,

"Allow a stranger, but a very warm lover of yours, to felicitate you with his whole heart on the success of affairs. Our precious Phœbe was received with transport by her brother, and you cannot be more impatient than he is for your union. He generously presented me with the inclosed bill for 2000*l.* merely because God had appointed



me a humble instrument for doing him some little service. Though I determined not to accept of any part thereof, yet I dreaded to grieve him by a refusal. I therefore restore it to you and your Phœbe, as a matter of equity next to that of returning it to himself. That your heart may always continue where your true treasure is already laid up, is the wish of,

Dear Sir, &c."

When he had folded and sealed this letter, he took bills from his pocket-book to the amount of 1300*l.* and, on Harry's return from London, presented them to him. Here, my dear, said he, here is what will enable you to be more than just to your engagements; it will enable you to be generous also. And I desire, my Harry, in matters of charity, that you may never stint the sweet emotions of your heart; for we have enough, my child, and we are but the stewards of the bounty of our God. Here Harry's speech was stopt, but his silence was more eloquent than a thousand harangues. He suddenly threw his arms about his dear father, and, hiding his face in his bosom, he there vented the tears of that pleasure, and gratitude, with which he found himself affected.

On the afternoon of the following day, Harry and Arabella went to drink tea with the widow Neighbourly, who received them with a countenance that spoke an uncommon welcome. Some other company had arrived before them, and rose on their entrance. When all were again seated, Mrs. Neighbourly very affectionately questioned Harry concerning his father.

On hearing the name of Master Fenton, an elderly gentlewoman started: Pray, madam, said she eagerly, is this Master Fenton, the son of that noble gentleman who lives on the hill?—He is, madam, said Mrs. Neighbourly.—My God! exclaimed the stranger, can this suckling be the father of the orphan and the widow? Is this he who goes about turning sorrow into joy? Who wipes the tears from the afflicted, and heals the broken of heart? Permit me then, thou beloved child of the Father which is in heaven, permit me to approach and throw myself at the feet of my preserver.

So saying, she rose with a rapturous motion, and, dropping at Harry's knees, she clasped his legs, and kissed his feet, before he could prevent her. Poor Harry sat astonished, abashed, and distressed to the last degree. At length disengaging himself with difficulty, Dear madam, he cried, what have I done that you should put me to so much pain?

Babe of my heart, she cried, I am the wife of your Vindex, your own Viudex, whom you redeemed from beggary and slavery; whom you restored to his wretched partner, whom you restored to his infant

daughter; all pining and perishing apart from each other, but now united by you, my angel! in joy and thanksgiving.

Here her words were suffocated, and, throwing herself back in her chair, she was not ashamed to give way to her tears, and, putting her handkerchief to her face, she vented her passion aloud.

Harry then rising, and going tenderly to her, put his arms about her, and kissed her forehead, and then her lips. You owe me nothing, my dear Mrs. Vindex, said he, I am still greatly in your debt: I was the very naughty boy who brought your misfortunes upon you. But I am willing to make you amends, and that will do me a great pleasure, instead of the punishment which I deserve.

The tea-table was now laid, and Mrs. Vindex grew more composed. When her husband entered, leading his daughter by the hand, a very pretty little girl of about six years old. Harry instantly sprung up, and running, and throwing himself with a great leap upon him, he hung about his neck, crying, How glad I am to see you, my dear Mr. Vindex!—Boy of boys, cried Vindex, am I so blessed as to have you once more in my arms!

The company then rose and saluted Mr. Vindex, and congratulated him on his return to his ancient habitation. But Harry took him aside, and having cautioned him, in a whisper, not to take any notice of what should pass, he stole a bill for 160*l.* into his hand, saying softly, It is good first to be honest; so there is what I owe you. And here also is a small matter for your daughter: I did not know till now that we had such a sweet little charge in our family. So saying, he slipped to him another bill of 50*l.* and then turning from him, stepped carelessly to his seat as though nothing had happened.

Meantime the astonished Vindex was greatly oppressed. He did not dare to offend Harry by any open intimation of his recent bounty; and yet he could feel no ease till the secret should be disclosed. He therefore stole softly to the back of our hero's chair, where, unperceived of Harry, he displayed the bills to the company, beckoning, at the same time, in a way that forbade them to take any notice; then raising his hands over his head, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, he blessed his benefactor, in a silently ardent ejaculation, and taking an empty seat, joined in with the company.

While they were in chat, the little Susanna slipped, unnoticed, from beside her mother, and, veering over toward Harry, she went on one side, and then on the other, and surveyed him all about; then, coming closer, she felt his clothes, and next his hands, in a way, as it were, of claiming acquaintance with him. At length, looking fondly

up in his face, she lisped and said, Me vould kiss oo, if oo vould ask me.—Indeed then, said Harry, me vill kiss oo, fedder oo vill or no. And so catching her up on his knee, he pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her over and over again.

You all see, cried Mr. Vindex, it is not one of the elders with whom our Susanna has fallen in love.—My sweet babe, cried Mrs. Vindex, her little heart instinctively led her to her best friend, to the one of all living who best deserved her love.

On the following day, Harry introduced his friend Vindex and family to Mr. Fenton, who received them with a graciousness that soon dispelled that aukward diffidence, and humbling sense of obligations, under which the late unhappy preceptor apparently sunk. As soon as it was known abroad that Mr. Vindex enjoyed the good countenance of Mr. Fenton and his family, his former friends resorted to him, his acquaintance was sought by all the neighbourhood, his credit was restored, his school daily increased, and, like Job, his latter end was far more blessed than his beginning.

For two succeeding years and upward, little interesting happened, save that our hero increased in stature and all personal accomplishments. He was now nearly master of the Latin and Greek languages. He could outrun the rein-deer, and outbound the antelope. He was held in veneration by all masters of the noble science of defence. His action was vigour, his countenance was loveliness, and his movement was grace.

Harry, by this time, was also versed in most of the select and interesting portions of history. Mr. Clement had instructed him in the use of the globes and maps; and, as he there led him from clime to clime, and country to country, he brought him acquainted with the different manners, customs, laws, government, rise, progress, and revolutions, of the several nations through which they passed. Finally, said Clement, you see, Master Fenton, that the mightiest states, like men, have the principles of growth, as likewise of dissolution, within their own frame. Like men, they are born and die, have their commencement and their period. They arise, like the sun, from the darkness of *poverty*, to *temperance*, *industry*, *liberty*, *valour*, *power*, *conquest*, *glory*, *OPULENCE*, and there is their zenith. From whence they decline to *ease*, *sensuality*, *venality*, *vice*, *corruption*, *cowardice*, *imbecility*, *infamy*, *slavery*. And so good night.

Mr. Fenton now judged it full time to give our hero an insight into the nature of the constitution of his own country; a constitution, of whose construction, poise, action, and counter-action, the lettered



Mr. Clement had scarcely any notion ; and even the learned in our laws, and the leaders in our senate, but a very confused one.

For this especial purpose he called Harry to his closet. You are already, my love, said he, a member of the *British state*, and, on that account, have many privileges to claim, and many duties to perform toward your country in particular, independent of your general duties to mankind. Should it please God to bless your friends with the continuance of your life for eight or ten years longer, you will then be a member of the legislature of GREAT BRITAIN, one of the most important trusts that can be confided by mankind.

Here, my Harry, I have penned or rather pencilled for your use, an abstract in miniature of this wonderful constitution. But before I give it, for your study and frequent perusal, I would give you some knowledge of the claims whereon it is founded, as also of the nature of man in his present depraved state, and of his several relations as a subject and as a sovereign. Man comes into this world the weakest of all creatures ; and, while he continues in it, is the most dependent. Nature neither clothes him with the warm fleece of the sheep, nor the gay plumage of the bird ; nor does he come forth in the vigour of the foal or the fawn, who, on the hour of their birth, frisk about and exult in the blessing of new existence.

Sacred History, indeed, intimates that man was originally created invulnerable and immortal ; that the fire could not burn him, stones wound, air blast, or water drown him ; that he was the angelic lord and comptroller of this earth, and these heavens that roll around us ; with powers to see, at once, into the essences, properties, and distinctions of things ; to unfold all their virtues, to call forth all their beauties, and to rule, subdue, and moderate these elements at pleasure. These truly were godlike gifts, illustrious powers and prerogatives, and well becoming an offspring produced in the EXPRESS IMAGE of an all-powerful, all-wise, and all-beneficent CREATOR.

True, sir, said Harry, but we see nothing now of all this greatness and glory. Man, on the contrary, is himself subjected to all the elements over which, you say, he was appointed the ruler ; he has every thing to fear from every thing about him ; even the insects fearlessly attack this boasted lord of the creation ; and history shews, from the beginning of the world, that the greatest of all enemies to man, is man.

This, replied Mr. Fenton, is continually to remind him of the guilty state into which he is fallen. Man indeed is now no better than the ruins of man ; but then these ruins are sufficient to prove the dignity

of his original state. When you behold the ruins of some lofty palace, you immediately form an idea of its original beauty. Even so, in our present feeble and fractured state, a discerning eye may discover many traces of MAN'S MAGNIFICENT RUIN;—thoughts that wing infinity; apprehensions that reach through eternity; a fancy that creates; an imagination that contains an universe; wishes that a world hath not wherewithal to gratify; and desires that know neither end nor bound.

These, however, are but the faint glimmerings of his once glorious illumination: all his primitive faculties are now lapsed and darkened; he is become enslaved to his natural subjects; the world is wrested out of his hands; he comes as an alien into it, and may literally be called a *stranger and pilgrim upon earth*.

All other animals are gifted with a clear knowledge and instant discernment of whatever concerns them. Man's utmost wisdom, on the contrary, is the bare result of *comparing* and *inferring*, a mere *inquirer* called *Reason*, a *substitute* in the want of *knowledge*, a *groper* in the want of *light*. He must *doubt* before he *reasons*, and *examine* before he *decides*. Thus ignorant, feeble, deeply depraved, and the least sufficient of all creatures, in a state of independence, man is compelled to derive succour, strength, and even wisdom, from society. When he turns a pitying ear and helping hand to the distressed, he is entitled, in his turn, to be heard and assisted. He is interested in others; others are interested in him. His affections grow more diffused, his powers more complicated; and, in any society, each may enjoy the strength, virtue, and efficacy, of the whole.

You have, sir, said Harry, here drawn an exceeding sweet picture of society, and you know I am but a fool and a novice in such matters. But, if any other man breathing had given me such a description, I should, from my little reading, have withstood him to the face. Look through all the states and associations that ever were upon earth; throughout the republics of Greece, Italy, Asia-Minor, and others, the most renowned for virtue; and yet, what do you find them, save so many bands of public robbers and murderers, confederate for the destruction of the rest of mankind? What desolations, what bloodshed, what carnage, from the beginning! what a delight in horrors! what a propensity in all to inflict misery upon others! The malignity of the fiends can, I think, pierce no deeper!

Neither is this, sir, as I take it, the extent of their malevolence. For, when any of these bands, or states, as you call them, have conquered or slaughtered all around them, they never fail, for want of

employment, to fall out among themselves, and cut the throats of their very confederates.

Say then, my dearest father, tell me, whence comes this worse than flinty, this cruel hard-heartedness in man? Why are not all like you? Why are they not happy in communicating happiness? If my eyes did not daily see it, I should think it impossible that any one should derive pleasure from giving pain to another. Can it be more blessed to destroy than to preserve, to wound than to heal? My heart wrings with regret for being cast into a world, where nation against nation, family against family, and man against man, are perpetually embattled, grudging, grasping, tearing every enjoyment, and life itself, from each other.

Here Harry, for a while, held his handkerchief to his eyes; while his fond uncle dropped a silent tear of delight, at beholding the amiable emotion of his beloved.

Take care, my Harry, rejoined Mr. Fenton, of the smallest tincture of uncharitableness. You see only the worst part, the shell of this world; while the kernel, the better part, is concealed from your eyes. There are millions of worthy people upon earth; but they are as a kingdom within a kingdom, a grain within a husk; it requires a kindred heart, and a curious eye, to discover them. Evil in man is like evil in the elements; earthquakes, hurricanes, thunders, and lightnings, are conspicuous, noisy, and glaring; while goodness, like warmth and moisture, is silent and unperceived, though productive of all the beauties and benefits in nature.

I once told you, that all the evil which is in you belongs to yourself, and that all the good which is in you belongs to your God; that you cannot, in or of yourself, so much as think a good thought, or form a good wish, or oppose a single temptation of any kind. And what I then said of you, may equally be said of all men.

God is the fulness of all possible things; he has, therefore, all things to give, but nothing to desire. The creature, while empty of God, has all things to crave, but nothing to bestow. No two things in the universe can be more opposite. Remember, therefore, this distinction in yourself and all others: remember, that when you feel or see any instance of selfishness, you feel and see the coveting, grudging, and grappling, of the creature; but that when you feel or see any instance of benevolence, you feel and see the informing influence of your God. All possible vice and malignity subsists in the one; all possible virtue and blessedness in the other.



[Here follows Mr. Fenton's short system of the beauties and benefits of our Constitution. But, if the reader loves amusement preferable to instruction, he is at liberty to pass it over, and proceed in the story.]

#### THE REGAL ESTATE.

The King, in the Constitution of Great Britain, is more properly the king *of*, than a king *over*, the people; united to them, one of them, and contained in them. At the same time that he is acknowledged the Head of their body, he is their principal Servant or Minister, being the Deputee of their executive power.

He is called to govern the people according to the laws by which they themselves had consented to be governed; to cause justice and mercy to be dispensed throughout the realm; and, to his utmost, to execute, protect, and maintain, the laws of the Gospel of God, and the rights and liberties of all the people without distinction. And this he swears on the Gospel of God to perform. And thus, as all others owe *allegiance* to the King, *the king himself oweth allegiance to the constitution*.

The existence of a King, as one of the three estates, is immutable, indispensable, and indefeasible. The constitution cannot subsist without a king. But then his personal claim of possession, and of hereditary succession to the throne, is, in several instances, defeasible; as in case of any natural incapacity to govern; or in case of any attempt to sap or overthrow a fundamental part of that system, which he was constituted and sworn to maintain.

Though the claim of all kings to the throne of Great Britain is a limited claim, yet the world can afford no rival, in power or glory, to a *constitutional* sovereign of these free dominions. For the honour of their own body, they have invested this their head with all possible illustration. He concentrates the rays of many nations. They have clothed him in royal robes, and circled his head with a diadem, and enthroned him on high. Neither are his the mere ensigns or external shews of regency. He is invested also with powers much more real than if they were absolute.

There are *three capital prerogatives* with which the king is entrusted, which, at first sight, appear of dangerous tendency; and which must infallibly end in arbitrary dominion, if they were not counterpoised and counteracted. His principal prerogative is to make war or peace, as also treaties, leagues, and alliances with foreign potentates.

His second prerogative is to nominate and appoint all ministers and servants of state, all judges and administrators of justice, and all officers, civil or military, throughout these realms.

His third capital prerogative is, that he has the whole executive power of the government of these nations, by his said ministers and officers, both civil and military.

I might here also have added a fourth prerogative, a power of granting pardon to criminals. Had this power been unrestrained, all obligations to justice might be absolved at the king's pleasure. But, God, and our glorious ancestors, be praised! he is restrained from protecting his best beloved ministers, when they have effected or even attempted the damage of the constitution. He is also limited in appeals brought by the subject for murder or robbery. But, on indictments in his own name, for offences against his proper person and government, such as rebellion, insurrection, riot, and breaches of the peace, by murder, maim, or robbery, &c. here he is at liberty to extend the arm of his mercy, forasmuch as there are many cases so circumstanced, so admmissive of pitiable and palliating considerations, that *summon jus*, or strict justice, might prove *summa injuria*, or extreme injustice.

All pardonable offences are distinguished by the title of *crimina læsæ majestatis, sins against the king*. All unpardonable offences are distinguished by the title of *crimina læsæ libertatis, sins against the constitution*. In the first case, the injury is presumed to extend no further than to one or a few individuals; in the second, it is charged as a sin against the public, against the collective body of the whole people. Of the latter kind are nuisances that may endanger the lives of travellers on the high-way; but, more capitally, any imagination, proved by overt-act, or evil advice, tending to change the nature or form of any one of the three estates; or tending to vest the government, or the administration thereof, in any one or any two of the said estates independent of the other; or tending to raise armies, or to continue them in time of peace without the consent of parliament; or tending to give any foreign estate an advantage over these realms, by sea or by land.

The king hath also annexed to his dignity many further very important powers and prerogatives. He is first considered as the original proprietor of all the lands in these kingdoms; and he founds this claim, as well on the conquest by William the Norman, as by the kings or leaders of our Gothic ancestors. Hence it comes to pass that all lands, to which no subject can prove a title, are supposed to be in their original owner, and are therefore, by the constitution, vested in the crown. On the same principle also the king is entitled to the lands of all persons who are convicted of crimes subversive of the constitution.

His person is constitutionally sacred, and exempted from all acts of violence or constraint. As one of the estates, also he is constituted a corporation, and his written testimony amounts to a matter of record. He also exercises, at present, the independent province of supplying members to the second estate by a new creation; a very large accession to his original powers. Bishops also are appointed and nominated by the king; another considerable addition to the royal prerogative. His is the sole prerogative to coin or impress money, and to specify, change, or determine the current value thereof; and for this purpose he is supposed to have reserved, from his original grants of lands, a property in mines of gold and silver, which are therefore called royalties.

As he is one of the three constitutional estates, neither can he be barred of his title by length of time or entry. And these illustrations of his dignity cast rays of answerable privileges on his royal consort, heir apparent, and eldest daughter.

The king hath also some other inferior powers, such as of instituting fairs and markets; and of issuing patents for special and personal purposes, provided they shall not be found to infringe on the rights of others. He is also intrusted with the guardianship of the persons and possessions of ideots and lunatics without account.

I leave his majesty's prerogative of a negative voice in the legislature; as also his prerogative frequently to call the other two estates to parliament, and duly to continue, prorogue, and dissolve the same; till I come to speak of the three estates, when in parliament assembled.

Here then we find that a king of Great Britain is constitutionally invested with every power that can possibly be exerted in acts of beneficence. And that, while he continues to move within the sphere of his benign appointment, he continues to be constituted the most worthy, most mighty, and most glorious representative of Omnipotence upon earth.

In treating of the second and third estate, I come naturally to consider what those restraints are, which, while they are preserved inviolate, have so happy a tendency to the mutual prosperity of prince and people.

#### THE ARISTOCRATICAL, OR SECOND ESTATE.

The Nobility, or second estate, in the Constitution of Great Britain, is originally representative. The members were ennobled by *tenure*, and not by *writ* or *patent*; and they were holden in service to the crown and kingdom, for the respective provinces, counties, or baronies, whose name they bore, and which they represented.



A title to be a member of this second estate was from the beginning hereditary. The king could not anciently either create or defeat a title to nobility. Their titles were not forfeitable, save by the judgment of their peers upon legal trial.

Till Henry VII. the nobles were looked upon as so many pillars whereon the people rested their rights. Accordingly we find that, in the grand compact between John and the collective body of the nation, the king and people jointly agree to confide to the nobles the superintendence of the execution of the great charter, with authority to them and their successors to enforce the due performance of the covenants therein comprised.

Such a preference must have proved an unremitting incitement to the cultivation of every virtue, and to such exertions, and acts of public beneficence, as should draw a man forth to so shining a point of light, and set him like a gem in the gold of the constitution.

The crown did not at once assume the independent right of conferring nobility. Henry III. first omitted to call some of the barons to parliament who were personally obnoxious to him, and he issued his writs or written letters to some others who were not barons, but from whom he expected greater conformity to his measures. These writs, however, did not ennoble the party till he was admitted, by the second estate, to a seat in parliament; neither was such nobility, by writ, hereditary.

To supply these defects, the arbitrary ministry of Richard II. invented the method of ennobling by letters patent, at the king's pleasure, whether for years or for life, in fee-simple, to a man and his heirs at large. This prerogative, however, was in many instances declined and discontinued, more particularly by king Henry V. till meeting with no opposition from the other two estates, it has successively descended, from Henry VII. on nine crowned heads, through a prescription of near a century and a half.

Next to their king, the people have allowed to their peerage several privileges of the most illustrious distinction; their Christian names, and the names that descended to them from their ancestors, are absorbed by the name from whence they take their title of honour, and by this they make their signature in all letters and deeds. Every temporal peer of the realm is deemed a kinsman to the crown. Their deposition on their *honour* is admitted in place of their oath, save where they personally present themselves as witnesses of facts, and saving their oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration. Their persons are at all times exempted from arrests, except in criminal cases. A defamation

of their character is highly punishable, however true the facts may be, and deserving of censure. During a session of parliament, all actions and suits at law against peers are suspended. In presentments or indictments by grand juries, and on impeachments by the house of commons, peers are to be tried by their peers alone; for in all criminal cases they are privileged from the jurisdiction of inferior courts, excepting on appeals for murder or robbery. Peers are also exempted from serving on inquests. And, in all civil causes, where a peer is plaintiff, there must be two or more knights impannelled on the jury.

The bishops, or spiritual lords, have privilege of parliament, but have not the above privileges of personal nobility. In all criminal cases, saving attainder and impeachment, they are also to be tried by a petit-jury. Moreover, bishops do not vote, in the house of lords, on the trial of any person for a capital crime.

All the temporal and spiritual nobles that compose the house of lords, however different in their titles and degrees of nobility, are called peers, (*pares*) or equals; because their voices are admitted as of equal value, and the vote of a bishop or baron is equivalent to that of an archbishop or duke.

The capital prerogative of the house of peers consists in their being *the supreme court of judicature*, to whom the final decision of all civil causes is confided, *in the last resort*. This *constitutional privilege* is a weighty counterpoise to his majesty's *second prerogative of appointing the administrators of justice throughout the nation*; forasmuch as judges (who are immediately under the influence of the crown) are yet intimidated from infringing, by any sentence, the laws or constitution of these realms, while a judgment, so highly superior to their own, impends.

The second great privilege of the house of peers, consists in their having the sole judicature of all impeachments commenced and prosecuted by the commons. And this again is a very weighty counterpoise to his majesty's *third prerogative of the executive government of these nations by his ministers*, since no minister can be so great, as not justly to dread the coming under such a judgment.

The third capital privilege of the house of peers subsists in their share, or particular department of rights, in the legislature. This extends to the framing of any bills, at their pleasure, for the purposes of good government; saving always to the commons their incommunicable right of granting taxes or subsidies to be levied on their constituents. But on such bills, as on all others, the house of lords have

a negative; a happy counterpoise to the power both of king and commons, should demands on the one part, or bounties on the other, exceed what is requisite.

THE DEMOCRATICAL, OR THIRD ESTATE.

The ELECTION of commoners, to be immediate trustees and apt representatives of the people in parliament, is the privilege of the people. The persons of these, during their session, and for fourteen days before and after every meeting, adjournment, prorogation, and dissolution of parliament, are equally exempted, with the persons of peers, from arrest and duress of every sort. They are also, during their session, to have ready access to the king or house of lords, and to address or confer with them on all occasions.

No member of the house of commons, any more than the house of peers, shall suffer, or be questioned, or compelled to witness or answer, in any court or place whatsoever, touching any thing said or done by himself or others in parliament; in order that perfect freedom of speech and action may leave nothing undone for the public weal. They have also (during session) an equal power with the house of lords, to punish any who shall presume to traduce their dignity, or detract from the rights or privileges of any member of their house.

The commons form a court of judicature, distinct from the judicature of the house of lords. Theirs is the peculiar privilege to try and adjudge the legality of the election of their own members. They may fine and confine their own members, as well as others, for delinquency or offence against the honour of their house. But, in all other matters of judicature they are merely a court of *inquisition* and *presentment*, and not a tribunal of *definitive judgment*.

In this respect, however, they are extremely formidable. They constitute the *grand inquest* of the nation; for which they are supposed to be perfectly qualified by a personal knowledge of what has been transacted, throughout the several shires, cities, and boroughs, from whence they assemble, and which they represent.

Over and above their inquiry into all public grievances, *wicked ministers, transgressing magistrates, corrupt judges and justiciaries*, who sell, deny, or delay justice; *evil counsellors* of the crown, who attempt or devise the subversion of any part of the constitution; with all such overgrown malefactors as are deemed above the reach of inferior courts; come under the particular cognizance of the commons, to be by them impeached, and presented for trial at the bar of the house of lords. And these inquisitorial and judicial powers of the two houses, from which no man under the crown can be



exempted, are deemed a sufficient allay and counterpoise to the whole executive power of the king by his ministers.

The legislative department of the power of the commons is in all respects co-equal with that of the peers. They frame any bills at pleasure for the purposes of good government. They exercise a right, as the lords also do, to propose and bring in bills, for the amendment or repeal of old laws, as well as for the ordaining of new ones. And each house alike hath a negative on all bills that are framed and passed by the other.

But the capital, the incommunicable privilege of the house of commons, arises from their being empowered to take from the people a small portion of their property, in order to restore it three-fold, in the advantages of peace, equal government, and the encouragement of trade, industry, and manufactures.

By this fundamental and incommunicable privilege, the commons have the sole power over the money of the people; to grant or deny aids, according as they shall judge them either requisite, or unnecessary to the public service. Theirs is the province, and theirs alone, to inquire and judge of the several occasions for which such aids may be required, and to measure and appropriate the sums to their respective uses. Theirs also is the sole province of framing all bills or laws for the imposing of any taxes, and of appointing the means for levying the same upon the people. Neither may the first or second estate, either king or peerage, propound or do any thing relating to these matters, that may any way interfere with the proceedings of the commons, save in their dissent or assent to such bills, when presented to them, without addition, deduction, or alteration of any kind.

After such taxes have been levied and disposed of, the commons have the further right of examining into the application of them; of ordering all accounts relative thereto to be laid before them; and of censuring the abuse or misapplication thereof.

The royal assent to all other bills is expressed by the terms *Le roy le veut, the king wills it*. But, when the commons present their bills of aid to his majesty, it is answered, *Le roy remercier ses loyal subjects et ainsi le veut, the king thanks his loyal subjects, and so willeth*. An express acknowledgment that the right of granting or levying monies for public purposes, lies solely in the people and their representatives. This capital privilege of the commons constitutes the grand counterpoise to the king's principal prerogative of making peace or war; for how impotent must a warlike enterprise prove without money, which makes the sinews thereof!

## THE THREE ESTATES IN PARLIAMENT.

The king, lords, and commons, in parliament assembled, have the *legislative power*; the said king, lords, and commons, when so assembled, being the *great* representative of the whole nation. As the institution, repeal, and amendment of laws, together with the redress of public grievances and offences, are not within the capacity of any of the three estates, distinct from the others, the FREQUENT HOLDING OF PARLIAMENTS is the vital food, without which the constitution cannot subsist.

The three estates originally, when assembled in parliament, sat together consulting in the open field. Accordingly, at Running-Mead, five hundred years ago, king John passed the great charter (as therein is expressed) by the advice of the lords spiritual and temporal, by the advice of several commoners (by name recited) *et aliorum fidelium*, and of others his faithful people. And in the twenty-first clause of the said charter, he covenants that, "For having the common council of the kingdom to assess aids, he will cause the lords spiritual and temporal to be summoned by his writs; and, moreover, that he will cause the principal commoners, or those who held from him in chief, to be generally summoned to said parliaments by his sheriffs and bailiffs."

In the said assemblies, however, the concourse became so great and disorderly, and the contests frequently so high between the several estates, in assertion of their respective privileges, that they judged it more expedient to sit apart, and separately, to exercise the offices of their respective departments.

In all steps of national import, the king is to be conducted by the direction of the parliament, his great national council; a council on whom it is equally incumbent to consult for the king with whom they are connected, and for the people whom they represent. Thus the king is constitutionally to be guided by the sense of his parliament; and the parliament alike is to be constitutionally guided by the general sense of the people. Now, while the three estates act distinctly, within their respective departments, they effect and are reciprocally affected by each other. For instance, The king has the sole prerogative of making war. But then the means are in the hands of the people and their representatives.

Again, To the king is committed the whole executive power. But then the ministers of that power are accountable to a tribunal, from which a criminal has no appeal.

Again, To the king is committed the cognizance of all causes.

But should his judges or justiciaries pervert the rule of righteousness, an inquisition, impeachment, and trial impends, from whose judgment the judges cannot be exempted.

Again, The king hath a negative upon all bills, whereby his own prerogatives are guarded from invasion. But should he refuse the royal assent to bills tending to the general good of the subject, the commons can also withhold their bills of assessment, or annex the rejected bill to their bill of aids; and they never fail to pass such agreeable company.

While the king is thus controlled by the lords and the commons; while the lords are thus controlled by the commons and the king; and while the commons are thus controlled by the other two estates, from attempting any thing to the prejudice of the general welfare; the three estates may be aptly compared to three pillars divided below at equi-distant angles, but united and supported at top, merely by the bearing of each pillar against the other. Take but any one of these pillars away, and the other two must inevitably tumble. But while all act on each other, all are equally counteracted, and thereby establish the general frame.

---

Within little more than a month, Harry made himself perfect master of the foregoing system, and wrote comments upon it much more voluminous than the text. As he had lost his friend Ned, who was now under tutelage of his uncle, Mr. Catharines, little Tommy Clement became the principal companion of his hours of amusement, and Tommy with his good will would never be from his heels. One morning as they strolled up the road, some distance from the town, Harry observed a crowd gathering fast on the way, and hastened, like others, to see what was the matter. As soon as he arrived, he perceived Mr. Gripe the constable at the head of the posse, with his staff of authority exalted in his hand.—Pray, what are you about, Mr. Constable, says Harry?—I am going, sir, to seize a robber, who has taken shelter in yonder waste hovel.—And who did he rob?—He robbed Mr. Niggards here, that is to say, his boy here of a sixpenny loaf.—Perhaps the man was hungry, said Harry, and had not wherewithal to buy one. Pray tell me, my lad, how this affair was.

Why, master, you must know as how Mr. Niggards my master here, sent me this morning to the town with a shilling to buy two sixpenny loaves. So as I was coming back, I met a man, who made me afraid with his pale and meagre face. My good boy, says he, will you give me one of those loaves in charity? I dare not, sir, says I,



they are none of my own. Here, says he, I will give you my hat for one of them; but this I refused, as his hat, to my thinking, was not worth a groat. Nay, says he, I must have one of the loaves, that is certain; for I have a wife and seven children all starving in yonder hovel, and, while there is bread in the world, I cannot but snatch a morsel for them. So, as I told you, I was frightened. I gave him one of the loaves without any more words, and away he run as fast as his legs could carry him; but I followed him with my eye, till I saw him safe lodged.

Here Harry wiped his eye; and mused awhile. Tell me truly now, my good boy, continued he, if both those loaves had been your own, would you willingly have given one of them, to keep the poor man and his family from perishing?

I would, sir, said the lad, with a very good will. And, had I sixpence of my own, I would have gone back with all my heart, and have bought another loaf. But, my master is a hard man, and so I was forced to tell him the truth.

Here, my lad, says Harry, here is a crown. Go back, buy two loaves for your master, in place of the one he has lost, and keep the remaining four shillings to yourself for your trouble. You see Mr. Constable, continued he, you never can make felony of this matter. The boy confesses that he gave the bread with a good will, and that he would not have informed had it not been for the fear of his master.

It is very true, please your honour, replied Mr. Gripe; I myself pity the poor man from my heart, and have nothing more to say in this business.

Stay awhile, says Harry, perhaps we may find some further employment for you. Is not that the Niggards whom you had in custody the other day, and for whose deliverance I paid five and twenty pounds to his creditor?—The very man, sir, says Gripe.

Harry then put his hand in his pocket, and, taking out a small scrip of parchment, exclaimed, I am glad of what you tell me with all my heart! Indeed, I did not like the looks of the man at the time, and that made me accept the assignment of this action. Here, Mr. Gripe, take your prisoner again into custody in my name. Away with him to jail directly! As the holy gospel has it, *He shall not depart thence till he has paid the uttermost farthing*. No, no, Mr. Niggards; I will not hear a word. Go learn henceforward to be merciful yourself, if you would look for mercy from God or man.

Tommy my dear, go back again, says Harry; our neighbour Joseph

here will see you safe home. I will not suffer any one to go in my company, for fear of putting the poor man or his family to shame. Harry had not advanced fifty paces toward the hovel, when his ears were struck with the sound of sudden and joint lamentation; and, turning, he perceived that the inquisitive crowd had gathered at his heels. My friends, says he, I beseech you to leave me for the present. I would not choose any witnesses to what I am about. Pray oblige me so far as to depart on your own occasions.

Hereupon, being loth to offend him, they retired a few steps, and stood together, aloof, attentive to the event of this uncommon adventure. Meanwhile the cry continued with a bitterness that thrilled through every nerve of our hero; and as he now approached the place, he did his utmost to restrain himself, and quell the feelings within him, and he drew his hat over eyes, to prevent the parties from seeing the emotion that they caused.

The hovel was of mud walls, without any roofing; but, as there was an opening where the door had once been, Harry stole to the entrance, casting an eye of observation about him. Hereupon a woman turned. She had been fearfully peering over the wall at the crowd which had not yet dispersed, but having notice of Harry's entrance she looked toward him, and dropped on her knees.

O sir, she cried, if you are the gentleman who owned the loaf, for Christ his sake I pray you to have mercy upon us! Money, indeed, we have not, but we will strip ourselves of our covering to make you a recompence. Alas! alas! could we have guessed how my husband came by it, we would have famished a thousand times rather than touch a morsel. But he, dear good man, did it all for our sakes, for the sake of the heavy burden with which he is overladen. Ah, I would to heaven we were all dead, hanged, or drowned, out of his way! He might then walk the world at large, and be happy as he deserves.

Here again she set up her wailing, which was accompanied by her seven children, in such a woeful concert, as the heart of Harry could not sustain, neither suffer him, for a season, to interrupt or appease.

At length he said, with a faltering voice, Pray be not alarmed, madam, for I discern that you are a gentlewoman, though in a very unhappy disguise. The affair of the loaf is settled to your satisfaction, and here are ten guineas; it is all that I have about me, and it is only to shew you, for the present, that you are not quite so friendless as you thought. Meantime I request that you will all come with me to Hampstead, where we will try to do something better for you.

Here the woman looked with an earnest and eager rapture at him. May Jesus Christ, she cried, be your portion, fair angel! and he is already your portion; he is seen in your sweet face, and breaks out at your eyes in pity to poor sinners.

Harry was now stepping forth, and the rest prepared to follow him; when the poor man, who, for shame, had not yet uttered a syllable, gently stayed him at the opening. Turn, generous master, said he, pray turn, and hear a small apology for my transgression. I am a very unhappy man; I have seen better times; but I am driven, by cruel usage, from house, and home, and maintenance. I was going to London to apply to the law for relief, when my youngest child, who was on the breast, fell desperately sick about four days ago. As we had no money to hire lodging, and had begged the means of life for the two foregoing days, we were compelled to take up with this shelterless hovel. From hence I frequented the road, and for the three last days begged as much as sustained us in coarse bread and water. But this morning my boy died, and his brothers and I, with our sticks and our hands, dug his grave that you see yonder, and I placed that flag over him to preserve his tender limbs from the pigs and the hounds; till it may please heaven to allow me means to bury him according to the holy rites of our church. This melancholy office, sir, detained me so long, and exercise had made the appetites of my children so outrageous, that I was in a manner compelled to do what I did. As I had no coffin nor winding sheet, I took the waistcoat from my body and wrapped it about my babe, and would willingly have wrapped him with my flesh and my bones, that we might quietly have lain in one grave together.

Harry answered not a word, but walking onward before his company, plentifully watered the ground with his tears, while the poor man took his youngest son in his arms, and the woman her youngest daughter on her back, and thus, with a leisurely pace, they all arrived at Mr. Fenton's.

The door being opened, Harry led his nine guests to the back parlour, where he instantly ordered plenty of bread and butter and milk for the children, with cold meat, ale, and cakes, for the father and mother; and this was a matter too customary in this house to be any cause of wonder to any member of the family.

As soon as they were refreshed, he took them all to his wardrobe, where he compelled the parents to take of the best things for themselves and their children; and having so done, he walked out and left them to dress.



Mr. Fenton was in his study, and had just finished a letter as Harry entered with a smiling countenance. I have been very lucky this morning, sir, says he; I think I have got the prettiest family of boys and girls that is to be found within five shires.—Do you know any thing about them, Harry?—Nothing further as yet, sir, than that they and their parents are exceeding poor, and have fallen, as they say, into great misfortunes. The mother is a very genteel young woman, and the father a very comely man, save that he has a large purple mark on the left side of his face.—A purple mark! cried Mr. Fenton, and started. Go, my dear, and bring that man directly.—Why pray, sir, do you know him?—No, my love, I should not know him though he stood before me; but I would give a thousand pounds that he may prove the man I mean, and that I shall discover on a short examination.

By this time the father of our new family was dressed, and Harry took him by the hand, and led him in to his uncle. He bowed twice with an awful and timid respect, while Mr. Fenton rose and looked earnestly at him. I rejoice, sir, says he, to find that my son here has been of some use to you and your family. Pray take a seat nearer to me, sir, if you please. He tells me you have met with misfortunes; I also have had my share. I think myself nearly of kin to the unhappy; and you will singularly oblige me by as much of your story as you shall please to communicate. I am interested in it.

I have nothing to conceal from your honour, answered the stranger. And I shall willingly give you an open and faithful narrative of my short, but sad history. My name is Giffard Homely. My father was a farmer in easy circumstances near Stratford. He bound me apprentice to a tanner, and when my time was out gave me a hundred and twenty pounds to set me up in business. But, dying soon after, he bequeathed the bulk of his substance to my elder brother.

Though my brother was a spendthrift I loved him dearly; and, when his creditors fell upon him, I became his bail for two hundred pounds. Within a few months after he suddenly disappeared, and I never could learn further tidings concerning him. A writ was thereupon marked out against me, and put into the hands of bailiffs. But liberty was precious. I left all my substance to the possession of my pursuers, and, passing at a great rate, I escaped into Lincolnshire. There I joined myself to Anthony Granger the tanner. Independent of his trade he held a very beautiful farm, under Sir Spranger Thornhill, the lord of the manor. And, as I served him with great zeal, affection, and application, his affairs prospered under my hands.

He had an only child, a very lovely girl, of about ten years of age; her manners, like her countenance, were extremely engaging; and I took vast delight at all leisure hours, in teaching her to read and write, and in diverting her with a variety of little amusements. I had no intention, at that time, of gaining her young heart, but that happened to prove the consequence; and a heavy price it is that my poor dear girl has since paid for her affection. Year after year she grew in stature, but much more in loveliness, at least in my eyes; and yet I flattered myself that I affected her merely for her own sake. I used to please myself with the prospect of her being advanced to high fortune; and I thought that I would willingly have given her up to some lord of the land.

One twelfth-night a parcel of young folks of us were diverting ourselves about the fire with several pastimes; and among the rest the play was introduced of, *I love my love with an A because she is amiable*, and so on through the alphabet.

When it came to my Peggy's turn, she said, I love my love with an H, because he is *honest*, and I never will hate him for his being *homely*. And this might have passed without any observation, had she not cast a glance at me, and blushed exceedingly, which threw me into equal confusion.

As this was the first discovery that I made of her affection, it also served to open my eyes to the strength of my own passion; and this cost me many a sleepless night and aching heart. I did not look upon myself as a sufficient match for her; I reflected that it would be very ungenerous to lessen the fortune or happiness of the girl that I loved; and I resolved a hundred times to quit the country, that my absence might cure both her and myself of our foolish fondness for each other. But though this was what my reason approved, my heart still held me back, as it were, for a while longer, when I was on the brink of departure.

Peggy was just arrived at her sixteenth year, on the 24th of April, and was elected by the neighbours to be queen of the following May, and to deliver the prizes to the victors. I had made a vow, within myself, to forsake her and the country, the very day after her regency; but, in the mean while, I could not resist the temptation of shewing my address before the queen of my wishes. Accordingly, on the day I entered the lists among the other young candidates. But I will not burden your honour with a particular detail of our insignificant contests. It will be sufficient to inform you, that as I had the fortune to get the better at the race, and at wrestling, when I successively

went to receive the respective prizes; my Peggy's eyes danced, and her feet went pit-a-pat with joy as I approached her.

Cudgels came next, and a little stage was erected that the spectators might see with the better advantage. I had long learned this art from a famous master; and, as I was confident of my superiority, I hurt my rivals as little as possible, only just sufficient to make them acknowledge that they were foiled. At length one Hector Pluck, a butcher, mounted the stage. He had been quite an adept at this sport, and for ten foregoing years had carried off the prize in several neighbouring shires; but he was now come to settle near Lincoln, and was to have been married the following day to a farmer's daughter, who was one of the fair spectators at the wake.

The moment he assailed me, I perceived that his passions were up, and that his eye was a plain interpreter of the deadliness of his heart. He fought cautiously, however, and kept on a watchful reserve; and we had long attacked and defended without any advantage on either part, when, with a motion and fury quick as lightning, he made a side stroke at me, aimed to cut me across the face with the point of his stick. This was a blow which I had not time to intercept, or even to see. The villain however happily missed of his intention; for his cudgel being something advanced, only bruised my right cheek, when instantly I gave him a stroke on the head, and laid him sprawling on the stage, whereat all who knew me gave a great shout.

After some time he arose, and, advancing a little toward me, he stretched out his left hand, as in token of reconciliation; while, pulling out his butcher's knife, from a sheath in his side-pocket, he, with his right hand, made a stab at my heart, and suddenly leaping off the stage, attempted to escape. Immediately the blood poured from me in a stream, and ran along the boards. I found myself growing weak, and, sitting down on the stage, I had the presence of mind to open my bosom, and taking out my handkerchief, I held it to the wound.

In the mean time the whole concourse was in an uproar. The cry went about that Giffard Homely was murdered, Giffard Homely was killed. My poor Peggy fell senseless from her throne, and was carried home in the fit. Several horsemen hasted away, of their own accord, for a surgeon; and the butcher was pursued, knocked down, hard pinioned, and conveyed, with following curses, to Lincoln jail.

Among others who came to condole with me, little Master Billy Thornhill, our landlord's son and heir, came running, and desired to be lifted upon the stage. As soon as he saw the blood, and how



weak and pale I looked, he broke out into a passionate fit of tears: O Giffard, my Giffard, my poor Giffard, he cried, I fear you are a dead man! You will no more be my holiday companion, Giffard. Never more will you go a birding with me, or catch little fishes for me; or carry me on your back through the water, or in your arms over the mire. Alack! alack! what shall I do, if I lose you, my poor Giffard!

The surgeon came at full gallop. As soon as he had seen the greatness of the gash, Say your last prayer, my friend, he cried; in a very few minutes you must be a dead man. But when he had probed the wound, his face turned to cheerfulness. A most wonderful escape, he cried; the weapon has missed your vitals, and only glanced along the rib. Be of good courage; I engage, in a few weeks, to set you once more upon your legs.

Meantime my loving neighbours made a litter and bed for me of the tents and tent poles, all striving who should carry me, and all escorting me home. The good Mr. Granger had been that day confined by a sprain in his ankle, and now sat weeping by his child, who fell out of one fainting fit into another, till she was told that I was brought home, and that the doctor had pronounced me out of danger.

As soon as I was put to bed, and my kind attendants withdrawn, Mr. Granger, on a crutch, came limping, and sat down by me. He endeavoured to restrain his tears before the crowd, but as soon as he was seated they broke out anew. O Giffard, Giffard, he cried; my dear Peggy is very ill, and you are very ill, and to lose you both at once would be hard upon me indeed!

Notwithstanding a short fever, with the assistance of youth and a good habit, I soon began to gather strength, and recover apace. As soon as I was up and about, I observed that Miss Peggy seemed no longer desirous of restraining her kind looks or her kind offices; and this gave me some concern, till I also observed that her father took no umbrage at it.

One evening, Giffard, says he bluntly, what would you think of my Peggy for a wife?—Nothing at all, sir, says I; I would not marry your daughter, if she would have me to-morrow.—Pray why so, Giffard? Peggy is very pretty, and deserving, I think, of as good a man as you.—Her deservings, sir, said I, are my very objection; I scarce know a man in the land who is deserving of her.—If that is the case, Giffard, her hand is at your service, with all my heart.—O, sir, I replied, I have no suitable fortune; but I know you are pleased to banter; I am no match for her.—You are an industrious young man,

said he; and such a one is richer, in my eye, than a spender with thousands. Besides, you are loving and good-natured, my son, and I shall not lose my child by you, but gain another child in you as dear to me as herself.

Here I was so overpowered by the kindness of the dear good man, that I could not get out a syllable; but sinking before him, I eagerly grasped his legs, and then his knees, and, rising, went out to vent my passion.

In about a month after, Sir Spranger Thornhill and my young friend, Master William, honoured our nuptials with their presence; and all our kind neighbours came crowding to the solemnity, and, by their joy, appeared to be parties in our union.

For eight following years never was known a happier family. But about that time, Sir Spranger Thornhill sickened and died, and was attended to the dark mansion of the bodies of his ancestors, by the greatest concourse of true mourners that ever was seen in the shire, all lamenting that goodness was not exempted from mortality. Our dear father could never be said to hold up his head from that day. He silently pined after his old friend and patron, Sir Spranger; and all our cares and caresses were not able to withhold him from following the same appointed track. Never, sure, was grief like mine and my Peggy's. In looking at each other we saw the loss that we had sustained; and while we lay arm in arm often have we watered the good man's memory with our tears. Time, however, helps to soften the sorrows that he brings in his train. An increasing family of children, sweetly tempered like their mother, called for all my concern; and our young landlord, Sir William, whenever he came from college, used to make our house his home, and take me with him wherever he went, till Lord Lechmore, his guardian, took him from the university, and sent him abroad, with a tutor and servants, on his travels.

As I had made considerable savings, and now looked to have a number of children to provide for, I resolved to realize all that I could for the poor things: so I built a malt-house, and wind-mill, and planted a large orchard, with other profitable improvements, which cost me about eight hundred pounds. While these things were in agitation, Sir Freestone Hardgrave, one of the knights for our shire, came into that part of the country. He had lately purchased a fine estate, adjoining to the west side of my concern; and was a man of vast opulence, but a stranger among us at that time. Though Sir Freestone was an old bachelor, and had one of the most remorse-

less hearts that ever informed the shape of man, he had yet a pleasing aspect and insinuating address, and always applied those qualities to the purpose of betraying. His avarice outgrew even the growth of his wealth; and his desires increased in exact proportion as age deducted from his ability to gratify them.

Unhappily he cast a greedy eye at my little farm. Like another Ahab he coveted the vineyard of poor Naboth; and at length compassed his ends. When he proposed to give me more than value for it, I answered, that I myself had taken a fancy to it, for the sake of the dear man who had given it to me, in trust for his child and her posterity; and that I would not part with it for twenty times an equivalent. With this, however, he did not appear in the least disconcerted; but said he esteemed me the more for my gratitude to the memory of my old benefactor.

I was afterwards told, and learned by dear experience, that he never pardoned an offence, nor even a disappointment; but nothing of this disposition appeared for the present. He visited, and made it his business to meet me in several places; sought and seemed quite desirous of cultivating an acquaintance with me; did me many little friendly offices among my richer neighbours; condescended to toy with my little ones; appeared to take a huge liking to my two little boys; stood godfather to my little girl that is now in her mother's arms; said he wondered how I contrived to maintain so numerous a family upon such slender means; and promised to procure me a post in the collection of the customs.

While my heart glowed with gratitude, in the recollection of his favours, he came to my house in a mighty hurry. My dear Homely, said he, I have just struck up a most advantageous bargain with our neighbour Squire Spendall. But he wants the money immediately. I have not the whole about me; and if I do not pay him down directly, some cursed disappointment may intervene. Do run and bring me all that you have quickly! I will repay you within two or three days at furthest.

Here I hastened with joy, to the corner where I had deposited my cash, as well for payment of rent as another little payment I had in my eye; and, bringing out a leather bag, I laid it on the table. There, sir, said I, are two hundred and thirty guineas; take but the trouble to count them out, and give me a short acknowledgment.—No, said he, my dear Homely, never heed it for the present; I will be back with you the moment I have paid the purchase: and so saying, he caught up the bag, and huddled away as fast as his old legs could



scamper, while I sat still through astonishment, my heart misgiving me at that time, as if it foreboded the mischiefs that were to follow.

I waited, with great anxiety, for his return till evening, when hastening to his lodge, I was informed he had set out for London five hours before. This threw me into a panic, though not without hope, and so I waited till the three days of his promise should expire. Mr. Snack then came to me, and demanded the rent. He was a Lincoln attorney, whom Lord Lechmore had lately preferred to the care of my landlord's concerns, upon the death of the good old agent. I told him ingenuously how matters had happened, and said I would hurry to London, and bring back the money directly. Accordingly I posted away, and rested not till I arrived at the great city. There, for seven days successively, I besieged the doors of Sir Freestone, hourly requesting to be admitted to his presence. But he was either not up, or just gone out, or had company with him, or was just then very busy and not to be spoke to, and so forth.

At length, when he found that I would not quit his house without answer, he ordered me before him. His chariot waited at the gate, and he stood dressed in the hall. As I approached, and bowed with the respect and mortified air of a petitioner, he put on a look of the most audacious effrontery I ever beheld. Who are you friend, (said he,) and what may your business be with me?—I am come, and it please your Honour, humbly to tell you that I am called upon for my rent, and to beseech your Honour to restore me the two hundred and thirty pieces you had from me the other day.—Here, says he to his servants, this must be some desperado, who is come to rob me in broad day, and in the middle of my own people: the fellow says I owe him money; I know not that I ever saw his face before. I desire that you will not suffer such a dangerous fellow to enter my doors any more. And, so saying, out he stepped, and away he drove.

O, sir, how I was struck to the heart at that instant! I sneaked out, scarce half alive, not remembering where I was, or whither I was to go. Alas! I was far from making the speed back again that I had done in coming. I knew not how to shew my face to my Peggy, or her dear little ones, whom I had plundered and stripped of their substance by stupidly surrendering it without witnesses, or a single line whereby I might reclaim it. At length I got home, if home it might be called, that had then nothing in it, or at least nothing for me.

Mr. Snack had taken the advantage of my absence to possess himself of my farm, and of all that I was worth. Under colour of distraining for rent, he had seized every thing, even the beds whereon

my wife and children lay, with all their wearing apparel, save what they had on their backs. The bill of appraisement, which I have here, comes to upward of six hundred pounds. But, when the cattle and other effects were set up for sale, the auctioneer and bidders proved of Mr. Snack's providing; all were intimidated from offering any thing, save those who offered in trust for this charitable agent, and the whole of my substance went off within the value of one year's rent, being one hundred and eighty-six pounds.

Never, exclaimed Mr. Fenton, never did I hear of so daring a violation of all laws divine and human, and that too under the sanction of the most perfect system of law that ever was framed. But, what will not power effect, when unrestrained by conscience, when prompted by avarice, and abetted by cunning!—And is there no remedy, sir? cried out our hero.—None that I know of, my Harry, save where power opposes power in favour of weakness, or wealth opposes wealth in favour of poverty. But we will see what may be done. Meanwhile let Mr. Homely proceed in his narrative.

When my family, continued Homely, were thus turned out of doors, an old follower made way for them in his own cottage, and retired with his wife and daughter to a cow-house hard by. Meanwhile my loving neighbours supplied them with sufficient bedding, and daily kept them in victuals, even more than they could eat. While I went slowly to see them, stopping and turning every minute toward our old habitation, all the horrors of our situation flew in my face, and I accused myself as the robber and murderer of eight persons, for any one of whom I would have spent my life.

When I stooped to enter their lowly roof, all trembling and sick at heart, I expected to meet nothing but faces of aversion, and expressions of reproach: but, when they all set up a shout of joy at my appearance, when they all crowded clasping and clinging about me, the violence of my inward emotion deprived me of sensation, and I swooned away. When I revived, I cast a look about me, and perceived that their grief had been as extreme, as their joy was at my arrival. Ah, my Peggy, I cried, how have I undone you: by you I got all my possessions, and, in return, I have deprived you of all that you possessed. You were every blessing to me, and I have repaid you with nothing but misery and ruin!

Do not be concerned, my love, says she, nor repine at the consequences of your own goodness and honesty. You are not as God to see into all hearts; the wisest may be deceived; and the best, as I believe, are the most subject to be imposed upon. Common charity

must have supposed that there could not be such a soul as Sir Freestone upon earth. But be of good courage, my husband, I have good news for you ; I dreamed that our dear father appeared to me last night : Do not be disheartened, my child, says he ; bear the cross that is laid upon you with a free will, and all shall be restored to you seven fold upon earth, and seventy-seven fold in the life that has no end.

When I found that my Peggy, instead of upbraiding, had nothing but love in her looks, and consolation in her expressions, I folded her to my bosom, and to my soul that went to meet her, and I would willingly have made her one with my own being.

My neighbours were not as birds of the season ; they neither despised nor forsook me because of my poverty ; they came crowding to condole with me ; they advised me to apply to the law against Sir Freestone and attorney Snack ; and they offered to contribute towards my journey : they also joined in this written testimony of my character and prosperous circumstances before Snack made his seizure : and two of them have witnessed, in this bit of paper, that when the alarm came of Mr. Kindly's death, and of a strange agent being put in his room, they heard me say that I did not matter the worst he could do, and saw me count down twenty pieces over and above my year's rent.

The late frights and fatigues which Peggy underwent during Snack's operations, together with her extremes of joy on my return, and of grief at the fit into which I had fallen, hastened on her labour, and she was delivered before her time of that weakly babe whom I buried this morning.

Within six weeks after her child-birth we prepared for our journey. Our neighbours, like the good Samaritan, had compassion upon him who fell among the thieves. They made up a purse of thirty-five pounds, and promised to contribute further toward the carrying on of my suit. We travelled happily, by easy journeys a few miles a day, till nine days ago we reached a small village the other side of St. Alban's. There we took up our rest for the night, at a house that had no sign, but let occasional lodgings, and sold bread and small beer.

As I desired a separate apartment for ourselves, we were put into a waste room that had no fastening to the door. After a slender supper we lay down to sleep, and I stuffed my breeches under my head with all possible caution. We had made an extraordinary journey that day, and I was particularly fatigued by carrying several of my tired children successively in my arms ; so that we all slept but



too soundly, and when I awoke in the morning neither money nor breeches were to be found.

Such a loss at another time would have been as nothing to me; but, in our present circumstances, it was a doubling of all that we had lost before. I summoned the people of the house, and, in a good deal of warmth, charged our landlord with the felony, telling him that I had been robbed of above thirty-three pounds. Why master, says he, I know nothing to the contrary; but it would be very hard, indeed, if I was to be answerable for the honesty of every one who goes this road. If you had given your money in charge to me, I would have been accountable for it. I believe by the grief you are in, that you must have been losers: I will therefore forgive you your reckoning, and give you a pair of breeches into the bargain; but this is all I will do, till the law forces me.

As there was no remedy, I accepted this overture, and set out. But, O sir! it is impossible to describe the horrors of my soul as I stepped along, casting an eye of mingled pity and despair upon my children. I cursed in secret my own existence, and wished for some sudden thunderbolt to crush me into nothing. All trust in God or his providence, had now wholly forsaken me, and I looked upon him as neglecting all other objects of his wrath, and exerting his omnipotence against me and mine alone.

Peggy, perceived how it was with me, and kept behind awhile, that she might give way to the present tumult of my mind; at length, hoping to administer some comfort to me, she came up and put a few shillings into my hand, saying, Courage, my dear husband, all cannot be lost while we have a God who is infinitely rich to depend upon. —Ah, said I, these are the fruits of your dreams; these are your promised blessings that heaven had in store for us! —And still has in store, she replied; the same hand that holds the rod holds the comforting staff also. —Tell me not of comfort, I cried, I see that the face of God is set against me. But, for me it matters not, had he not taken me at an advantage. He sees that I have eight lives, all dearer than my own, and he is determined to kill me in every one of them.

Do not cast from you, my love, she said, the only crutch that the world and the wretched have to rest upon. God is pleased, perhaps, to take all human means from us, that he may shew forth the wonders of his power in our relief. While any other hope is left we are apt to trust to that hope, and we look not toward the secret hand by which we are fed and supported; but, when all is gone, when no other stay is left, should sudden mercy come upon us, our Comforter

then becomes visible, he stands revealed in his greatness and glory before us, and we are compelled to cry out with unbelieving Thomas, My Lord and my God!

Though these pious expostulations of my beloved preacher had little influence, at the time, for appeasing my own passions, I was yet pleased that my Peggy had her secret consolations, but little imagined that her prophecy approached so near to its completion.

For two days we held on, living on such bread and milk as we could purchase at the cottages that had the charity to receive us. But my boy, who was on the breast, grew exceeding sick; so we were obliged to shorten our journeys for the two succeeding days, partly begging and partly paying for such victuals as we could procure. Toward evening we came within sight of this town. Our little money was quite exhausted, and our child grown too ill to bear further travel; so I looked about, and perceived some roofless walls that stood off from the highway, and thither we turned and took up our bleak abode.

For the three following days I frequented the road, and, by begging, procured what kept my family from perishing. Meantime my spirit was tamed and subdued, and I looked up to heaven, and cried, Pardon, pardon, O my God! the offences and blasphemies of my murmurings against thee! Thou formerly blessedst me with an over-abundance of blessings, and that too for a long season; and, as Job justly says, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and not receive evil?" O Saviour of sinners! if thou lovest whom thou chastenest, and receivest those whom thou dost scourge, when death shall have put a period to the sufferings of mortality, may I not humbly look to find grace at the footstool of the throne of thy mercy?—At length our child died this morning, and we buried him in our hovel, and watered his grave with the tears that we shed for him and for each other. The rest, sir, you know, till this angel of God was sent, to accomplish the prediction of my Peggy in its fulness.

Here Homely concluded; and, after a pause and a deep sigh, Mr. Fenton demanded, Have you told me the whole of your history, Mr. Homely?—I have, so please your Honour, through every particular of any signification.—I am sorry for it. Pray think again. Did you never meet with any adventure that is yet unrecited? Did you never save any person at your own peril?—No, sir.—O, now I recollect.

Some two or three and twenty years ago as I fled from the bailiffs who pursued me, as I told you, for the bail of my brother, I came to the river Avon: the flood was great and rapid after the late rains, and

I thought of looking for a place of smoother water for my passage, when a gentleman and lady, attended by a train of servants, came riding along the banks. As they rode, chatting and laughing, a fowler, who was concealed in a copse just at hand, let fly at a bird; whereupon the fiery horse that the gentleman was on took fright, and, with a bound, suddenly plunged into the current; whereat the lady gave a loud shriek, and fell senseless to the ground. The horse rose without his rider, and swam down the stream. Soon after the rider appeared, and the attendants were divided between the care of the lady and their lamentations for their master. Then, seeing no other help, my heart smote me, and I cast myself in without reflection. I kept aloof, however, for fear he should grapple at me, and sink us both together; so I supported and shoved him before me toward land, till, having reached the bank, I laid hold on it with one hand, and with the other raised him up within the reach of his servants, who had stretched themselves flat upon the brink to receive him; then, being already drenched, and having nothing further to do, I turned and swam over, and so made my escape.

Did you ask the name of the party whom you saved in the manner you say?—No truly, sir, there was no leisure for such inquiry.—Why did you not wait for the recompence that was your due for so great a deliverance?—Recompence! Please your Honour, I could have done no less for the beggar who begs at the corner.

Noble, noble fellow! exclaimed Mr. Fenton; I am he, I am he whom you saved that day, my brother! And so saying, he arose and caught Homely in his arms, and pressed him to his bosom. While Harry, all impatient, seized hold of Homely also, and struggled hard to get him to himself from his uncle.

When they were something composed, and all again seated, Ah, Homely! says Mr. Fenton, I have sent and made many inquiries after you. But for some years after the day in which you saved me, I hated, I loathed you, for having prolonged my life to such a misery as few other men endured. Ob, that lady!—But, no matter for the present.—(And, so saying, he wiped the swelling tear from his eye.)—Tell me, Homely, that devil, Sir Freestone! I am not of a malicious temper, and yet I wish for nothing more than a just punishment on his head. Don't you believe that he went to you with a felonious intention of defrauding you of your property?—Believe it, sir! I can swear it. The circumstances and their consequences are full evidence thereof.

Very well, said Mr. Fenton, though we may not be able to carry



a civil action against him; we may assail him with better advantage in a criminal way. I will draw up and take your deposition myself; and, to-morrow, I will send you with a note to Lord Portland, where more may be done for you, my Homely, than you think. In the mean time, you and your family shall take up your abode in the back part of my house, and from thence you shall not depart till, as your Peggy's dream has it, all your losses shall be restored to you seven-fold upon earth: what your portion may be in heaven must be your own care; and may the Spirit of Grace guide you in the way you should go.

Early the next morning, Mr. Fenton sent Homely to London with his deposition and several papers, accompanied by a letter from himself to Lord Portland. In the evening Homely returned, and, entering with a face of triumph, he seized Mr. Fenton's hand, and eagerly kissing it, Blessed, blessed, be the hand, he cried, that liath the power of God, among men, for good works! When I sent in your Honour's letter, I was not detained a moment. His lordship made me sit down, perused my papers with attention, questioned me on the particulars, grew inflamed against Sir Freestone, and gave him two or three hearty curses for an execrable villain. He then called a gentleman to him who was waiting, and ordered an attachment to be instantly issued against the knight. It was accordingly executed upon him, and he now lies in Newgate.—God be praised! said Mr. Fenton, so far there is equity still upon earth.

It is not unnatural to suppose that Mr. Fenton's family were immoderately fond of those whose father had saved the life of their most dear master. Mr. Clement, in particular, took pains and pleasure in forwarding the boys in their letters; and Mrs. Clement passed most of her time very happily with Peggy and her little girls.

Frank, the butler, had been abroad upon an expedition, at the time that Mr. Homely's family arrived, and did not return till Homely had come back from Lord Portland's. He was then informed, with joy, of the guests they had got; and he waited with impatience, till the man he longed to see should come out from his master. As soon as he appeared, he caught one of his hands in both of his, and, looking lovingly at him, cried, Do I once more behold that happy face, Mr. Homely? I was the man to whose hands you delivered my precious lord from the devouring floods. Gladly, Heaven knows, would I have sacrificed my own life for the salvation of his. But, alas! I had no skill in contending with the waters, and the sure loss of my own life would not have given the smallest chance for the recovery

of my master. You are the person, Mr. Homely, to whom God committed that blessed task : and Mr. James, and I, and all of us, have agreed to make up a hundred pounds a-piece for your children, in acknowledgment of the service you did us on that day.

Here Homely took Frank very affectionately into his arms, and, with a faltering voice, said, Your offer, sir, is dear, indeed, unto me, as it is a proof of that love which you all so warmly bear to our lord and master. If there is any occasion, I will not refuse this extraordinary instance of your benevolence ; but our master's influence and bounty are doing much in my behalf : and, in the mean time, I will take it as a very particular favour, if you will be pleased to introduce me to my fellow servants of this house.

Within the following fortnight, a servant in a rich livery came on a foaming horse, and, delivering a letter at the door, rode away directly. The letter ran thus :

TO HENRY FENTON, ESQ.

Dear Sir,

The trial of our *recreant knight* is at hand ; and, if you insist upon it, shall be prosecuted to the utmost extent of our laws. The wretch, indeed, deserves to be gibbeted. But he has relations of worth and consideration among us. They have besought me to shield them from shame on this occasion ; and I join them in requesting you to accept the inclosed order for three thousand pounds, in favour of your client, together with his farm and effects, which Attorney Snack shall immediately restore. Let me have your answer within three days, and believe me your true, as well as obliged servant,

PORTLAND.

The day following Mr. Fenton sent Harry, in his chariot, to return his acknowledgments to the favourite of the king. Here Harry met with Sir William Thornhill, just returned from his travels ; who, after some conversation, promised to call upon him. A day or two after he came. And Mr. Fenton and he took acquaintance with each other. After some time, Sir William, said Mr. Fenton, there is a man come to this house, who once saved my life at the risk of his own. It is a great many years ago, and I have not seen him since the action, till very lately. I have sent Harry for him, that you may learn the particulars, and advise with me what recompence he ought to receive.

If the recompence, said Sir William, is to be proportioned to the value of the life he saved, I should not know where to fix the bounds of retribution.

At this instant Harry led in Homely by the hand, and left him

standing directly opposite to the baronet. Homely gazed with all his eyes, and stood mute through astonishment. At length he exclaimed, Bless me ! Mercy upon me ! As sure as I hope for heaven, —it is—I think it is, my dear young master !

Sir William, at the voice, lifted up his eyes to Homely, and, remembering his marked man, rose quickly, and, springing forward, embraced him with much familiar affection. My dear Homely, my old companion and brother sportsman ! cried Sir William, how in the world comes this about ? So joyfully, so unexpectedly, to meet you here ! How is your wife, and pretty babes ? I hope you left all well at home.

Yes, please you honour, they are all well, wonderfully well in this house ; for, indeed, your Homely has no other home upon earth.

What you tell me is quite astonishing, replied the knight ; no home for you within the manor of your friend ! What misfortunes, what revolutions, could bring this to pass ?

Sit down, said Mr. Fenton, pray be seated, Mr. Homely, and give your lord an account of the inimitable pair, Sir Freestone and his coadjutor.

As soon as Homely had told his tale, from the commencement of his distresses to his arrival at the hovel, he stepped short and said,—I have something more to impart,—but I hope your honour will pardon me,—I am loth to deprive your friends of your company ; but then my Peggy and my boys will be so transported to see your dear face again, that I cannot but beseech you to indulge them a minute or two.

Sir William rose with a troubled humanity in his countenance, and followed to a back apartment, where Homely again stopped him short ; and, before he would take him to his Peggy, he there gave him a minute detail of his obligations to what he called this wonderful family. But, pray, sir, continued he, let them know little of what I have told you, for nothing puts them to so much pain as any kind of acknowledgment.

After a short visit to Peggy and her children, Sir William returned to his friends, with such an inward awe and veneration for their characters as, for a while, sunk his spirits. This poor man, sir, said he, has been miserably treated ; but God has been exceedingly gracious to him, in casting the shipwrecked wretch on such a happy shore as this. But this makes no discharge of any part of my duty toward him. Mark me, Homely, I am now of age ; and Lechmore has no further authority in my affairs ; wherefore, before I leave this house,



I will give you a letter of attorney for the whole agency of the manor.—Thank your honour, thank your honour, cried Homely! If I do not prove as faithful to you as another, I will do you justice on myself with the first rope I can lay hold on. .

As for that reprobate Snack, continued the knight, I will take care to be up with him. He owes the executors of my father six hundred and seventy pounds. I will have that matter put directly in suit, and, as soon as it is recovered, it shall be laid out on a commission for your son, my friend Tom. Lastly, that you may no more be distressed for rent, I will never accept a penny of it, till all your children are decently provided for.

O, sir! exclaimed Homely, I shall be too rich, I shall not know where to lay my treasures.—Not so fast, my good friend, replied Sir William smiling; you have not heard of the drawback that I propose to have upon you. Whenever I reside in the country, you are to have a hot dish, ah, and a cool hogshead too, ready for me and my company.—Agreed, sir, cried Homely, provided I may have the liberty, during your absence, to drink your Honour's health out of that same hogshead.—A just reserve, said Harry, laughing.—Why, gentlemen, rejoined Homely, a man of spirit would scorn to accept such benefits without making conditions.

After an affectionate and tender adieu, Sir William set out by moonlight for London.

The two following days were employed in preparing for Homely's departure; and a coach and four, with a chaise, were provided for the conveyance of him and his family.

The night before their parting, Mr. Fenton desired that Homely and his wife should be sent to him to his closet. As soon as they entered, he closed the door. My dear friends, said he, as I may not be up in the morning to take a timely leave of you, it might do as well to go through that melancholy office to-night. Here, Mrs. Homely, here is some little matter a-piece, toward beginning a fortune for your three pretty daughters. Pray, Homely, take care to have it disposed of for them upon good securities. Here he put three orders upon his banker, for five hundred pounds each, into Peggy's hand; then turning to Homely, and taking him in his arms, God be with you and your Peggy, my Homely, he cried, and give us all a blessed meeting where friends shall part no more!

The distressed Homely was past utterance; but flinging himself at the feet of his patron, while Peggy kept on her knees weeping and sobbing beside him; O, he cried, at length, Next to my God!

O, next to my Lord and my God!—My lord and my master, my master and my lord!

The next morning, before sun-rise, Harry was up, and going to Homely's apartment, embraced him and his wife. He then kissed and caressed all the girls and boys round, and gave to each of them a gold medal to keep him in their remembrance: when Homely and his Peggy, with open arms, trembling lips, and swelling eyes, began to take their leave. God be with you! God be with you! sobbed Homely aloud; never, never, till I get to heaven, shall I meet with such another dear assembly.

Mr. Fenton now judged it time to forward his Harry's education, especially with respect to his knowledge of the world, of the views, manners, and characters, of mankind. For this purpose he proposed to leave Arabella sole regent of his family. And, for a few weeks, to stay with Clement and Harry in London, there to shew him whatever might merit his inspection.

While the coach was in waiting, and they all stood on the hill, the great city being extended in ample view beneath them, Mr. Fenton exclaimed: "O! London, London! thou mausoleum of dead souls, how pleasant art thou to the eye, how beautiful in the outward prospect! but within how full of rottenness and reeking abominations! Thy dealers are all students in the mystery of iniquity, of fraud and imposition on ignorance and credulity. Thy public officers are hourly exercised in actions and extortion. Even the great ones of thy court have audaciously smiled away the gloom and horrors of guilt, and refined, as it were, all the grossness thereof, by inverting terms and palliating phrases. While the millions, that crowd and hurry through thy streets, are universally occupied in striving and struggling to rise by the fall, to fatten by the leanness, and to thrive by the ruin, of their fellows. Thy offences are rank, they steam and cloud the face of heaven. The gulph also is hollow beneath, that is one day to receive thee. But the measure of thy abominations is not yet full; and the number of thy righteous hath hitherto exceeded the proportion that was found in the first Sodom."

A few following days were employed in visiting the Tower, in surveying the armoury, regalia, &c. in viewing the Monument and Exchange; and, lastly, in contemplating the solemnity of Westminster-abbey, with the marble effigies and monumental deposits of the renowned in death; the place, as Mr. Fenton affectingly observed, to which all the living must finally adjourn.

The next night they went to the theatre, to see the feats of Signor

Volanti, the celebrated Italian posture-master, rope-dancer, and equilibrist. Our hero felt himself attached by the similar excellencies of his activity in another; and, going behind the scenes, he accosted Volanti in French. Signor, said he, I have been highly entertained by your performance this night, and here are five guineas in return for the pleasure you have given me. The foreigner looked at Harry, and then at the money, with a kind of astonishment. I thank you, noble sir, he cried; my poor endeavours are but seldom so liberally rewarded.—Pray how long do you stay with us?—In about a fortnight, so please your nobleness, I intend to leave London. But, before I go, I would do something to leave a name behind me. A day or two before my departure, I will fly from the spire of St. Clement's church, in the sight of all the people; and this I will do *gratis*, or rather in acknowledgment of the favours I have received in this kingdom.

Here an arch thought struck Harry, and, musing a moment, Will you permit me, said he, to be the conductor of this affair? Allow me only to appoint the day and draw up your advertisement, and I will make you a present of twenty pieces.—Agreed, sir, cried Volanti, and twenty thousand thanks to confirm the bargain.—Accept these five guineas then, in earnest of my engagement; my servant, here, will shew you where I am to be found.

That night at supper Mr. Fenton remarked an unusual pleasantry in the muscles of his darling's countenance. My Harry, I find, said he, does not always impart all his secrets to his friends; he has certainly some roguish matter in cogitation.—Why sir, cried Harry, the public, as you know, have put the fool on me from my birth; and so I am meditating in turn how to put the fool upon the public.—And how do you contrive it, Harry?—Only by acting the old proverb, that *one fool makes many*. But pray ask me not about the manner, till I bring the business to some bearing.

Some days after, Harry, agreeable to his covenant with Signor Volanti, penned the following advertisement, and inserted it in all the public papers, to wit:—"On Saturday next, between the hours of ten and twelve in the forenoon, the celebrated Dominico Jachimo Tonino Volanti will take his flight from the spire of Clement's steeple, and alight at the distance of two bows shot on the Strand; and this he will perform before the eyes of all people."

On the impatiently expected morning, Harry took Mr. Clement with him in a hackney chaise, and found an innumerable concourse, as well of the gentry in their carriages, as of the populace on foot.



London had poured forth its numbers to behold this astonishing flight. The windows were all eyes on every side, and the house-tops were hung with clusters of people.

After Harry had surveyed the crowd with titillation, he whispered to Clement, and said, You shall see now, what a discomfiture I will make of this huge army. He then put forth his head, and said to all around, Do not ye perceive, my friends, what fools we are all made; do not you remember that this is the *First of April*? He had scarce spoke the words, when they spread from man to man, and soon were muttered throughout the assembly. And then louder, and more loud, the *First of April*, the *First of April*, was repeated all about.

The company now began to be in motion. All heads were instantly withdrawn from the late thronged windows, and the house-tops began to be cleared. Immediately was heard the rolling of many wheels, and the lashing of many whips, while every coachman pressed through the crowd, impatient to deliver his honourable freight from the public shame. But the populace now began to relish a joke that was so much against their betters; and, in peals of laughter, and united shouts of triumph, they echoed and re-echoed after them, *April Fools! April Fools!*

Among others, Lord Bottom had come with his friend Rakely, in an elevated phaeton, of which his lordship was charioteer. As they happened to brush close by Harry's carriage, swearing, and puffing, and lashing, and cursing at the crowd, Harry cried to his old enemy, You need not be in so violent a hurry, my Lord; perhaps you are not so great a FOOL as you imagine.

The fools of fashion were scarce withdrawn, when a long and strong rope was let down from the top of the steeple, to which it was fastened at the upper end. A man then, laying hold on it below, dragged it along through the crowd, and braced it, at a great distance, to an iron ring that was stapled into a post, purposely sunk on a level with the pavement. They then brought a large and well-stuffed feather-bed, and fixed it under the cord where it joined the ring.

In the mean time, Volanti appeared on the top of the steeple, and, bending cautiously forward, and getting the cord within an iron groove that was braced to his bosom, he pushed himself onward, and, with a kindling rapidity, flew over the heads of the shouting multitude, poising himself with expanded legs and arms, as he passed, till he was landed, without damage, on his yielding receiver.

Harry had now seen whatever London could exhibit of elegant, curious, or pleasing; and Mr. Fenton judged it time to hold up to

him the melancholy reverse of this picture, to shew him the *house of mourning*, the *end of all men*; to shew him the dreary shades and frightful passages of mortality, which humanity shudders to think of, but through which human nature of necessity must go. For this purpose he took him to the GENERAL HOSPITAL, where Death opened all his gates, and shewed himself in all his forms. But the great poet, on this occasion, hath anticipated all description :

————— Immediately a place

Before his eyes appear'd,—sad, noisome, dark,  
 A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseases, all maladies  
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
 Of heart-sick agony,—all fev'rous kinds,  
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 Intestine stone and ulcer; colic pangs,  
 Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy,  
 And moon-struck madness; pining atrophy,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence;  
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans;—Despair  
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd  
 With vows, as their chief good.

MILTON.

While Mr. Fenton led his pupil through groaning galleries and the chambers of death and disease, Harry let down the leaf of his hat, and drew it over his eyes, to conceal his emotions. All that day he was silent, and his countenance downcast; and, at night, he hastened to bed, where he wept a large tribute to the mournfully inevitable condition of man's miserable state upon earth.

The next day, Mr. Fenton took him to the Bethlehem hospital for lunatics. But when Harry beheld and contemplated objects so shocking to thought, so terrible to sight; when he had contemplated, the ruin above all ruins, human intelligence and human reason so fearfully overthrown; where the ideas of the soul though distorted and misplaced, are quick and all alive to horror and agony; he grew sick and turned pale, and, suddenly catching Mr. Fenton by the arm, Come, sir, let us go, said he, I can stand this no longer. When they had reached home, and that Harry was more composed; Are all the miseries, sir, said he, that we have witnessed these two days, the con-

sequences of sin?—Even so, indeed, my Harry, all these and thousands more, equally pitiable and disgusting, are the natural progeny of that woe-begetting parent. Nor are those miseries confined to hospitals alone; every house, nay, every bosom, is a certain, though secret lazarus-house, where the sick couch is preparing, with all the dismal apparatus, for tears and lamentations, for agonies and death.

Since that is the case, sir, said Harry, who would laugh any more? is it not like feasting in the midst of famine, and dancing amidst the tombs?

All things in their season, my dear, provided that those who laugh be as though they laughed not, remembering that they must weep. And provided that those who weep be as though they wept not, having joy in their knowledge that the fashion of this world quickly passeth away.

On the following day, Mr. Fenton returned to Hampstead, leaving Harry and Mr. Clement ability to indulge the benevolence of their hearts. One evening, as our companions were drinking tea in the Temple-Exchange coffee-house, a man advanced in years, but of a very respectable appearance, got up and addressed the assembly: Gentlemen, said he, among the several hospitals and other charitable foundations that have done honour to the humanity of the inhabitants of this city, there is one still wanting, which, as I conceive, above all others, would give distinction to the beneficence of its founders; it is a house for repenting prostitutes, an asylum for unhappy wretches who have no other home, to whom all doors are shut, to whom no haven is open, no habitation, or hole for rest upon the face of the earth. I have the plan of this charitable foundation in my pocket; and if any of you, gentlemen, approve of my proposal, and are willing to subscribe, or to solicit your friends to so beneficent a purpose, I request your company to the tavern over the way.

Here the speaker walked toward the door, and was followed by Harry and Clement, and thirteen or fourteen more of the assembly. When the company was seated round a large table, the gentleman produced his plan, with a summary of the rules and institutes for the conduct of the house, which he proposed to call the Magdalen House. A plan which hath since been espoused, and happily executed by others, without ascribing any of the merit to the first projector. As all present applauded the manner of the scheme and intention of the charity, each of them subscribed from a hundred and twenty pounds, till it came to Harry's turn, who subscribed a thousand pounds in Mr. Fenton's name.



Mr. Mole, a learned philosopher, and a man of principal figure in the present company, then addressed the projector, and said, If you will admit me, sir, into partnership in the conduct of your scheme, I will engage to levy contributions to the amount of some thousands, over and above the hundred I have already subscribed.—You are heartily welcome, sir, replied the gentleman, either to join or take the conduct of the whole upon yourself.—That is not fair neither, said another of the company; you, Mr. Goodville, had the trouble of contriving this business, and you ought, at least, to have the honour, if not the conduct, of your own plan.

Mr. Goodville! Mr. Goodville! exclaimed Clement, eagerly staring at him, and recollecting, as from a dream, the altered features of his quondam friend and benefactor. Pray, sir, do you remember any thing of one Clement, a worthless young fellow, whom once in your goodness you condescended to patronise?—Clement! Clement! cried Mr. Goodville, getting up and hastening to him, and catching him in his arms; my dear Clement, my man of merit and misfortunes, how rejoiced am I to find you! God be praised, God be praised, it is at length in my power to do something material for you. But come with me to another room. I have something to say to you; we will leave these gentlemen, to think further of the plan that lies before them.

When Mr. Goodville and Clement had withdrawn, Mr. Mole, said one of the company, you are concerned in a number of these public benefactions.—Yes, gentlemen, answered Mole, I believe there is no charitable institution of any note in London in which I am not a trustee, and to which I am not a contributor. For, though I do not set up for sanctification by faith, yet I think I may pretend to some justification by charity. Let the vulgar herd pay their priesthood for cheating them out of their senses, I give nothing to the fat impostors, or their lucrative fable; my substance is little enough for myself and the poor.—Why, pray, sir, said Harry, are you not a Christian?—No indeed, master, answered Mole, nor any man who has sense enough to think for himself.—Be pleased then, cried Harry, to hand me that paper a moment; here, sir, I dash my name and contribution from the list of the subscribers. He who denies *glory to God in the highest*, can never have *peace and good-will toward men*; and so, sir, you shall never be the almoner of a penny of my money.

You talk as you look, my dear, cried Mole; like one just eloped from the nursery, where you were affrighted by tales of ghosts and hobgoblins. I acknowledge, gentlemen, the benefit of morality in

its fullest extent; and had Jesus, the Christian Prophet, confined himself to his system of moral precepts, I think he would justly have been esteemed the greatest philosopher that ever breathed. But, when he, or rather his disciples, in his name, in order to enhance the authority of their mission, pretended to divinity in their master, the low-bred and ignorant wretches pulled together against the grain, and compounded such a strange medley of fighting inconsistencies, as are wholly subversive of every principle of right reason and common sense. They taught that God was made a man; that, in order to expiate the sins of the world, the innocent was appointed to suffer for the guilty. That the sins of all offenders were to be imputed to one who had never offended; and that the righteousness of him, who had never offended, was to be imputed to criminals of the deepest dye; that the Creator submitted himself to the malignity of his creatures, and that God himself died a shameful death on the cross. And this, gentlemen, makes such a heap of ridiculous incoherencies, as exceeds even the worship of apes and serpents, leeks and onions, and the other garbage of Egypt.

You are a villain, and a thief, and a liar, cried Harry, altogether inflamed with choler.—Mole, on hearing these terms of reproach, instantly caught up a bottle, and threw it at our hero's head, but it happily missed him, and only bruised the fleshy part of the shoulder of the gentleman who sat next. Harry instantly sprung up and made at Mole, while the company rose and attempted to interfere; but some he cast on one hand, and some on the other, and, overturning such as directly opposed him, he reached Mole, and, with one blow of his fist on the temple, laid him motionless along the floor.

Then, looking down on his adversary, I should be sorry, said he, that the wretch should die in his present state; here, drawer, run quickly and bring me a surgeon. Then, returning to his place, he sat down with great composure.

After a pause he looked round; I hope, gentlemen, said he, that none of you are hurt. Indeed I am much concerned for having, in any degree, contributed to your disturbance. But, had any of you a dear benefactor and patron, to whom you were bound beyond measure, whom you loved and honoured above all things, could you bear to hear him defamed and vilified to your face?—No, certainly, answered one.—No man could bear it, cried another.—But, pray, asked a third, how came you to call the gentleman a thief?—Because, replied our hero, he attempted to rob me of my whole estate. He endeavoured to thieve from me the only friend I have in the universe,

the friend of my heart, the peace and rest of my bosom; my infinite treasure, my never-ending delight! the friend without whom I would not chuse to be; without whom existence would become a curse and an abhorrence unto me.—Happy young creature! exclaimed an elderly gentleman, I understand you; you mean your Christ and my Christ, the friend who has already opened his early heaven within you.

By this time, Mr. Mole began to move, whereupon Harry rose, and, putting his hand into his pocket, Here, gentlemen, said he, is one guinea for the surgeon, and another for the reckoning. When my companion returns, be pleased to tell him I am gone to our lodgings. For I will not stay to hold further converse with that bane of society, that pest, whom the rulers of darkness have commissioned to spread contagion, distemper, and death, among men.

Harry went early to bed, but lay restless and much disturbed in his spirit all night. Mr. Clement had heard the particulars of our hero's behaviour, which he partly disapproved: but, as he saw him already dejected, he did not chuse to expostulate with him for the present.

The next day they returned to Hampstead, where Mr. Fenton, notwithstanding the constrained smiles of his Harry, observed an unusual cloud and uneasiness in his countenance. I want to speak with you, my love, said he; and, beckoning him into his closet, he took him affectionately by the hand, and made him sit beside him. What is the matter, my dear? said he, looking concernedly in his face; what is it that has disturbed the peace of the bosom of my beloved?—Ah! sir, cried Harry, I am indeed very unhappy. I doubt that I am partly losing my faith, and the fear of that has given me inexpressible horror. It is like tearing me from a fort, out of which there is no home or rest for me in the universe.

Here Harry made a recital of the late affair to his uncle, and, having closed his narrative, Is not this very wonderful, sir, (said he) how or where in the world could this Mole have mustered together such arguments against reason, such appearances against truth? How must the vulgar and illiterate be staggered by such objections, when even I, who have been bred, as I may say, at the feet of Gamaliel, have not been able to answer them, otherwise than by the chastisement which the blasphemer received at my hand!

Here Mr. Fenton smiled, and said, Do not be alarmed, my love. We shall quickly dispel the thin mists of infidelity that were collected to shut the Sun of Righteousness from your eyes. I confess, indeed, that this spawn of Antichrist has compiled a summary of all that has



ever been uttered against *the Lamb who was slain from the foundation of the world*; yet he is but a Mole in nature as well as name; and he, with his brother-moles, know no more and see no further than the little heap of dirt and rubbish, that the working of their own purblind reason hath cast about them. Sacred depths and stupendous mysteries belong to this matter, and, when you are able to bear them, they shall be clearly and fully unfolded to you, my Harry: in the mean space, a few simple observations will suffice to re-establish the peace of your heart.

As Christianity was instituted for the salvation of all, the principal truths thereof are very obvious and plain. They speak the language of nature, and all nature is expressive of the sense thereof. Whatever is within you, whatever is without you, cries aloud for a Saviour. For sin hath been as the Mezentius, of whom you read in Virgil, who bound the bodies of the dead to the persons of the living. Thus it is that the sin of fallen angels, and of fallen man, hath bound chains and corruption, distemperature and death, to the elements, to the vegetables, to animals, and even to the immortal image of God himself in the humanity; so that all things cry out, with the Apostle, *Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?* So that all things cry out, with Saint Peter, *Save, Lord, or I perish!* These are truths, my Harry, which all men, at some time, must feel throughout their existence, whether they read them or not. And he alone who never experienced, nor ever shall experience, frailty, error, or sickness, pain, anguish, or dissolution, is exempt from our system of salvation from sin.

But what sort of a Saviour is it, for whom all things cry so loudly? Is it a dry moralist, a legislator of bare external precepts, such as your mole-philosopher required our Christ to be? No, my darling, no. The influence of the Redeemer of nature must be as extensive as nature herself. Things are defiled and corrupted throughout; they are distempered and devoted to death from their inmost essence; and nothing, under Him, in whom they live, and move, and have their being, can redeem them, can restore them.

O sir, exclaimed Harry, his countenance brightening up, why could I not think of this? I should then have been able to foil my malignant adversary, at his own weapons.

Our Jesus himself, continued Mr. Fenton, appeals to the truth I have told you, where he says to the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee. But, when the Pharisees thereupon concluded that he blasphemed, he demonstrated his in-

fluence in and over the soul by the evidence of his influence in and over the body. What reason ye in your hearts? said Jesus; whether is it easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Rise up and walk? Then said he to the sick of the palsy, Arise and take up thy couch, and go to thine own house. And immediately he rose up before them, and took that up whereon he had been carried, and departed to his own house, glorifying God.

Here it was necessary, for the performance of this instantaneous cure, that Jesus should instantly operate in and through every member, nerve, and fibre, of the sick of the palsy. In like manner, his sins must have been pardoned by an inward salvation.

But, pray, sir, be pleased to inform me, how God could be made man? For this was one of the principal objections of Mole.

God was never made man, my Harry. God cannot be debased. He could not degrade himself by any change into manhood, though he could assume humanity into God. Neither could God die or suffer. To this Christ himself, who was God and man, bears testimony; where he cries out, in the agonies of his suffering humanity, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* And again, where, crying with a loud voice, he said, *Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.* But, you are leading me something deeper than I chuse to go for the present.

From eternity, God saw that, should he produce any creatures in his own image, to be glorious by his likeness and happy by his communication, he must of necessity create them intelligent and free; that as creatures they must be finite; and that, as creatures who were free, they would also be fallible. He, therefore, saw that all might fall, and he also foresaw that some would fall. But his graciousness had provided *an infallible remedy* for this evil. He had provided a *Saviour*.

Indeed, had no creature ever fallen, God could not have been duly glorified to all eternity. Millions of his infinitely amiable qualities must have lain an inscrutable secret to worlds upon worlds. While all his creatures were happy in him, and participated of him, no distinction could be duly made between them and their Creator. Had evil never been, goodness would have sunk unspeakably in the sense of its value, which is now infinitely heightened and glorified by the contrast. Free grace and free mercy on the part of God, and penitence and thanksgiving on the part of humble sinners, would have been prevented of their thousand endearing connexions. And all the amities and charities, throughout the brotherhood of man; all

the melting and fond relations, which the vine [Christ] infuses throughout his ingrafted branches, bearing blossoms and fruits of divine fragrance and flavour, must ever have remained unblest, and as dead, from eternity to eternity.

But our God, my child, is as powerful, as he is gracious and wise, to bring light out of darkness, and life out of death, and infinite and ever-during good out of the limited and short state of transitory evil. To prove that no being beneath himself could stand of their own sufficiency, God permitted his two principal creatures, the most glorious representatives of his divine perfections, to fall off from their allegiance, and consequently from their happiness, with all their progeny. The first was the angel Lucifer, who fell through *pride*, and the second was the man Adam, who fell through *lust*. These two capital sins of *pride* and of *lust* are the genuine parents of all moral and natural evil, of all the guilt and misery that ever did or ever can arise throughout duration.

The first of these arch-felons deemed himself worthy of Deity, and, being unexperienced in the power with whom he had to contend, attempted to arrogate all worship to himself, and to rob his divine benefactor of glory and Godhead.

The second of these felons was attempted by the first to aspire, through his own merits, at a godlike independence; to cast off his allegiance to the author of his being; and to expect knowledge from the sensual fruits of this world, after which he lusted. He accordingly took and ate of the tree that was pregnant with all evil; and he fell, with his progeny, into all the depravity that the sin of fallen Lucifer had introduced into these vast regions, now made more exceedingly corrupt and sinful by the sin of fallen Adam.

Here, Mr. Fenton was interrupted. His man Frank entered, booted, and all bespattered with dirt, and having whispered something in his master's ear, Mr. Fenton turned aside his head to hide his concern from Harry, and stepping to his closet locked himself in.

Nearly nine years had now elapsed since the earl and his lady had seen or heard of their Harry, except by two or three anonymous notes in a year, giving a short account of his health and accomplishments; insomuch, that time and long absence had, in a measure, worn him from the regrets of the family; excepting his brother Richard, on whom Harry's generosity, in taking his quarrel upon himself, had left an indelible impression.

Lord Richard was, indeed, sweetly dispositioned by nature, and of an aspect and person extremely elegant; and as he had tutors in all



branches, in which he chose to be instructed, he learned sufficient, to render him one of the most accomplished youths in the nation. He was also naturally unassuming and modestly disposed; but the unremitted adulation of domestics and dependents, with the complimentary artillery of all the neighbours and visitants, could not fail of some impression, at least so far as to make it evident that he was conscious of his condescension when he became familiar with you. He was, however, easy to all who applied to him for any favour, exceeding charitable to the poor, and particularly fond of our Harry's foster-mother, and kind to her for Harry's sake. With such amiable qualities, he was esteemed and beloved of all, and became the little idol of the adjacent country, insomuch, that when he was seized with the small-pox, the anxiety for him was universal, and the great mansion-house was hourly circled by people who came crowding, to inquire concerning his danger.

The eruption was but slight, only a few spots, so that my lady was in high triumph, on observing, that the beauty of her darling would not be defaced. But, ah, how frail is the foundation on which mortality builds its happiness! Who can insure it, for an hour, for a moment? On the eleventh day, when the physicians pronounced that all was promising, Lord Richard was suddenly taken with convulsions, and, in less than an hour, expired.

Lady Enna, Countess of Moreland, from whom the seat had been newly denominated *Enna's Field*, was present at the death of all that she held most precious upon earth. She had never left his chamber since he had taken to his bed; and was now carried off in a deep swoon. She never after recovered her senses, except by deplorable starts, to lament that she was the most wretched of all that ever were created; and, on the second day, she also expired, and was interred in the same tomb.

Never was seen such a concourse at any funeral, since the funeral of Jacob, on which all Egypt attended. They crowded from a distance of thirty miles round. But, when they saw the old and reverend patron of the country, all covered with sad and solemn weeds; when they beheld his countenance exceeding all pomp of sorrow, and conceived the weight that was then at his heart; envy was quite blunted and robbed of its sting. They now lamented the living more than they mourned the dead; and the poorest among the poor looked down, with an eye of compassion, upon the great man, now rendered as they deemed, more pitiable and desolate even than themselves; without child or kindred; without any to continue his name or his

honours ; without any who could claim a share in his wealth or his woe ; without any cause of further comfort or further care upon earth !

During the following week the earl kept his chamber, and would admit of no visitor, till Mr. Meekly his old acquaintance arrived. Mr. Meekly had long estranged himself from Enna's Field ; he had gone elsewhere, seeking the houses of mourning, and breathing peace and consolation wherever he went ; but as soon as he heard of the affliction of his noble friend, he hastened to help him to bear up under the weight of his calamity. He entered, and seating himself in silence beside the earl, he there wept an hour without uttering a syllable.

My Lord was the first who spoke ; Mr. Meekly, said he, my heart gratefully feels this proof of your love. You weep for me, my friend, because you see, and kindly feel, that there is no other comfort for me on this side the grave.

God forbid ! God forbid ! said Mr. Meekly, the best and greatest of all comforts is coming to you, my lord. Eternal truth has promised it, and he will make it good to you ; *Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.*

Ah, Mr. Meekly, replied the earl, the comfort that you mention is promised only to the broken of heart ; to those who duly lament the baseness of their offences against so great and good a God. Neither do I despair my friend, but that I may finally share some portion of that comfort ; for, as I feelingly acknowledge myself the greatest of all sinners, so I wish for grace to make me the greatest of penitents.

God be praised, cried Meekly, for the grace already given ! There was a time, my lord, when, as you told me, you had nothing of these divine dispositions ; when the world, as you said, seemed to hold out happiness to you in either hand ; when fortune, title, precedence, circling honours about you, and within you youth and health, and a revelling flow of blood and spirits, wholly concealed the state of your nature from you : when they hid from you your own body of frailty, distemper, sin, and death, and left you no occasion to call out for a Saviour, as you felt nothing from which you desired to be saved. But God has now been graciously pleased to send you his monitors, and to call upon you by affliction, that you, in your turn, may call upon him, who alone can give you consolation. It is not, my lord, to the mourners for sin, alone, to whom comfort is promised. The state of suffering and mourning is in its nature of happy tendency to man, and it is, therefore, that the suffering Jesus has pronounced it blessed.

“The God of ALL LOVE takes no delight in the sufferings of his poor and pitiable creatures; neither would he have made this state of our mortality a vale of tears and a state of misery, had it not been in order to conduct us through transitory evils to ever-during bliss, where he himself will wipe all tears from our eyes.

When Adam, by his apostasy from his Maker, had converted all the goods of this temporary state into evil incitements to lust, covetousness, and sensuality; God determined, by a gracious reverse, to turn all the evils of corrupt and fallen nature into means of enduring good to his fallen and frail creatures; he therefore appointed pain, affliction, distress, and disease, to be his ministers, his monitors, and preachers within us, to convince us of all the evil of our depraved and mortal nature; to wean us from a world that is full of false promises, but empty of true enjoyment; to remind us that we are strangers and pilgrims upon earth; to turn our eye to the Star that has visited us from on high; and, finally, through our sufferings to accomplish the great work of his own salvation in us.

Thank you, thank you, Mr. Meekly; these are comforting things indeed. They pluck comfort from the very depth of affliction. You have now rent the dark vail that long hung before my eyes; and the Sun of Righteousness breaks upon me through the clouds of my mortality. But, what of death, Mr. Meekly, what is death, my friend? I am interested in the question; my time is approaching. When this body shall fall to dust, and all these organs of sensation be entirely cut off, what remains? What then shall follow? By what means shall my spirit attain the powers of new perception? or am I to lie in the grave, in a state of total insensibility, till the last trumpet shall sound? My nature shrinks, I confess, from a total deprivation of the sense of existence.

It is no way evident to me, my lord, that the body is necessary to the perceptions of our spirit. God himself is a Spirit, an all-seeing, all-hearing, all-tasting, all-smelling, all-feeling, all-knowing, and all-governing Spirit. “He who made the eye, shall he not see? He who made the ear, shall he not hear?” Wherefore, as our spirits are the offspring of his divine Spirit, we may justly presume them endowed with like capacities.

Of this, my lord, I am confident as I am of my being, that he who, by faith, hath already put on Christ, shall break through death in the brightness of an immortal body, incorruptible, and blessed to all eternity. “I am the resurrection and the life, saith JESUS: whoso believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he who



liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Death shall become a new and divine birth unto him. And the great Apostle says, "There are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another." And again he says, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

These are great things, indeed, Mr. Meekly, and full of hope, as well as incitements to divine ambition.

But why, my lord, should a new birth from Jesus Christ be thought wonderful? Is there any thing more wonderful in it than in the forming and unfolding of the whole stupendous mechanism of the human body, from a scarce visible speck of entity? Is there any thing more wonderful in it than the growth and unfolding of any common vegetable from some latent principle or invisible speck in the seed, which not all the glasses of a Galilæo would be able to discover? Were not these the known facts of every day and hour, incredulity would have laughed the supposition to naught. But, I think, I have got about me something most surprisingly analagous, and apposite to the nature and manner of our new birth in Jesus.

Mr. Meekly then put his hand to his pocket, and took out a lump of matter, in form like a long and huge maggot, evidently without motion, apparently without life, and hard and incrustated all about to the feeling.—What have you got there, my friend, said the earl?—An old worm, my lord, that, at this instant, is pregnant with the birth of a new creature.—Impossible, cried the earl, the thing is absolutely dead.—The body of the old worm is dead, indeed, my lord; but there is certainly a principle of a new life within it, that will soon manifest itself in the birth of a very beautiful creature. And this you will find, if you leave it for a few days where it may get the fostering warmth of the sun through one of your windows. Have you ever seen the fly they call the dragon-fly, my lord?

Yes, and have admired the elegance of its shape, the mechanism of its double wings, and the lustre of its irradiations.

This mass, my lord, of apparently insensible matter, is now actually pregnant with one of the same species. The parent, through whose death it is to attain life, was no other, as you see, than a vile and grovelling maggot, who once was fed and took its delight in the ordure of a jakes. But the new creature that is to be born from it will be quite of a different nature. It will loath the food and occupation of its foul progenitor. It will soar sublime over earthly things. It will

drink the dews of heaven, and feed on the consummate nectar and fragrance of flowers.

This, indeed, Mr. Meekly, rejoined the earl, is to make the invisible things of God visible, even to the naked eye, by the things that are seen.

While my lord and his friend were thus deeply in discourse, Mr. John, the house-steward, came in and told his master that one waited in the hall with a letter for him. A letter, cried the earl; what can I have to say, John, to any letters, or any of the writers thereof? But something is due to humanity, and it shall be paid; desire him to step in.

Hereupon a stranger entered, whose figure instantly caught the eyes and attention of the earl and his companion in an astonished captivity. The youth was dressed in simple fustian; and his dark brown locks, tied behind with a black ribbon, flowed carelessly between his shoulders; while some of the front straying curls, as in sport, alternately shaded and discovered a part of his lovely countenance. He bowed, he moved attraction; and gracefully advancing toward my lord, he again bowed, laid a letter before him on the table, and then silently retired backward a few steps. They viewed him, they gazed upon him, as it had been the sudden vision of an angel of light. Mr. Meekly was not able to utter a word; neither had my lord the power to lay a finger on the paper that was directed to him; till Mr. Meekly, at last, giving a great stroke on the table, cried suddenly out, I would lay a thousand pounds of it! It is he! it is he! My heart tells me he can be no other but your Harry Clinton!

Here Harry sprung forward, and casting himself precipitately at the feet of the earl, he clasped his knees with an eager reverence, crying, My father, my honoured, my dear, my dear father! and broke into tears.

My lord, all in a tremor, attempted to raise him to his arms; and Harry, perceiving this, rose and threw himself into the bosom of his father. But the earl gently and fondly put him off a little, and gazing intently at a countenance that appeared to him lovely, above all that was lovely in the circle of creation, he gathered new strength, and catching Harry to his breast, he exclaimed in a transport, "Let me die, let me die, since I have seen thy face, my son!"

Thus my lord, in the recent acquisition of such a son, forgot all his losses, and cast the whole weight of his late calamities behind him. His eye could not be tired with seeing him, neither his ear with hearing the sweetness of his voice; and he continued to hold, to

gaze at him, to caress him, unmindful of aught else, unmindful even of his friend Meekly, who sat enraptured beside him.

Will you leave me again, my child? cried out the earl. Do you intend to go from me again, my Harry? You must not, you shall not leave me, not for an hour, no not for a minute; a second loss of my son would quickly bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. —Never, never, my lord, will I leave you, tenderly cried Harry; never, for a moment, will I forsake you again, my father. I come purposely to watch over, to comfort, to tend you, while I have life, with all possible tenderness, affection, and duty.

But where, hastily asked the earl, where is the murderer who stabbed my peace? Where is that old thief, that robber, who rent my child from me?—Ah! my lord, cried Harry, he is very far from meriting such opprobrious epithets. He is a summary of all that is amiable in nature. He respects and loves you too, above the world, and all that is in it deserving of love. O! had you lately seen his grief for your losses, the floods of tears he shed,—for—for—for!—Here Harry could no more, but on the recollection of his mother and brother burst into tears.

But tell me, my dear, continued the earl, tell me who and what he is, whom you commend so highly?

Even the son of your own mother, my lord; my much loved, my reverend, my most honoured uncle.

Impossible, my child. That old despicable man my brother! No, no, my Harry, he must have deceived you. My brother was all that was amiable upon earth; the straightest cedar in the forest.

And such he is at this day, my lord. But, alas, alas, he has been broken by the batteries of many afflictions; a man made up of sorrows, and acquainted with killing griefs. You wanted me not, when he took me, my father. You had other and richer treasures, comforts that were infinitely more worthy your regard. But, little and despicable as I was, he had nothing but me. I became his only comfort, the only treasure in which he delighted. Yet, as soon as he heard that you wanted consolation, he chose rather to be without it himself: and so he restores me to you, if I may be any comfort to you, my father.

And where is this dear uncle, this precious brother, my Harry? Is he come with you? shall I be so blessed to take him in with my eye, to take him in my arms, to petition, to obtain his pardon, to press him to my bosom, to my heart, to my soul? Where is he, where is this precious brother, my Harry?



He is not come with me, my lord: he feared, as he said, that you would not forgive him the carrying off of your Ganymede, but he is desirous of attending you on the first intimation.

Then you must write to him for that purpose to-morrow, my son, and dispatch your invitation by some of our swiftest horses. The influence of his darling will, unquestionably, be greater than that of an offending and unnatural brother. Is this letter from him, Harry?—It is, my lord.—Then I will not peruse it till I get by myself. It probably contains reproaches but too well merited; or, possibly matters of consolation, too tender for me to bear.—But, Mr. Meekly, my dearest Meekly, ten thousand pardons! Harry, take to your arms the man in the world, next to your uncle, most deserving of your reverence, most deserving of your heart.

Here Mr. Meekly kissed and embraced our hero, with all the tenderness of a father and the ardour of an old friend. Mr. Meekly, cried Harry, looking earnestly and fondly at him, do I not remember something of that face, Mr. Meekly? Are you not the gentleman for whom I long since conceived such an attachment, to whom my heart cleaved, as I may say, from my infancy?

I am, answered Meekly, I am the man, indeed, whose soul was knit to yours, like the soul of Jonathan to David, the first moment I beheld you; and who saw in you then, all those noble and humane propensities that I see arrived to their maturity this happy day.

While Mr. Meekly was thus rejoicing, Harry happened to turn his head aside, and spying the lively portraits of my lady and Lord Richard, he started, he rose, and, gazing on them a minute, he went softly to the window, and, taking out his handkerchief, kept his back to the company, while he vented his emotions in a silent passion of tears. His father and Mr. Meekly perceived what he was about, but they did not disturb him. He brought fresh to their remembrance all the passages of late affliction, and they silently joined a flow of grief to his. But their tears were the tears of sympathizing humanity; or rather tears of delight, on observing the sweet sensibilities of their darling.

In the mean time Mr. Frank, who attended on Harry, had whisperingly given the mourning domestics an intimation, concerning the person of the stranger who had arrived. Some of them well remembered him; and all of them had heard of him, and conceived a very kindly impression of our Harry. They first expressed their mutual joy by kisses, embraces, and silent shakes of the hand; but, in a little space, their congratulations became more loud and tumultuous, and

the voice of exultation was heard through all the lower house. Harry hereupon felt himself secretly hurt, and turning to his father with his yet tearful countenance, My lord, says he, I beseech you to suppress this unseasonable sound of joy among your servants, in a house that ought to be the house of mourning.—My love, mildly and kindly answered the earl, I cannot wholly refuse, to my poor and afflicted people, some share of that comfort which I myself feel on the return of my Harry. They are all my old and true servants, my child; this is no other than an expression of their love to you, and to me, and I request you to receive them affectionately for my sake.

Here the earl rung a bell, and desired that all his domestics should come in. They accordingly entered. Harry perfectly recollected Mr. John the steward, Mr. Samuel the butler, and old Mrs. Mary, the cook. He called them by their names, reminded them of old times, and took them in his arms with much affection. He then turned to the other servants. He took each of them by the hand in turns, and spoke to them, with such a natural ease and lowliness, as though he himself desired, in his father's house, to become also "as One of his hired Servants." Hereupon, gathering all about him, they caught and kissed his hand by force; and then kneeling around, they promiscuously petitioned for blessings on his head; and rising, retired in a pleasing passion of sobs and tears, while the enraptured earl beheld all, with a mixture of such blissful sensations as he had never felt before.

It now began to grow late, and, after a short repast, my lord proposed their retiring to bed: but, my friend, said he to Harry, you must content yourself with being my prisoner for the present; you must lie in my chamber; I will not trust my lamb from my side, for fear of its going once more astray.—Ah, my lord! cried Harry, there is no fear of that. My heart is wholly your property, and you have, thereby, a sure hold of all that I am or can have.—The next morning Harry impatiently rose, before the servants were stirring; and unlocking the great door, and closing it softly after him, he went out exulting on his premeditated expedition. He recollected the happy scenes of his childhood, and, flying like a bird over the fences, he made the shortest way to his still precious mammy's.

When he approached the place of his infant endearments, he met his foster father going forth to his field with a solemn and melancholy air, on his usual occupations. Harry instantly remembered the features once so delightful, and springing to him, and catching at him, he kissed and clasped him repeatedly, and cried aloud, My daddy,

my dear daddy Dobson ! how glad am I to see you once again ! How is my mammy, my dear mammy ? how is little Tommy, and little Rachel, and all your dear family ?

The old man, respectfully withdrawing a space, I do not know you, my sweet master, said he ; I never saw you before.—Indeed but you did ; many a time, and oft, cried Harry ; you carried me in your arms almost the live-long day, and pressed and hushed me to sleep at night in your bosom. Do you not remember your little Harry ? Do not you remember my two dogs ? Do not you remember my cock ?

O ! exclaimed the good old man, I now believe that you are my child, the dearest child that ever was born ! But I never hoped to see him such a thing as you are ; I never thought to see such a glorious creature upon earth !—Here old Dobson returned Harry's caresses with a two-fold force, and, crying aloud, had like to have smothered him with the intenseness of his embraces. Bring me, bring me, cried Harry, to the sight of my dearest mammy, I am all impatient to behold her !—Not so fast, said gaffer Dobson. I love my old loving Kate, and should she find you out of a sudden she would die of joy. But I will bring you to her as a stranger, and so you may bring matters about. And, indeed, I fear that my own head is likely to be crazed by this business ; for I do not find that I am the same man that I was awhile ago ; I shall grow too proud, I doubt, and look down upon all my better neighbours.

Goodman Dobson then conducted Harry to their ancient habitation, where nurse Dobson was just up, and preparing to comb the heads of her children when they entered. Kate, says he, I have brought you a young stranger, that says he can give you some account of our little Harry, who, he says, is still alive, notwithstanding all your frights, and will shortly pay a visit to some parts of this country : and who knows then, but that we among others may happen to set our eyes upon him ; and that, I think, would be a great blessing, my Kate !

O, no, no, no, exclaimed nurse, without deigning to cast her eyes on the stranger ; he is dead, he is gone from me these many, many years ! I once hoped to have his infant on my knee, and in my bosom, but that hope is quite gone : never, never, shall I behold my darling again !

Harry had seated himself just opposite to nurse, when, looking up, she started, and stared eagerly in his face. Do not impose upon me, William, says she ; tell me, tell me at once, may hap this is my child ! ah, against the world ! the dimple in that smile, is the dimple



of my Harry. Here Harry sprung up, and at one leap caught his rising nurse in his arms, crying, My mammy, my dearest mammy, do I live to be pressed once more to your dear bosom!

But the poor woman breathed short, and could not get out a word. Twenty times she put him from her, and caught him to her again, gazing at him, by intervals, with a frantic affection. At length, she cast herself back on the bench that was behind her, and, clapping her hands together, she gave a great shout, and burst into a passion of tears; while Harry seated himself beside her, and gently drawing her head to him, placed it fondly on his bosom, and mixed his tears with her's. This gush came very seasonably for our loving nurse's relief. She soon recovered her breath, and her senses; and, seeing some drops on her Harry's cheeks, she drew them in with her lips, crying, precious pearls be these! I would not exchange one of them for the brightest diamond in the mines. Mammy, says Harry, I stole away to come and see you, while my father was asleep, or else I should not have had leave to stir from him a foot. But you and my daddy must promise to come and dine with me; we will have a table by ourselves. And do you, my dear mammy, step to our house, and, if my father should miss me, tell him I will be back with him before breakfast.

Harry then stepped into the village, and, remembering gaffer Truck's house, he went familiarly in, and inquired of the good woman how all the family was. Pray how is my honest old Bartholomew? says he, and how is your pretty daughter Molly? and, above all, what is become of my old friend Tom? The poor woman, all in amazement, cried, A pretty Tom he is forsooth, to be a friend to such a young gentleman as you are! But truth is, that our Tom is prentice to a barber at next door.—Well, says Harry, when gaffer Truck comes home, tell him that his old acquaintance, Harry Clinton, called to see him.

Tom had just finished an operation on a neighbour as our hero entered. How are you Tom? says he, carelessly.—Tom gaped, and stared, and gaped; but answered not a word.—Will you give me a cast of your office, Tom?—Ah, that I will, master, as soon as you get a beard.—Why, Tom, you are grown a huge hulking fellow since I saw you last; will you step to yonder green, and wrestle one fall with me?—No, no, master, I should hurt you; methinks I could throw a dozen of such fair-weather gentlemen as you are, master.—Harry instantly seized Tom, by the breast with one hand, and by the shoulder with the other, when Tom, feeling the hardness of his gripe,

immediately exerted his powers, and grappled with his adversary; but Harry, giving him a slight foot, laid him on the broad of his back in the middle of his own floor; but kept him with both hands from being hurt against the ground.

I believe, said Tom, rising, you must certainly be the devil, and come, as they say, to fling poor sinners in the shape of an angel of light.—Ah, Tom! Tom! cried Harry, this is not the first struggle that you and I have had. Do you remember the bag of nuts and poor blind Tommy? Have you forgot your old friend, your little Harry Clinton?

Blessed mercy! exclaimed Tom, can you be my young lord, my heart's dear young master?—I am indeed, answered Harry, your old acquaintance, my dear Tom, your loving friend Harry Clinton. And, so saying, he took Tom about the neck, and kissed him cordially.

Tom, says Harry, I want you to take a walk with me. Tom instantly assented, and out they went. As they walked along, Harry began to grow sad. Tom, said he, do you know where my dear brother Dicky was buried?—Yes, sir, said Tom, a great way off, in yonder church-yard below the town's end.—Do you know where the sexton lives, Tom?—In a little white house, sir, just joining the yard. As soon as they arrived, Tom called out the sexton, and Harry, putting a guinea into his hand, ordered him directly to unlock the family vault. The man looked astonished, but obeyed in silence, and Harry, as he entered, desired the sexton and Tom to wait at a distance, and promised to be with them by-and-by.

He put to the door after him, just leaving light enough to distinguish the recent deposits of the dead. O, said he, as he advanced, thou true house of mourning, thou silent end of all men, how sad art thou to sense! how sad to me above all, who bearest in thy dark bosom such precious and beloved relics!

Then casting himself on the coffins of my lady and Lord Richard, as they lay side by side, and clasping his arms about them as far as he could reach, O! he cried, my mother, my brother, my dearest brother, my dearest mother, you are gone, you are gone from me, and you never knew the love that your son and brother had for you! Ah! how did I flatter myself, what happiness did I not propose, in attending, serving, and pleasing you! in doing thousands of tender and endearing offices about you! but you are snatched from me, my mother! you are snatched from me, my brother; all my prospects are cut away for ever. You will no more return to me, but I shall go to you; and O! that I were laid with you this minute in this

still and peaceful mansion, where hopes and fears cease, and all are humbled together!

Meanwhile, Mr. Meekly had gone abroad on his morning's walk. He met nurse on her way to the mansion-house, and accosting her in a kind of triumph, My good nurse, says he, we have blessed tidings for you; your Harry, your hero, is come to the country.—I know it, sir, I know it, answered nurse, it is but a little while ago that my babe left my bosom.—Mr. Meekly then proceeded in order to join his young friend, inquiring of all he met which way Lord Henry went, till at last he was directed to the church-yard. There he found Tom and the sexton, who, on further question, silently pointed to the door of the family vault, that hung on the jar. Mr. Meekly felt himself affected, and withdrew to a greater distance; but still keeping his tearful eye on the sad mansion that now held the living with the dead.

At length Harry came forth, drying his cheeks with his handkerchief. He assumed a constrained air of cheerfulness, and, joining Tom and the sexton, observed that a great crowd were gathering in the town. Who are those, Tom? says he.—I suppose, answered Tom, your honour's tenants and old acquaintances, who are getting together to welcome you to the country.—If that is the case, Tom, we must go and salute them; and you shall introduce me, and tell me who is who.—Mr. Meekly, perceiving that Harry was on his return, kept onward, aloof from him, but with an eye on his motions. By this time, the crowd had sorted themselves, the principals of the families into one group, the young men into another, and the fair maidens into another, and, as Harry approached, they all set up a joint shout of triumph.

Please your honour, says Tom, this is my father, and this is Gaffer Gubbins, and this Goodman Demster, and this farmer Felster, and so on. Harry, with the lowliness of a washer of feet, would have kissed and embraced them all in turns; but, pressing about him, they seized a hand on either side, and eagerly kissed them, as also the skirts of his clothes all around. God bless your sweet face! God bless your sweet face! cried Goodman Demster; whoso sees it in a morning, cannot fail, I think, of prospering the live-long day. When he came, in succession, to the companions of his infancy, as he kissed and shook hands with each, in turn, some reminded him of having beat them at boxing, others at wrestling, and all of his having played with them.

Meanwhile, the girls panted, gazed at him, and longed to get him to themselves. Sir, says Tom, here is your old acquaintance, my



sister Molly; there is not a lad in the town whom she is not able to toss, except your honour.—Molly looked full of health as Hebe, and rosy as May, and Harry caught her about the neck, and kissed her very cordially. Do you remember me, Molly?—O! answered Molly, I shall never forget since your honour's lordship and I used to wrestle every day behind our house.—Ah, Molly, cried Harry, there was no harm in it then; but a fall, at this day, might be dangerous to one of us; above all things take care of that, my good Molly. And, if you know ever a pretty lad to whom you have a liking, I will give you fifty guineas, for old acquaintance sake, towards making up your portion.—The rest of the girls now pressed for their share of Harry, and it was with difficulty that he divided himself with any satisfactory equality among them.

At length Harry's watch reminded him that it was time to attend his father; and, as he parted, they shouted after him, Long life and health and honours to our townsman, our own boy, our own dear sweet child! In the mean time, Mr. Meekly had returned home, with his heart full of tidings to the earl. When Harry arrived, breakfast was on table, and he perceived that his father had been in tears. But no notice was taken of the affair at the charnel-house on either part.

When breakfast was over, Harry called in John. Mr. John, says he, can you tell me how many families there are in this village of yours?—Twenty-five families exactly, my lord.—Then Harry turned to his father and said, If your lordship will be pleased to lend me five hundred guineas for the present, I will pay you very honestly the hour that my uncle comes to the country.—Why, sirrah, cried the earl, pleasantly, what right has your uncle to pay your debts, especially to such a great amount as you speak of?—O, my lord, answered Harry, I have already squandered away above fifty thousand pounds of his money, and this is but a trifle, which I am sure I may very safely add to the rest.

Here the earl looked truly astonished. Fifty thousand pounds! he exclaimed, impossible, Harry! Why, you had neither such ponds nor lakes, as mine, in London, wherein you might make ducks and drakes of them. How in the world could you contrive it? Where did you dispose of them?—In hospitals and in prisons, my father, answered Harry. In streets and highways, among the wretched and the indigent. Supplying eyes to the blind, and limbs to the lame; and cheerfulness to the sorrowful and broken of heart; for such were my uncle's orders.

Let me go, let me go from this place, my lord! cried Meekly; this

boy will absolutely kill me, if I stay any longer. He overpowers me with the weight of his sentiments.—Well, Harry, said the earl, go to my desk, here is the key of the drawer on the left hand, and I make you a present of the key and the contents; perhaps you may find there nearly as much as will answer your present exigencies.

Harry went, and opening the drawer, was astonished to see it quite full of gold. However he took no more than just the sum proposed; and, returning to his father, said, What shall I do, my lord, with that vast heap of money?—Why, you extravagant rogue, replied the earl, there is not as much in it as will pay the debt you have contracted with one man.—O! cried Harry, I am quite easy upon that score. I will never affront my uncle by the offer of a penny.—And, do not you think, said the earl, that we have got poor among us in the country, as well as you have in the city, Harry?—I believe you have got some, my lord; but then I am much more difficult than you may think in the objects on whom I would choose to confer charity. I look upon the money amassed by the wealthy, to have been already extracted from the earnings of the poor, the poor farmer, the poor craftsman, the hard-handed peasant, and the day labourer, whose seven children perhaps subsist on the sweat of his brow. Wherefore, the objects on whom we bestow these gatherings ought at least to be something poorer, and more worthy of compassion, than those from whom the money was exacted. So saying, he stepped out.

Amazing boy! cried Mr. Meekly, how new, and yet how just, was that observation!—I am, cried the earl, as it were, in a kind of delicious dream, and can scarce yet believe myself so blessed as to be the father of such a child.

In the mean time, Harry had called John aside. Mr. John, says, he, here are five hundred guineas; be pleased to step and distribute them by twenty guineas to each of the families in the village. I would save you the trouble, and give them myself, but that, for the present, my heart turns with disgust from their thanks and their honours. Tell them that this is a token in memory of my dear brotner, to keep them in mind of him. Tell them further, that I will have no carousals, no rejoicings, on account of my arrival; and that it would please me infinitely better, if my return would bring their late losses to their remembrance, and set them all in tears and lamentations.

My lord now proposed a saunter into the park, in order to procure an appetite for dinner. Accordingly the gate was ordered to be unlocked; and they entered on a gravel walk, that was walled in on the left hand, and paled in on the right, along the verge of five canals

that fell successively, in cascades, the one into the other. Beyond the canals, a vast lawn fled the eye, thinly interspersed with trees of different hues and natures. The lawn again was closed by an extensive lake; and, on the further side of the lake, the prospect was broken by several hills and glens, that varied their forms as they opened to the view. Beyond the glens there arose again to the eye a huge forest of time-immemorial oaks; and, beyond all, there ascended a range of romantic mountains, whose fronts were whitened here and there with impending rocks, but whose tops scaled the heavens, and confounded their forms and colours with the clouds.

As they talked and walked along, they met with a gate that directly thwarted their passage; my lord thrust his hand through the rails, for the key, which the keeper had left in the lock on the inside, but could not reach it. We are all at a full stop now, said he, unless Harry could make shift to climb over the gate; but no, do not, my dear, your foot might happen to slip between the rails, and hurt you.—I will obey your lordship, answered Harry, I will not venture a foot upon one of them.—So saying, he caught at the topmost bar with his left hand, and throwing himself slightly over, opened the gate for his companions. The earl and Mr. Meekly stood mute, in utter astonishment. At length the earl cried, Child, you must surely be of more than mortal mould, or else you have a familiar spirit that conveys you through the air.—I have indeed a familiar spirit, my lord, answered Harry, a spirit much humbled by the sense of its own defects.

On their return, John called his master aside, and told him of his due distribution of Harry's bounty to the villagers. But, my lord, said he, when I went down I found them all very busily employed, in preparing bonfires and illuminations in honour of my young lord. This, however, I was obliged to countermand, by his special order; and it has greatly mortified all your poor people.—Well, well, said the earl, it cannot be helped for the present; we must not dare to offend our Harry at any rate; and so these matters of rejoicing may rest in reserve till the arrival of my brother.

Soon after our hero's fosterers came, decked out in their best attire; and Harry ordered a side-table to be covered for him and them; but my lord insisted on their dining all together. Harry placed himself very lovingly between them, at table, that he might help them, and prevail upon their bashfulness to eat.

When dinner was nearly over, nurse inquired after the little beggar-boy, whose absence, she imagined, had caused the elopement of her



darling. He is come to great fortune, answered Harry; he has found his father and mother, and is heir to a large estate. Harry then told the manner in which Ned had been discovered, and they were all highly pleased with the relation.

But mammy, says Harry, what is become of my sister Nelly, on whose milk I was suckled? And what is become of my little brother Tommy, who was but two years younger than myself?—They are both dead, my precious; but God has been pleased to give me others in their room.—Well, mammy, I find we must all die, and some time or other that will be a great grief to one of us, which ever shall happen to out-live the other.—I am satisfied to die once, said nurse, but never let me hear again of your dying, my angel; I cannot suffer the thought, she cried, and burst forth into tears; I could not bear, I could not bear to die a thousand deaths in the death of my Harry.

But, mammy, said Harry, in order to divert her passion, you have not yet inquired after the man with the beard.—O, the old rogue, exclaimed nurse, I cannot think of him with patience.—Ah, but mammy, you must know that that same old rogue is my own darling uncle, an own and only dear brother to my own dear father here.—If that is the case, said nurse, I do not wonder he should so greatly yearn after you; and indeed I would rather wonder if all the world did not yearn and long after you, my love.

And now, mammy, to shew you how much you are obliged to this same darling uncle, he has ordered me to make you a present of five hundred pounds, in payment, as he says, of the grief he has cost you. And take no heed for your children, mammy, I will take that care upon myself; for this same dear uncle has made me a gift of the lands, and house, and plate, and furniture, that he has in this town; and so you see I am well able to provide for you all.

Here, my lord cast an eye of tender jealousy upon Harry. I perceive, my son, said he, that your uncle is your only trust, the only dependence that you choose to have upon earth. Harry, with a glance of his eye, instantly caught the meaning of the eye of his father, and throwing himself at his feet, O pardon, my lord! he cried, pray pardon the overflowings of a grateful and simple heart! My uncle is my property, but I am your's, my father, to be disposed of in life, and in death, at your pleasure. I do trust, I do depend upon you, my father, and you have already overpowered me with the weight of your affections.

My lord's eyes then glistened, and raising his son, and taking him fondly to his bosom, I believe I have been wrong my love, said he;

and hereafter I shall always think so, rather than think any thing amiss in my Harry. But tell me, my dear, and tell me sincerely ; you speak of your uncle as one of the richest and greatest men upon earth ; as a prince, as an emperor, enabled to give away fortunes and provinces at pleasure.

And he is, my lord, cried Harry, he is greater than any prince or emperor upon earth. For his wealth, which exceeds that of a subject, is truly his own, and devoted solely to his happiness, in making other people happy.

And yet this is the man, exclaimed the earl, (turning an eye of penitence on Mr. Meekly,) this is the man, as I told you, my friend, on whom I looked down with such provoking contempt ; whom I treated with such unpardonable insolence. My lord then inquired concerning the personal adventures of our hero in London, the account of which would have been more entertaining, had not Harry suppressed, throughout his narrative, whatever he apprehended might tend to his honour.

As soon as the fosterers had taken their leave, my lord proposed a walk to his guests in the gardens ; and, after a few turns, they sat down in a rural arbour, that was interwoven all about with jessamine and honey-suckle. Mr. Meekly, said the earl, I have often longed to hear the particulars of your life, and how you came to live by faith, and not by sight, and to hold your conversation in heaven, as you do at this day.

I can soon obey your lordship, answered Meekly, for my story is very short and very simple, and no way adorned with uncommon incidents. My mother died a few hours after I was born. My father did not survive her two years ; and I fell to the care of my only kinsman, an uncle by my father's side. My uncle was an old bachelor, and though he was of a cold temper, and had no tenderness for any one, yet he spared no cost in my education. He sent me to Eaton school, and from thence to Cambridge, where I remained till I took my degrees. I then went to London, bought a sword and laced-coat, and commenced fine gentleman.

Though my head had been duly stored, by my tutors, in the rudiments of our religion, my heart had not yet felt any of its precepts ; and I conceived, that to go regularly to church, receive the sacrament, confess myself a miserable sinner, and avoid gross vices, was the sum of Christianity. I therefore entered, without scruple, into all the fashionable pleasures of the age ; and I held that, to pardon an affront, would have been one of the deadly sins in a Gentleman-Christian.

One day, at James's coffee-house, colonel Standard and another gentleman engaged at backgammon for five hundred guineas; and, as the stake was so considerable, and both parties celebrated for their skill in the game, we all crowded about them to see the issue.

I happened to be next behind the colonel's chair, and others pressed behind, eagerly bending and looking over my shoulders. At length he began to fret, as the game was going against him. Pray, gentlemen, he would cry, do not bear upon me so; for heaven's sake keep off, you will make me lose the game. Hereupon, I did my utmost to bear back from him; but the company pressed me forward in spite of all I could do, till the colonel, giving an unhappily decisive cast, turned about in a fury, and spit directly in my face.

Indignation gave me unusual strength, and casting all off who had borne upon me, I instantly drew my sword, and ran the colonel through the body. The company cried out that all was fair, and opening a window for me, they urged me to escape. Accordingly I got off, rode post to Dover, and there embarked for France. The colonel, God be praised, did not die of his wound. He lay under the hands of the doctors for about seven months; then recovered, and went to join his regiment in Flanders. Of this my uncle sent me advice, telling me at the same time that I might return with safety. Yes, thought I, with safety to my life, but with death to my honour. I have taken revenge indeed, but not satisfaction. The colonel must be compelled to make me personal reparation for the affront which he dared to put upon me. His recovery has again dashed the spit into my face; and I will pursue him through the world, till it is wiped from the remembrance of all men.

With this deadly determination I went post from Paris to Flanders, and traced the colonel from place to place, till I found him in a village on the road to Amsterdam. I believe, sir, said I, bluntly, you may not remember me; for our acquaintance was sudden and of very short duration. I am the man in whose face you spit publicly in James's coffee-house.—Then sir, said he, I am scarce yet recovered of the cause which you gave me to bear you always in mind. But pray, what may your commands be with me for the present?—I am come to demand a remedy at your hands, for the wound which you gave my honour, and which otherwise must remain for ever incurable.—Ah! he cried, no man ever exacted so severe a satisfaction as you have already taken; what then may be the nature of the further reparation that you are pleased to require?—Either to ask my pardon, or fight me within this hour,



That is very hard upon me, indeed, replied the colonel; the honour of my commission will not allow me to beg pardon of any man, at least in order to avoid a combat; so, sir, if you insist upon it, I must obey your summons, though very reluctantly, I confess.—Then sir, said I, meet me in half an hour with your pistols and sword, behind yonder little hill.—The colonel was punctual to the appointment. We both grasped a pistol at a distance of twenty paces, and advancing each, step by step, cried, fire! fire! fire! seeming determined to make sure of his adversary; till coming within arm's length, I fired directly in his face, but the ball passed through his hat, and only grazed the skin of his left temple.

The colonel then took up his pistol into his left hand, and reaching out his right to me, with a smile of great complacence, I think, sir, said he, I may now ask your pardon with honour. And to convince you that I did not come to engage you in malice, be pleased to examine my arms, you will not find a grain of powder in the one or the other.

Ah! colonel, I then exclaimed, I acknowledge you my conqueror, both in honour and humanity. Had I been so unhappy as to kill you, and find your arms unloaded, I should certainly have done you justice, by shooting myself through the head. But why did I pursue you from kingdom to kingdom? Why was I unappeased by all the blood that I shed? Was it from any malignity of heart toward you? By no means; but while I lamented the misery I had already occasioned you, I was impelled to finish your destruction, by a barbarian world, or rather, by the bloody prescribers of custom, whose censure I dreaded worse than death, or even futurity. Courage, colonel, incites soldiers to fight for their country; but it is cowardice alone that drives duelists together.

For three days I remained with my late enemy, but now warm friend. He then was obliged to return to quarters; and we parted with a regret much exceeding the hostility with which we had met. On the departure of the colonel I went to Amsterdam, from whence I drew upon my uncle to the amount of seven hundred pounds. For I resolved before my return to make a tour through the Seven Provinces, though I had gone for a very different purpose.

During nine months I journeyed from place to place. Holland is, unquestionably, the wealthiest, the busiest, and most populous state, upon earth. Not a hand is unemployed, not a foot of ground unoccupied; and, for a long time, I ascribed their extraordinary prosperity to an industry and ingenuity peculiar to them alone. But on

further observation, I discovered the true source, as well of their industry as their opulence, and am persuaded, that any nation, bordering on the ocean, might derive the like prosperity from the same spring.

Not, my lord, that I think opulence a real benefit to a people, for "man's life consisteth not in the abundance of his possessions." But I look upon industry, the natural parent of opulence, to be as well a blessing as a duty to man, from the time that he was appointed to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow." Many virtues, also, as well as temporal benefits, follow in the train of industry; it makes men healthful, brave, honest, social, and pacific. He, who labours hard to acquire a property, will struggle hard to preserve it, and exercise will make him active and robust. Industry further incites to commerce and good neighbourhood, in order to dispose of mutual redundancies for the supply of mutual wants. And, lastly, it delighteth in peace, that its time and its labours may not be interrupted, nor the fruits thereof endangered by rapine and invasion; and all this may be said of nations, as well as of men.

On my return to Amsterdam, from my tour through the Seven Provinces, I grew affected one evening in a manner I had never before experienced. I did not feel myself any way sick or in pain, and yet I wished to exchange my sensations for any other species of malady. I was wholly pervaded by a gloomy despondence. I looked abroad for comfort, but it was no where to be found, every object gave disgust to my discontented imagination. I secretly inquired of my soul, if riches, honours, dignities, if the empire of the world, would restore her to joy? But she turned from them, and said, all these things are aliens to my peace. Alas! said I, tell me then where your peace may be found? I know not, she replied, but I feel that I am wretched.

For three days I continued under this oppression of spirit. And on the third night an increasing horror of deep and heavy darkness fell upon me. All hope died within me, and misery seemed to open a gulph of ever-deepening destruction in my soul. I lay all the night bathed in drops of unutterable anguish. I wished and struggled to arise and change my situation, but I felt that my mind was its own place and its own hell, from whence there was no removal, no possible escape.

I now concluded that some how I must have sinned beyond the measure of all sinners, since my damnation was deeper than that of any other. I therefore turned toward God, and wished to repent;

but, as I did not feel conviction for the sins of which I accused myself, no place for repentance was found in my soul.

Tremendous Author! I cried, I find that thou canst sink and slay at pleasure, but canst thou not also raise up and make alive? If all things have their existence in thee, O God! is it not easy unto thee to impart to us some sensation of thine own peace, the sense that it is thou alone who canst be our sustainer? Save me, Jesus, save me, from the hell of mine own nature! Save me, thou Son of David, O save me from myself! While I thus prayed in an agony, my whole frame was suddenly overpowered, and sunk, as I suppose, into a state of insensibility, till the following day was far advanced: at length I perceived that I still existed. I dreamed that I found myself in a deep and noisome dungeon, without a single ray that might even suffice to shew me the horrors of my situation. I attempted to rise and grope about, but I perceived that I was tied and fastened down to earth by a number and variety of bands and fetters.

At length a sudden light appeared, and diffused itself throughout the darkness of my mansion. When, looking up, I observed that the keeper of my prison had entered, the doors being yet locked. His head, as I thought, was bound about with a tiara, from whence the glory arose that shone around me. In the coronet, instead of gems, were inserted a number of thorns, whose points streamed with incessant and insufferable brightness. And on the golden circlet was engraved, in all languages, JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.

Immediately my shackles loosened and fell away of themselves, and I wished to cast my whole existence under the feet of my Lord, but was so overcome with ecstasy that I could not rise. When, looking upon me with a smile of ineffable graciousness, he approached and took me by the hand; and, at the contact, I sprung up a great height in my bed, and awoke to sensations of indescribable blessedness. Thou art come then, my Lord, my salvation, thou art come, my Master! I cried; and I will cling inseparably to thee: never, O, never more will I suffer thee to depart. Ah! I have felt, severely felt, what it is to be without thee. For in thy absence, though but for a moment, lies the essence of hell and misery; but in thy presence, my Beloved, is peace unspeakable, and joy for evermore.

From that day my nature became, as it were, wholly inverted. All the honours and worldly respects, for which I formerly risked my life, were my aversion, and I turned from sensuality with loathing. Nothing could now affront, nothing could offend me. As I totally despised myself, so I wished, after a process of my divine Master, to



be despised and rejected of men. This made all others, the very meanest of human creatures, respectable unto me. Even in reprobates methought I discerned some unerased traces of the image and superscription of my God, and I bowed down before it.

I grew weary of my own will, and I earnestly prayed my Lord that he would rid me of it, and be instead thereof a controlling principle within me, ever influencing and directing me according to his own pleasure. Turn me, Jesus, Master! O turn me, I cried, from all the evil propensities of my own evil nature, though thou shouldest turn me, as thou didst Sennacherib, with thy ruling rein on my neck, thy bridle in my mouth, and thy hook in my nose! Take my heart and affections captive, and into thy own divine guidance! Compel me into all the ways and all the works of thy commandments; till thy yoke shall become easy and thy burden light; till I shall move as down a descent, wherever thy goodness would guide me; till I shall feelingly find and know that "all thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all thy paths are peace!"

This, my lord, may look somewhat like boasting, but it boasteth of nought, excepting Christ crucified, whereby all worldly matters are crucified unto me.

Within about a fortnight after my conversion, I received a letter from a friend in London, informing me that my old uncle had secretly married a young creature, who was lately delivered of a son. That he now openly acknowledged her for his wife; and that this, as he feared, did not bode me any good. At another time, these tidings would have greatly alarmed me; but I was now equally indifferent to all events.

In a few days after, as I was stepping out of my lodgings, I was arrested in the name and at the suit of my uncle, for seven hundred pounds, the sum for which I had drawn upon him about nine months before. All the consequences of this caption immediately occurred to me. I perceived that my uncle intended to deprive me of my patrimony, in favour of his new family; and, as I had no means for opposing his machinations, save what lay in his own hands, I concluded that a jail was to be my portion for life; wherefore I lifted up my heart, and said within myself, "To prisons and to death give me cheerfully to follow thee, O thou who art the Life and Resurrection."

My spirit had no sooner uttered this short ejaculation, than I felt such a weight of peace descending upon me, that my heart leaped within me at the prospect of suffering, and I would not have exchanged

my prison for a throne. While I quietly walked with the officers toward the place of my durance, they came to a great tavern, where they entered, and proposed to regale themselves at my expence. Meantime a Dutch merchant, of great eminence, happened to be with his lady in the principal room, and hearing a bustle in the house, inquired the cause, and sent for the chief bailiff.

Soon after, I was conducted into their presence. They both rose as I entered, and the gentleman approaching, took me familiarly by the hand, and said in Dutch, Mr. Meekly, I hear you are in distress, and that is sufficient to recommend you to my services; but your appearance exacts something more from my inclinations. Pray let me know wherein, and how far, it may be requisite for you to command me.

I muttered somewhat, as I suppose, inarticulately towards an answer. For I protest, my lord, I was so struck, so awed, so confounded, by his presence, that I was lost for the time to the consideration of my own affairs. Meanwhile he placed me at table just opposite to the heavenly vision of his bride, and then went and resumed his seat beside her; while I gazing in silence and utmost wonder, recollected those lines of Milton, where, speaking of Adam and Eve, he calls them,

—————"The loveliest pair

That ever since in Love's embraces met;

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born

His sons; the fairest of her daughters, Eve."

The gentleman perceived my astonishment, and, smiling, again asked me what sum was requisite to extricate me from my present difficulty.—Ah! sir, said I, it is a sum that far exceeds all human bounty; and, indeed, I would not accept the obligation from any man, unless I were assured of being shortly in a capacity to reimburse him, of which I see no likelihood, I think, no possibility. Here I told him, in a few words, how my father had left me an infant at the disposal of my uncle, who had now put me under an arrest for seven hundred pounds, which some time since he had freely remitted to me as in my own right.

I see, said the gentleman, your uncle is a villain, and means, by casting you into prison in a strange place, to deprive you of the power of bringing him to account. But he must be detected; it is a justice which you owe to the public, as well as yourself. And, as the amount of the pretended debt is not sufficient for that purpose, here is an order on the bank in town for double the sum. For this you must

give me your note of hand. Be pleased to reimburse me when it is your convenience. If that should never happen, be under no concern; for I hold myself already repaid with usury in the opportunity of serving an injured and worthy man.

O sir, I cried, I cannot, indeed I cannot, I will not accept it on any account. I am patient, nay, I am pleased with the lot that is appointed me. Shall I, in an instant, break the yoke, and cast the burden which my gracious Master but this instant has laid upon me? No, sir, I submit myself to it with thankfulness; I take his cross to my bosom, and press it to my heart.

O Meekly, said he, you are a very misdeeming Christian, if you think yourself entitled either to assume or retain your crosses at will. There is too much of self-righteous in such a zeal, Meekly. Humility would rather bid the will of our Master to be done; and he offers you enfranchisement by my hand.—Do, my dear sir, cried the angel beside him, do, let me petition, let me persuade you to accept this little instance of our good-will to so good a creature. Though my lord here has not been able to prevail, a lady has superior claims, and I must not be refused.

Quite sunk, quite overwhelmed; I dropped involuntarily on my knees before them. Blessed pair, I exclaimed, blessed and beauteous beyond expression; if angels are like you, what happiness must be in heaven! I could no more, my words were choked by my rising emotions.

My benefactor then rose, and coming tenderly toward me, he took me warmly in his arms. Mr. Meekly, says he, do not oppress me, I pray you, by this excess of acknowledgment; I am but a worthless instrument in the hands of your Beloved; for, from him, and him alone, is every good gift, and even the will of the giver.—O, Mr. Meekly, added the lady, her eyes glittering through water, we thank you, we cordially thank you, Mr. Meekly; you have occasioned us much pleasure this day, I assure you; and the means of our happiness should be delightful in our eyes.

My patron then rung a bell, and ordered his principal attendant into his presence; when, putting the order into his hand, Here, says he, take this, with the bailiff, directly to the bank; there pay him his demand of seven hundred pounds, and fees; and bring me a hundred pounds in cash, and the remainder in bills on London. Then, calling for pen and ink, he drew the following short note, "I owe you fourteen hundred pounds." To which I signed, Charles Meekly.

On the return of the messenger, I was put in possession of the



cash and bills, and a dinner of little elegancies was served up. After a short repast, the decanters and glasses being placed, and the attendants dismissed, my two patrons gave a loose to social joys, and invited me to be a partaker in their festivity. Never was I, nor ever shall I again, be witness to such flights of fancy, such a spontaneous fluency of heart-springing glee: with what pleasure did erudition cast off its formal garb! how delightfully did wisdom assume the semblance, and at times the very phrase, of childhood! they laughed, they rallied me, themselves, and the world. Their merriment was as the breaking forth and exuberance of overflowing innocence and virtue. Conceive to yourself, my lord, a large room surrounded with benches, whereon are seated the principal philosophers, literati, lawyers, statesmen, chief captains, and chief conquerors, in all ages; then think you behold two sportively observant children in the midst, looking and laughing at the insignificance of the several sages; taking off and holding up the solemnity and self-importance of each profession in caricature; and setting the whole world, with all its wisdom, its toils, and boasted acquirements, its solitudes, applications, and achievements, at nought.

The gentleman, indeed, pretended, and only pretended, to defend the sophists, the valiant, and the renowned of his sex; but, he evidently exulted in his own defeat; while the lady, with a drollery amazingly voluble, ran through the schools of philosophy, the systems of human policy, and histories of heroism, unpluming the crested, bringing the lofty low, and depreciating and reducing all magnitude to miniature. And all this she did with such looks, eyes, and attitudes of bewitching transition, as would have infused fascination into old age and ugliness: what must it have done when accompanied by a beauty that scarce ever was equalled, that could not be exceeded?

At length the enraptured husband, no longer able to contain, bent toward her with looks full of soul-darting delight, and, restraining his arms that would have crushed her to his bosom, O, my Louisa! he cried, you are too much, too precious a treasure for me! But, giving him a sweetly petulant pat on the cheek, Away, you rogue, she said, I will have none of your mockeries!

What can expression add further to this divinely pre-eminent of all human creatures? Whatever was her present glance, aspect, or posture, you would have wished to fix her in it, that you might gaze and admire for ever. But, when she varied the enchantment of her action and attitude, you forgot the former attractions; and she became as it were a newness of ever-rising delight. Alas! how transient, how

momentary was the bliss I then enjoyed! A chariot and six pied horses drove up to the door, attended by a retinue of ten or twelve men, all armed, gallantly mounted, and in rich apparel.

My dear Meekly, mournfully said my benefactor, I am sorry that we are destined to different apartments. I lodge to-night at a Villa belonging to one of my correspondents, and to-morrow we set out to visit some of the German courts. Fare you well, Meekly, for a short season at least.

I would have cast myself at his feet. It was an emotion, a propensity which I could not resist; but he prevented me, by kissing and casting his arms affectionately about me. The lady then turned to me, and, with a smile of heart-captivating graciousness, God be with you, God be with you, my good Mr. Meekly, she cried; perhaps we may meet e'er long in your own England. I answered not, but bending on one knee, I caught her hand, pressed it fervently to my lips, and permitted her to depart.

Alas, they did depart. I saw them for the last time. They mounted their carriage, and being seated they bent forward, and, bowing to me with a fixed regard, off they drove, and tore away with them, as I thought, the best part of my soul. I followed them with straining eyes: when out of sight methought I held them still in view; and I blessed and kissed, in imagination, the very ground over which they went. At length I awoke from my delirium, and with slow and heavy steps turned back into the house. I had not yet, through shame, so much as inquired the name of my benefactor. I therefore called to my host, in order to inform myself of what I could learn concerning him; as also to make out a bill, for it had not been called for, and I pleased myself with the thought of discharging a reckoning that my friends had forgotten. When I questioned my host on this head, he put his hands to his side, and broke into a violent fit of laughter; No, no, master, said he, there is nothing for any one to pay in this house, I assure you; mynheer never troubles himself about those matters, his major domo pays all; ah, and for every guest too that happens to be in the same inn with his master.—Why pray, said I, is he a lord?—A lord, quotha? Not so little as that comes to neither; no, sir, he is a prince, the very prince of our merchants, and our merchants are princes above all lords.—And pray how do they style or call him?—He has many names and titles: when our traders speak of him, they call him mynheer Van Glunthong; but others, my lord, the *friend to the poor*.

The remainder of my story is very short, and still more insignificant.

I soon set out for England, in order to file a bill against my uncle, and compel him to discover what patrimony my father had left me. But God was pleased, in the mean space, to cut off all debate; his wife and child had died of an epidemic distemper, and he did not survive them above a fortnight. He left me a penitential letter, with a small will inclosed, whereby I became entitled to three hundred a year in right of my father, and an additional four hundred in right of my uncle, with a sum of near three thousand pounds in ready money.

If I know my own heart, the only cause of rejoicing, that I felt on that occasion, was, that it put it in my power to discharge my pecuniary obligations to my late generous preserver. I immediately wrote and transmitted bills to Holland for the purpose, but the bills were returned, and I could hear no tidings concerning the residence of my patron. I then put out his fourteen hundred pounds to the best securities that I could procure. It is now close upon five and thirty years since I saw him; and in that time the principal, with the interest, yearly turned into a capital, has amounted to nearly five thousand pounds, one penny of which I never touch, but hold the whole as sacred. Meantime, it has cost me hundreds upon hundreds in correspondencies, advertisements, and even in special messengers to several parts of Europe, to discover where this greatest, this eminent of men, could have concealed himself; but, alas, my search proved as fruitless as that of the miser in hunting after the pearl of mighty price. During the five and thirty years, the image of the persons of those my two gracious patrons never left my memory, were ever at my heart. Ah, I would say to myself, they are dead, they are dead, or rapt perhaps, like Elijah, alive into heaven; flesh and blood, refined as theirs, might easily pass through the fire of the love of God, to the place of its bliss. And again it was my daily and ardent petition, that, if their mortal was not yet swallowed up of immortality, I might once set my eyes upon them before I died.

Here Mr. Meekly ended.—I thank you, my dear friend, said the earl, for your history; it has entertained me most pleasingly, and I have been highly edified by some passages in it. But, with respect to the glimpse that you had of your two wonderful friends, I think it must have been a vision; for, I never saw in nature, nor read in fiction, of any thing comparable to the excellencies that you have described in that exalted pair.—If it was a vision, my lord, it must have been one of the blessed angels indeed; but I hope you will allow that the benefits which they conferred were no way visionary.—O, Mr. Meekly, said Harry with a sigh, the picture that you have



drawn of that dear lady has almost given me a distaste to the rest of her sex. Ah, might I meet hereafter some daughter, some descendant, some distant likeness of her, how happy should I think myself!—May heaven succeed your ominous wish, my dearest child, cried Meekly: It is just, perhaps prophetic, that it should be so. For, never did I see so perfect resemblance between any two creatures, as between the consort of that bewitching woman and yourself; it struck me, the other night, the moment you entered the room; and I thought that I beheld my very benefactor newly arisen, like a young Phoenix, from the ashes of old age.

Near a fortnight more elapsed, without any news or notice from Mr. Clinton, or from the messenger who was sent dispatch for him. Harry daily advanced in the favour and familiarity of his father, and Mr. Meekly continued with them in a most pleasing society.

On a fine morning, as they were walking together toward the village, This is the first time, my Harry, said the earl with a sigh, that I have ventured to turn my face this way since the death of my wife, and the interment of your dear brother.—O, my lord, cried Harry, I would gladly exchange my lot in life with the meanest of yonder cottagers, who earns his daily bread by the labour of his hands, provided I might thereby restore them both to your bosom.—Not so, not so, my son, fervently replied the earl, I would not lose my Harry, though I were thereby to resuscitate all that are dead in England. I have no cause, no manner of right, to complain. I am still happy, wonderfully happy, too happy in the possession of such a child.

Just then a great shouting and uproar was heard in the village. The huge mastiff, belonging to Pelt the tanner, had run mad, and came foaming up the road, pursued by a crowd of the townsmen, armed with staves, spits, and pitch-forks. The dog rushed on at such a rate that there was no possibility for our company to escape him; and Harry, observing that he made directly toward his father, threw himself full in his way. Instantly the envenomed monster sprung up, and cast himself open-mouthed upon our hero: but Harry, with a wonderful presence of mind, having wrapped his left arm in the skirt of his coat, dashed it into the frothing jaws of the terrible animal, when, giving a trip, at the same time, to his hinder legs, he threw him flat on the ground, and springing up into the air, he descended upon him with all the force of his heels, and dashed his bowels to pieces; whereupon the creature uttered a faint howl, sprawled awhile, and expired.

The earl and Mr. Meekly stood yet a while pale, astonished, and



W. M. Craig Del.

A. Smith Sc.

—open-mouthed upon our—here—





unassured ; and my lord looking about in a panic, cried, Where is the dog? what's become of the mad dog? In the mean time the villagers came on in full pursuit, crying out, The mad dog, the mad dog, take care of the mad dog! But, when they all arrived, and beheld their huge enemy looking formidable even in death, never was amazement equal to theirs. They stared at the earl, Meekly, and Harry, in turns ; and seeing no weapon in any of their hands, God, cried goodman Demster, God has been wonderfully gracious in your deliverance, my lord ; for nothing less than a thunderbolt could so suddenly have stricken this monster dead.—I protest, said the earl, I was so much alarmed that I know not how it happened. I remember nothing further than that my dear child thrust himself between his father and danger.—But I beheld, said Meekly, when with one stroke of his arm he dashed the creature to the ground, and then instantly crushed him to death with his feet.—Not I, Mr. Meekly, modestly replied Harry ; God gave me strength for the season in defence of my father.—But are you not bit, are you not hurt, my child? cried the earl, coming up tremblingly to his son.—Not touched, indeed, my lord.—“ Glory for that in the highest,” exultingly cried the earl.—I knew, exclaimed Tom Truck, with a shout and look of triumph, I knew it could be no other but my brave and noble young master who did the feat.—On my life, cried farmer Felster, he is able, with his naked arm, like another young David, to save his lambs from the jaws of the lion, and the paws of the bear.

Though these praises served only to put our hero to confusion, they went trickling, like balm of Gilead, to the heart of his father.—Pelt, said the earl, let it be your task to flee and tan me the hide of your own dog. I will have his skin stuffed with incense, and his nails of solid gold ; and he shall hang up in my hall, from generation to generation, to commemorate the piety and prowess of my son ; meanwhile, my good friends, I invite you all, with your families, and neighbours, to come and feast with me this day. Sorrow hath endured her night ; but joy cometh, with my child, and ariseth on us as a new morning.

In the afternoon all the townsfolk and neighbours, with their wives and children, convened to the great house, having their cattle and themselves heavy laden with faggots for a magnificent illumination. The whole court was spread with tables, and the tables with victuals and liquors.

The earl, in the joy of his own escape, and the recent prowess of his young hero, went forth with a cheerful countenance, and graciously

welcomed all his guests; whereat they wished health and long life to his lordship and their young lord, and, giving a joint huzza, sat down to their banquet. From whence, after a night far spent in carousal, their great fire being out, and their spirits exhausted, they peacefully helped each other to their respective homes; regretting, however, that they had not been honoured with the presence of their young master among them. For Harry had besought his father to dispense with him a while, from partaking in any scene of festivity, especially when appointed in his own honour; and Mr. Meekly highly applauded his motion.

On the eve of the following day Mr. Meekly rode abroad on a charitable visit to a dying man in the neighbourhood, and my lord was fondly toying with his darling as they stood at the hall door, when Harry spied a mourning coach turning up the lower end of the great avenue, and instantly cried out, *There is my uncle!* and off he shot like lightning. The coach drove but slowly. Harry was up with it in a twinkling, and vaulting in at the window, was in an instant in the bosom of his best friend and patron.

In the mean time the earl had retired into the house in great agitation. He feared and was jealous of the manner in which his brother would meet him, and this gave him equal doubt and hesitation respecting the manner in which he ought to receive his brother. Mr. Clinton, on the other hand, was not wholly without some similar emotions; so that when Harry introduced his uncle into the parlour, no two noble personages could salute each other with a more distant respect.

The earl however, on casting a glance upon the face of his brother, felt a tide of returning affection, and lifting up his hands and eyes, exclaimed, *It is he, it is he! my Harry, my Harry Clinton! my dear, my long lost, my long sought brother!* Then hastened forward, in a gush of passion, and caught him in eager arms. When Mr. Clinton, alternately folding the earl to his bosom, cried, *I am content, O my God! give me now to depart in peace, since at last I find and feel that I have indeed a brother.*

Our hero observing the violence of their emotion, interposed with a gentle care, and supporting them to seats, placed them tenderly by each other. For a while they both sat silent with a handkerchief at their eyes, till the earl turned, and plaintively said, *You do not forgive me, Harry Clinton; you never will, you never can forgive me, my brother! Whereupon Mr. Clinton caught up the earl's hand to his lips, and pressing it with a fervent respect, cried, My brother and my lord, my brother and my lord!*

O then, said the earl, you do forgive me I find ; but never can I, never will I, forgive myself. My faults toward you, my noblest brother, for these many long years, have been ever before me ; my neglects, my pride and insolence, my contemptuous treatment of one so highly my superior ; of my Harry, the only boast and glory of our house !

Meanwhile our hero stood aloof with his head averted, weeping and sobbing with evident agitation. Till Mr. Clinton cried, No more, my brother, no more, I beseech you ! It is already too much ; I cannot bear my present excess of grateful affection for you ; it struggles to rush forth, but utterance is not given. Beside, we shall break the heart of our dear child there ; his nature is too tender to support such a scene as this.

Harry then smilingly turned his face toward his parents, all shining through tears, as the sun in a shower. And advancing, and kneeling before them, as they sat, he took the hands of each, alternately, and pressed them in silence to his lips.

In about an hour after, while their affections were still at the highest, but their spirits somewhat composed, Mr. Meekly returned. The earl immediately rose, and advancing, took him by the hand with a cordial familiarity. Mr. Meekly, says he, I shall now have the pleasure of introducing you to that inestimable brother of whom you have heard me speak so often. Brother, this is Mr. Meekly, my best and worthiest friend.

Mr. Clinton, rose and advanced ; and Meekly approached with an abased reverence, not venturing to look up, but saluted him as he would have saluted an angel of light.

Meekly, Meekly, cried Mr. Clinton, I have surely heard that name before. Pray, Mr. Meekly, were you ever abroad ? Have you travelled, sir ? Were you ever in Holland, Mr. Meekly ?

Here Meekly started, as awaked by the sound of a voice, whose recollected tunings went thrilling to his heart ; and lifting up his eyes and beholding the traces of features once so lovely, and ever deeply engraved on his memory, he started, and staggering back some steps he sunk down on a chair behind him, almost in a fainting fit.

The earl, greatly alarmed, went up, and taking him by the hand, What is the matter, my friend ? says he. Are you taken suddenly ill, are you not well, Mr. Meekly ?

O, my lord—he pantlingly cried—there he is—as sure as I live—my patron—my benefactor—the wondrous man that I told you of—there he stands, in his own precious person before us !



Mr. Clinton then approached, and taking a seat beside him, leaned toward him with a melting complacence. Mr. Meekly, said he, I expected ere this to have embraced you in heaven; but I rejoice to meet you even on earth; for I have ever retained a very affectionate impression of you; and more especially rejoice to meet you in the present society.

But then—but then you come alone—you come alone, my lord and master!—Alas, you wipe your eye!—O then, it must be so! And here he broke into a passionate gush of tears.

My lord and our hero hereupon recollecting the engaging circumstances of a character, on whose description they had been so lately enamoured, could not refuse their tribute to the memory of that admirable lady, to whose person they now found themselves endearingly attached by affinity.

At length Mr. Clinton, distressed to the last degree for the distress in which he saw the forlorn Meekly, sweetly turned from his own affliction to the consoling of that friend whom he found so deeply afflicted for him.

Mr. Meekly, says he, let us not weep for the dead, but rather for the living; for those who are yet in the vale of mortality. Shall we mourn the condition of angels? shall we lament that a weight of glory is fallen on those whom we loved? No, let us rather rejoice in the prospect of being speedily partakers with them.

When supper was over, Harry laid hold of the first interval of converse, to inquire after his friends in town, more especially Mr. Clement and his Arabella, and their little Tommy. They are come, said Mr. Clinton, to sudden and great affluence. Old Clement is thoroughly reconciled to his son, and is doatingly fond of Arabella and her child. —I am glad of it with all my heart, cried Harry, clapping his hands; but pray how did this matter come about, sir?—By an event, my dear, in which the arm of Providence was signally visible. But before I say how it came to pass, you ought to give your company a short history of this worthy family; they will soon become interested in their success.

Harry willingly and gracefully performed the task enjoined him, and then his uncle proceeded:

The second day after you left me, a man of genteel appearance, but pale and bleeding, was carried, stretched on a door, by some of our charitable townsmen, and brought to my house. I was then abroad with Clement on a visit to your old friend Vindex; but the stranger was instantly admitted, and while some of the servants rode

off for a surgeon, others tenderly undressed and put him into a warm bed.

Soon after I had returned, and was informed of what had passed, the surgeon arrived, and, putting five guineas in his hand, I desired him to attend his patient, and bring me word of his estate. In half an hour he came forth, and, shaking his head, said, Our patient, Sir, will not do. He is wounded in the groin with a pistol bullet. The ball has got within the abdomen, my instruments will not reach it, and if it has entered the viscera he will die of convulsions in less than three hours. I have accordingly told the gentleman what I thought of him, and advised him immediately to settle his worldly affairs. He told me his name is Saint Belial, and he requested me, as soon as I reached London, to send Mr. Clement to him, who lives over-against the Blue Posts in the Strand.

The name of Clement made me curious to know who the party was; and entering his chamber, I took a chair and sat down softly by the side of his bed. But the moment I cast my eye on his visage, I shrunk inward with the shock: for all the malignity and horrors of hell were jointly legible on his countenance.

Humanity, however, compelled me to address him. I am sorry to hear, sir, said I, that you are not for this world, but I trust that your hope looks forward to a better home.—I have no hope, said he, save such as my faith has been, that since I must die, I shall die wholly.

I protest, I was so stunned and disconcerted by the words and looks of the man, that I found no answer, and he proceeded.

As I have no further concern with this world, I have sent for an old gentleman with whom I had some connexions, and resolve to do an act of justice before I die, the only one that ever I did during my life-time. For, your charity, and that of your people, has half frightened me into a notion, that there may be something of that which is called goodness upon earth; and then how fearful, how tremendous, must my situation be! Wherefore, as old Clement may not arrive in season, I will, with your permission, inform you of such things as concern him. For as I have nothing to hope, through all eternity, neither have I any thing to fear on this side of it.

My father's name was Belcher Saint Belial. He was an under retainer to the law, and raked up a little fortune by crooked practices; so that he grew ambitious of preferring me his only child to the bar, and in that view sent me to school, and from school to Oxford. But I ought to have began my history earlier.

If there are devils, I surely had one, and was filled with the evil

spirit from my mother's womb; insomuch, that my nurse died of a cancer in her breast, occasioned by the envenomed bites I gave her nipple with my toothless gums while she suckled me.

While an infant, I took a heart-felt pleasure in dismembering flies, and empaling worms alive upon pins; and, when at school, I was the promoter of all parties for worrying and torturing cats and dogs to death. But my principal amusement lay in catching and fleeing frogs, in seeing them spring about in the rage of their pains, and so leaving them to perish in unutterable anguish.

As I grew in stature, I grew also in the strength of my malignity. Evil became my good. My enjoyments lay in the loss, damage, and detriment, of others. I conceived a kind of envious hate against those that had done me a benefit. I requited open friendship with hidden malevolence; and I cannot remember that ever I felt a sense of any thing that goes by the name of gratitude, humanity, or virtue.

I usually carried about me a walking stick or cane, in the hollow part of which an iron spike was contained, which I could cause to spring forth with a shake of my arm, and again return to its case at pleasure. With this, as I strolled the fields, which I often did for the purpose, I stabbed the cattle of the neighbours in the belly or fundament, and chuckled to see them leap, and kick, and plunge about in their agonies. In short, I drew to my comfort from the miseries that I inflicted on other creatures; and had the elements been at my control, nothing but pest and hurricane, distemper and lingering death, should have arisen and prevailed throughout the state of nature.

At college I got acquainted with one Clement, a gentle-tempered, but weak lad, of whom I made a property. And I prevailed upon him to turn away several of his servants, under colour of their having stolen the cash, books, and other effects, of which I had secretly plundered him.

At length I had private intelligence that my father had been pilloried for forgery; that he had died of the bruises which he received on the execution of his sentence; and that his effects had been seized by a variety of claimants. Whereupon, without taking any notice of my father or family, I made my shortest way to London, with all that I could borrow or lay a light hand upon among my acquaintance.

The first thing I did on my arrival, was to wait upon old Clement, the father of my friend, with a forged draught upon him for a hundred pounds; on the sight of which, he so fretted, and exclaimed, and walked about in such perturbation, that I greatly feared I had over-



shot my mark. At length, however, he laid me down the money; but catching up a book, swore that it was the last penny his son should receive from him for six months to come.

He then began to question me touching the character of the young gentleman, and, under colour of praising him for articles to which I perceived the old man had an aversion, I exasperated him to such a degree, that he again swore he would hold no further correspondence with him, until he should be fully assured of his reformation.

Having thus effectually cut off all commerce between my friend and his father; I cast aside my fears of being suddenly brought to account for my late acquisition. I was even so daring as to take lodgings the very next door, where I got in league with a young woman of a most seducing face and person, but whose profligacy of manners was artfully covered by the most artless appearance of shame-faced innocence that ever graced any actress on any stage.

She did not attempt, however, to impose upon me, for kindred minds like ours instantly saw into each other; and we soon concerted a plan for her marrying goodman Clement, and dividing the spoils of the old miser between us.

This we easily brought about, and never was man so happy in being so imposed upon, while I shared with him in the possession of his purse and his bride.

In the mean time, as I had promised to procure him intelligence concerning his son, I produced several forged letters from pretended correspondents in Cambridge, containing such accounts of the gallantries and other extravagancies of young Clement, as wholly alienated his father's affections from him, and he sent him a final note, whereby he discarded him from his fortune for ever.

About two years thus passed in the full enjoyment of all that could glut flesh and blood; though, in order to ingratiate myself with the old man, I appeared to him the most frugal and abstemious of mankind. But one night, while Mrs. Clement and I sat together, indulging ourselves in the hope that the good man had been knocked on the head, he was brought to us in a chair, pale and wounded, and told us that he should have been certainly murdered, had he not, by the most wonderful providence, met with his son, who bravely knocked down the robber, and happily delivered him; and that he had given him what cash he had about him, with a note for five hundred pounds on his banker.

All in a panic, and thunderstruck as I was by this news, I yet pretended to congratulate him on the return of his son to duty, but

advised him to bed directly for the recovery of his health and spirits. The remainder of the night I walked about, agonizing, and racking my brain for some expedient to divert the instant ruin that impended, when a sudden thought started, and at dawn of day I went to an agent who had done several jobs for me of no very laudable tendency.

When I had given him his lesson, and put twenty guineas into his hand, he hastily went and desired to see Mr. Clement on business of great consequence; when, falling on his knees, he confessed with apparent penitence, that he was the person who had wounded him the foregoing night; that he did not intend to hurt him so much, but that young Mr. Clement had hired him for the purpose, and lay in wait hard by, in order that he might appear to come in to his rescue.

This tale the old man swallowed as a greedy fish swallows the bait that at the same time conveys the barb into his bowels. He thereupon had me called to him in a hurry, told me what he had discovered, and gave me an order to stop payment of the five hundred pounds, with a hasty note to be left at the banker's for his son.

On the way I recollected an advertisement in the public papers, that offered a large reward for the caption of one Arabella Clement, who had been guilty of the murder of the late Lord Stivers; and it instantly occurred to me that she was probably the wife of my quondam friend and patron. Wherefore, as soon as I had dispatched my business at the banker's, I ran and collected a number of constables, and waited with them aloof till I saw the object, whom I dreaded and detested above plague and poison, enter and return discontented at the disappointment I had prepared for him. We then dogged him at a distance till we saw him safe lodged, and following softly up stairs, we demanded a woman who stood before us, for our prisoner.

Young Clement, then all enraged, exerted himself with wonderful action and intrepidity. With one stroke of a poker he tore off my right ear, and cleft my shoulder to the bone; then drove us all down stairs, though several shot were fired at him.

What happened to him afterwards I know only from report, for I lay ill of my wounds for several months, and on my recovery could learn no tidings concerning him.

In the mean space my continual fears of his appearance made my life extremely miserable. My paramour and I had often thoughts and consultations touching the expediency of making away with the old gentleman; but it occurred to us that young Clement might still be alive, and on the death of his father might bring us to a severe account for his substance.

At length, about six weeks ago, as I returned from transacting an affair at St. Alban's, I met, and instantly recognized, my old enemy, walking with a young gentleman, about a mile from this town. Immediately I stopped, and pulling my hat over my eyes, Pray, gentlemen, said I, am I on the right road to London? For I have travelled far, and fear I may have gone astray.—You are on the direct road, said the lad; but if you choose to stop short, you are heartily welcome to a lodging with us for the night.—Why, gentlemen, said I, do you live in yonder town?—We do, said Clement.—In that answer I had all the intelligence I desired, and away I spurred.

From that time scarce a day passed wherein I did not take an airing on the same road, still expecting and panting to meet my adversary, I rode armed, with one case of pistols before me, and another in my pockets; and I determined, though I should meet Clement in the midst of a hundred men, to shoot him directly through the head, and trust to the speed of my horse for my escape. But this day, as I returned near the farther end of the town, a white goat, pursued by a dog, rushed suddenly through a hedge; whereupon my horse plunged, and one of the pistols that was ready cocked in my waistcoat pocket went off, and reduced me to the condition in which you behold me.

His last words were scarce intelligible. He was seized with convulsions, and lay speechless near two hours. At length old Clement arrived; his servants helped him out of his coach; I met him in the hall, and led him into the parlour.

There, being both seated, I succinctly gave him the heads of Saint Belial's history. When looking earnestly at me, You appear, sir, said he, to be much of the gentleman; but if you were an angel, I would credit nothing against the honesty of that good young man; and least of all to the prejudice of the dear young innocent that I have married. I confess that I was somewhat piqued at this sudden rebuff, but suppressing the tendency that I had to resentment, I wish, said I, you had come time enough to be present at the unhappy man's confession; but it may yet please God to open your eyes to your own wrongs before he expires. So saying, I conducted him to the room where the wretch lay, to all appearance, insensible. I then recollected an approved elixir that I had in my closet, and sending for it, I infused a tea-spoonful, drop by drop, into his mouth.

In a quarter of an hour he came perfectly to his senses, and turning his languid eyes toward the old man, You are come then, said he, to hear my dying words. I forged the note for which you gave me a hundred pounds. I forged all the letters that you received to your



son's prejudice. I was the father of the child which the strumpet with whom you live brought into the world. She is not your wife. She is wife to Caleb Cabel the boatswain, who lives by the Monument. He has got hundreds of your money for keeping counsel. It was, in truth, your son who rescued you from the hands of the robber. I forged the tale, and bribed the man who deceived you in that matter. Often as you lay in bed, Moll Cable has urged me to dispatch you before morning. Had I murdered your son, as I long since intended, you should not have survived him four and twenty hours.

Here, turning his eager and ghastly visage upon me, O sir, said he, is there, is there for certain, a judgment to come?—Alas! I answered, death, judgment, heaven, and hell, are the four capital things of which the universe affords the highest and deepest assurance.—O then, he cried, I am going, down! down! down!

This he spoke with all the visible horrors and despair conceivable in Judas, when just fixing the rope to his neck; and, lapsing into his last agonies, he soon expired. All pale and astonished, the old gentleman sat silent and panting; and seeing he was about to faint, I ordered some drops and water, with a bottle of wine, while I supported him from falling. When he was somewhat restored, and had recovered his speech, he laid hold on my hand, and said, I beg your pardon, sir; I would do it, if I were able, upon my knees. But who could have thought this? I wish that I had indeed been murdered. I would that I had died, before I was thus undeceived in the only objects of my love. Alas, sir, I have now no relation, no kindred, no friend except yourself upon earth. All others are equally plunderers and murderers in my eyes.—These words were interrupted by a flood of tears.

Having consoled him in the kindest manner I could, word was brought that dinner was served, and I led him partly by constraint to the table; but whispered private orders that Arabella and her Tommy should not appear, for Clement stayed to dine with his friend Vindex.

After he had dined, and drank three glasses of wine, which was all I could force upon him, I remonstrated the expediency of his immediate return to secure his effects, lest all should be spirited away upon any intimation of the present accident.—Ah, sir, said he, I shall scarce, I fear, be able to bear the sight of a place in which I so long thought myself so happy; but if you will be so gracious as to accompany me, I will venture.—I will, said I, on condition that you engage to return and sleep here this night.—Early in the afternoon we arrived at his house, in my coach, attended by his two servants and four of

mine, well armed. As we entered the parlour, his supposed wife rose in an alarm that she evidently endeavoured to suppress. What is the matter, lovee? said she, advancing; for what did Saint Belial send to you? It became him much better to have attended on you, methinks. I fear my lovee is sadly tired; but pray, what did he want with you?—To tell me, answered old Clement, that he was a dying man, that I was a dupe and cuckold, and that you was a strumpet.

O fy, lovee, said she, those are very naughty names; but you cannot be in earnest.—Step, said he, and inquire of Caleb Cable, the boatswain; tell him, at the same time, that I cannot afford to maintain his wife any longer, and that he has seen the very last of his hush money. Ah, Polly, Polly, he continued, meltingly, all this I could almost away with; but murder is a frightful thing; who could think that my Polly would murder her old man!

O then, she cried, I see that the villain has betrayed me. I see that I am undone. My youth and beauty cast away, my arts and time spent in vain! Why, you doating, drivelling wretch, your fortune was little enough to compensate the pains I took in disguising my aversion to you. But you shall not live to triumph in my disappointment.

So saying, she sprung forward, and, grasping his neck in both her hands, he instantly grew black in the face, his eyes rolled, his jaws expanded, and he must have expired on the spot; but I stepped hastily to her, and seizing both her wrists, I gave them a sudden wrench, whereupon she loosed her hold, shouting out that her arms were broke, and throwing herself, groaning, into a chair, she called for instant perdition on me, the crazy dotard, herself, and all the world.

In the mean time, the old gentleman had sunk panting to the floor; but, raising him gently, I placed him on a large sofa, where he began to respire with freedom. I then sent for a constable, and giving our heroine into his hands, I desired him to provide her with a decent room and suitable accommodations, and not to admit any company, except her servant, till further orders. Ah, away with her, away with her, at any rate! exclaimed the old man, she has the looks of a very gorgon, and every hair of her head is turned into a frightful serpent.

As soon as she was gone, I called her principal maid, and, putting a few pieces into her hand, I desired her to follow her mistress, and to serve her with care and tenderness; and further to intimate to her, that when she gave any proofs of repentance and reformation, she should yet be humanely and generously provided for. Having thus far settled matters, I gave commission to James and Andrew, with a

male domestic in whom the old man confided, to remain and take care of the house and effects; and, taking the keys of the cabinet with us, we set off on our return to Hampstead.

On the way Mr. Clement grew deeply dejected, and sighing, said, O, sir, how strong, how very strongly, is the desire of society impressed on the human heart; when even in the absence of robbers and murderers, I feel a want and disconsolation that I cannot express. I have now no relation, no friend but yourself, no kindred or connection with any other upon earth. To you, indeed, I owe my life, and all else that I am worth; and, if you will not chase me from you, if you will allow me to remain with you, you shall be all the world to me, the heir and sole possessor of all that I possess.

But, have you not a son?—I cannot think I have, said he; it is now above eight years since I set eyes on my dear Hammel, the precious pearl whom, in my dotage, I madly cast away. But, were he still living, after what is past, I could never more have the courage to look him in the face. A cruel and a false pelican have I proved to my little one; instead of fostering him with my vitals, I have withheld and torn from him even the common means of life.—Do you know none of your name, said I, who may claim your substance under colour of being of your blood?—Not any, sir; my father was a foreigner, and I never heard of any other of the name in this nation.—There is one of your name, said I, who lives in our town. But then he is in flowing circumstances, quite above the desire of increasing his fortune by low or base means. He is my most intimate friend, a very accomplished gentleman, and has one of the finest women to wife, and two of the loveliest children that I have seen. If you please I will invite and introduce them to you, to-night, or to-morrow.

On our arrival, I left old Clement a while in the parlour, while I stepped to give private directions respecting the conduct of your tutor, Harry, and the interview which I proposed between him and his father. Sir, said I, as I returned, I have taken the liberty to invite your namesakes to sup with you. They are a very amiable family, and I hope their company and acquaintance will prove a matter of consolation, perhaps a blessing, to you.—Ah, he cried, my claims are of a very different nature; I have no right to blessings or consolations of any kind.—Some time before supper, a rapping was heard, and Arabella entered, leading in a little daughter of about four years old, and followed by her son Tommy, all elegantly dressed. Madam, said I, this is a namesake of yours, my worthy friend Mr. Clement; pray let me have the pleasure of introducing you to each other.



When they were both seated, the old gentleman took out his perspective, and, peering at her for some time, Ah, he cried, what lovely faces there are in the world! But all have not proved lovely throughout like you, madam.

He then called Tommy to him, and taking him by both hands, and bringing him forward between his knees, What is your name, my dear? says he. Thomas Clement, sir, so please you. I would it were Bartholomew, replied the old gentleman; but names signify nothing, you are a sweet little fellow, and perhaps may be something the better for my death.—I would not wish your death, sir, said Tommy, for all that I could get by you.—O, how heavenly, exclaimed the old man, how heavenly is the simplicity and disinterestedness of infants!

He next requested Arabella to spare her little daughter to him for a minute; and she accordingly took and led her to him: when fondly caressing her, and seating her on his knee, Could you find in your heart, says he, to love such an ugly old thing as I am?—Yes, *me* could, says she, and *me* has got some comfits for you in my pocket. Whereupon she produced a little paper, and, unfolding it, presented him with some candied seeds and almonds.—O my God! cried the old man, what a heaven should I yet enjoy upon earth, could I but purchase the society of these dear infants!—I heard him with a moistening eye, and rejoiced in the ripening fruits of my little project.

Pray, madam, said I, what is become of our good friend your husband, are we not to have the happiness of his company to-night?—Sir, says she, he was engaged on indispensable business at the time, but will certainly attend you before supper. She had scarce spoke when a second rapping was heard, and in came our Hammel, not in gay but costly apparel, as I had appointed.

On introducing the son to his venerable father, they respectfully saluted each other as utter strangers; for our present Hammel was more different from the meager and threadbare Hammel that his father had last seen, than Pharaoh's fat kine could be from his lean ones. During supper, and after, I purposely threw out occasional topics, and gave several opens wherein I knew that Hammel could shine; and he accordingly made use of them with great spirit and advantage.

His father gazed at him with a respectful admiration, and at length exclaimed, You are an ornament, an honour, sir, to your name, to your lineage, and the country wherein you were born.—But pray of what family?—Alas, sir, you add stings to the recollection of my faults this day. I once had a son, a son who in a humble degree might now

have resembled yourself; but my unkindness must long since have broken his gentle heart. My child saved me from murderers, and I in return was the murderer of my child. O, Hammel, my Hammel, my son, my son Hammel, would to God I had died before I had wronged thee! Would to God that I had died for thee; O Hammel, my son, my son!

His last words were broken and nearly suppressed by a gush of tears, when the tender hearted Hammel turned an eye upon me, and cried, O, sir, we have gone too far! Then hastily advancing, he threw himself at the knees of his father. I am here, sir, he cried; your Hammel, your own Hammel, in all duty and affection; submissive and prostrate before you.—You my Hammel! are you my Hammel? asked the old man. Ah, had you but his famished face and his tattered garment, I would take you to my arms, to my heart, into my vitals.

O, my father, cried Hammel, look not so strange and wild upon me! I am indeed your child, once the darling of your heart, whom you fostered so tenderly, and nurtured at school and at college; the true son of your true wife: look upon me, my father. You often told me that I was her picture; do you not see the very features of my dear mother in my face?

Yes, yes, I think I do. But then I have been mightily imposed upon of late. I would you were leaner and worse clad, my child: however, if you come in the name of my son, I also will kneel down, and crave his pardon and your pardon. Here the old gentleman sunk down upon his knees, and poor Hammel starting up at the same instant, cried aloud, Alas, sir, he is beside himself, and I too shall go distracted.

I then was grieved at heart for the stratagem I had made use of, to connect this worthy family the more endearingly together; and coming soothingly to him, and raising him in my arms, I replaced him in his seat, and said, Believe me, trust me, my dear Mr. Clement; this is your true child, your only child, your true Hammel. He has lived with me many years. I can prove him to be your's by a thousand witnesses, by those who can witness what he has suffered on account of being your son.

Well, well, well, said he whisperingly, it does not signify much, for I have another one coming; my Polly is now in the ninth week of her reckoning. Ah, but that Saint Belial; who knows but the child may be an imp of his begetting? A cursed couple they are, I am sure; she a succubus, and he the devil himself incarnate.—I hope they

did not hear me—shut the door!—O, there they are!—Save me, save me!—they come upon me!—My throat, they gripe my throat!—My breath, my breath!—O.—Here he swooned. But, on taking a little blood, he came to himself. So I ordered all to be kept quiet about him; and getting him to bed, he swallowed a soporific draught, slept soundly till morning, and awoke in his perfect senses.

I then went to bid him good morrow, and took a chair by his bedside.—‘That was a mighty agreeable family, said he, who supped with you last night, sir.—‘The very worthiest, I replied, that I know upon earth.—You called them Clement, I think.—That is their name, sir.—Pray, did they go home?—No, they are here still. At times we make but one family and one household.—While I spoke, I was surprised to see Clement enter, dressed in the same shabby clothes in which we first found him, Harry. And the old gentleman, turning his head to the door, started up in his bed, and cried, If I am a living man, that is surely my Hammel, my very son Hammel!

On hearing this, poor Clement leaped hastily forward, and, falling by the bed, seized one of his father’s hands, repeatedly kissed it, and wept upon it. You are restored to me then, he cried, my father, my father! God be praised, God be praised! You are restored to me entire, I trust, with all that paternal fondness which once was the blessing and the treasure, that I prized above the world.—No Hammy, said the old man, I will not deceive you, I cannot love you as I once loved you, because you can never forgive me. If you could forgive me, Hammy, I would love you with a double love, a love passing the love of fathers.

O, my father! exclaimed Hammel, this one happy moment of reconciliation amply outweighs all sufferings. Permit me then, my dearest father, to introduce those to you who have an equal right to your blessing. So saying, off he went, and brought in Arabella, with her attending children; and all the four kneeled down by the side of the old man. O, my God! he cried out, thou art too bountiful, too gracious, thou oppressest, thou crushest me to nothing with this exceeding weight of thy benefits! I was a withered and a blasted branch, and thou hast caused me, like Aaron’s rod, to bud and blossom anew, and to bear these blessed fruits, I trust, to thy glory.

When breakfast was laid, and the old gentleman dressed, I sent up for him, and when we were seated, Clement entered with his family, all elegantly dressed, as on the preceding night. Hammel, said I, how came you by that disguise which you put on this morning? You looked so unlike yourself you almost frightened me.—Do you not



remember that dress, sir?—How should I remember what I never saw before?—O, you did see them before, sir, those were the weeds I wore when you saved me and mine from famishing; and I have ever since preserved, and shall ever preserve them, as the precious memorial of my obligations to you.—What, exclaimed the old gentleman, my life, and your life? Has he saved your life also, my son?—Yes, sir, cried the grateful creature, all who are alive here, live only by—Here while I put one hand to the mouth of my friend, his venerable father seized hold of the other, and, bending one knee, he pressed it to his lips in a silence that passed all possible utterance.

But pray, Mr. Clement, said I, to turn aside the subject, what do you propose to do with Mrs. Cable? You know that in case of penitence I promised to have her taken care of.—To be sure, sir, said he, I will make good all your engagements, and will further do whatever she desires, on condition of her residing in a different kingdom; for I would not for the world that she should come within the reach of me, by fifty leagues—at least, unless you were always to be with me for a safeguard.

I laughed; when immediately Mrs. Cable's maid entered all in a heat, with a frightened countenance. So, my good girl, said I, how is your mistress to-day?—Ah, sir! she cried, I have but a very sad account to give you of my commission. My mistress is dead, and I doubt that I myself have been ignorantly her murderer.

Soon after she was shewn to her apartment, Hetty, says she, I find myself growing very sick; pray step and bring me the little bottle of cordial, that you will find standing in such a corner of my closet. I did as I was ordered, and returning in all haste, I presented her with the bottle. When looking mournfully at it, and giving a heavy sigh, Ah, she cried, this is the right cordial, this will do the business; then calling for a wine glass, she filled and drank it off.

In a little while after, she complained of being drowsy, whereupon I undressed and helped her to bed, and lighting a candle, I sat down to watch beside her. For a time she appeared to sleep quite sound and easy, but again began to moan and toss the clothes. In a while after, however, she seemed quite composed. But, toward the dead of night, not hearing her breathe, I held up the candle, and saw that her fine face was livid and ghastly, and her skin all discoloured.

I then thought that I myself should have dropped dead on the spot. I gave a great shriek, and, I believe, continued shrieking till the keeper and a servant maid came in. So, sir, if your honour is pleased to think that the blame of this matter belongs to me, I am

come to deliver myself up to justice.—No, my girl, said I, you are not at all suspected. I do not perceive any interest that you could possibly have in this melancholy event.—No, sir, said old Clement, I can answer for her innocence; she is but a late comer, she was particularly careful of me, and, I dare say, knew nothing of the ill designs of her mistress. And so Hetty, I will recommend you to a better mistress, Hetty, an angel of a mistress, even to my own dearest daughter, who sits blushing before you there.

That night, after the inquest of the coroners, Mrs. Cable was secretly buried in the fields, and my servants interred her confederate on the high road; for I did not choose to have the sacred ceremony of our church profaned over a reprobate, who rejected the hope of a blessed resurrection.

The day before I set forward, our kind-hearted Clement earnestly petitioned to accompany me, and urged his impatience to embrace you, my Harry; but this I peremptorily refused, as I was sensible that his own affairs demanded his presence. So I came away alone, yet attended by the tears and good wishes of the happiest family that is, I think, within his Majesty's dominions.

My dearest brother, said the earl, the latter part of your story is exceedingly pleasing, and yet scarce makes amends for the horrors that preceded. My flesh, as well as my spirit, still shudder at the character of that accursed Belial. I did not think that such a malignity of disposition could be generated in the bottom of hell itself. And yet, my lord, I am persuaded, said Mr. Clinton, that should it please God, at this instant, to withdraw from me the influence of his Holy Spirit, I should become altogether as evil as Belial himself.

I cannot think so, my brother, replied the earl; you would still continue a rational and free creature. There is certainly a distinction in the nature of things; there is the beautiful and deformed, the amiable and detestable: your judgment would approve the one, and reject the other; and your freedom of agency would act conformably to your election.

Ah, my lord! cried Mr. Clinton, what beauty, what amiableness, what freedom, is this that you speak of? Have you found out another universe, or another Deity beside him in whom our life subsists? Are there any things in nature, save the things of our God? Or what beauty or amiableness can they possibly exhibit, save what they derive from him; save some manifestation or impression of his own beauty or amiableness? To make this matter clear, let us go somewhat deeper, quite back, if you please, my lord, to the very birth of things.

Throughout nature, we find that God can impart to his creatures a being, an intelligence, a consciousness, a force or action, a will, and a freedom, distinct from himself, and distinct from each other; and this is the utmost extent of created nature, whether respecting the powers that are in hell or in heaven.

Now all these powers, although distinct from God, are infinitely far from being independent of him. For he will not, he *cannot*, depart from his supremacy, or that universality of essence. By and in him alone all essences subsist. He can, indeed, impart the forementioned powers to any limited degree that he pleases; but then, in their highest degree of life, or sagacity, force, action, or freedom, you will perceive, on the slightest reflection, that there is nothing of the *beautiful* or *amiable*, but that they may be equally exercised to evil or good purposes, according to the disposition of the agent.

I have already specified the many great and wonderful powers that God can impart to his creatures, distinctly, though not independently, from himself. But there is one power, one quality, which God cannot create; which, with all his omnipotence, he cannot possibly impart, in any kind of distinction from himself; and this quality is called **GOODNESS**. And now, in order to convince you of this most important of all truths, a truth upon which time, eternity, and the universe, all turn, as on their axis, it may be necessary to inquire what **GOODNESS** is.

**GOODNESS** is various and infinite in its kinds and degrees. It is so indeed, for it is at once **ONE** and **MANY**. It springs forth from our God, as the living fountain in Paradise, that thence divided itself into rivers and numberless streams, to water and replenish the whole earth. All those streams, however, were but so many portions of the one variously blessing fountain, and that fountain is **LOVE**. There is no species of conceivable virtue, that is not reducible under the standard of this their great leader, and all-generating parent, called **LOVE**.

Here lies the great and impassible gulf, between God and his productions, between the creature and the Creator. The will of God is an eternal **LOVE** toward his creatures, and goes forth in blessings upon them, as wide and universal as his own existence. But the will of the creature is limited like its essence. While it is distinct from the will of God, it cannot possibly act beyond or out of itself; it cannot possibly feel for any thing except itself; it cannot wish any welfare except its own welfare, and this it endeavours to compass by all its powers.



From this distinct, selfish, and craving will of the creature, springs every possible evil, whether natural or moral. From the preference of itself to others, ariseth pride. From its grasping at all advantages to itself, ariseth envy. Pride, covetousness, and envy, beget hatred, wrath, and contention, with every species of malignity; and the disappointment of these passions produces all rancour and misery; and altogether they constitute the whole nature of hell itself in the soul.

But, when God is pleased to inform the will of the creature, with a measure of his own benign will, it moves sweetly forth in affection to others. He speaks peace to the storm of rending passions, and a delightful dawning arises on the spirit. And thus, on the final consummation, when every will shall be subdued to the WILL OF GOD TO ALL, our Jesus will take all our hearts, he will tune them, as so many instruments, to the song of his own sentiments, and will touch them with the finger of his own divine feelings. Then shall the wisdom, the might, and the goodness, of our God, become the wisdom, might, and goodness, of all his intelligent creatures. The happiness of each shall overflow in the participation of the happiness of all. The universe shall sound with the song of congratulation, and all voices shall break forth in an eternal hallelujah, of praise transcending praise, and glory transcending glory, to God and the Lamb.

Hasten, hasten that blessed period, great God, we beseech thee! exclaimed the earl. But, tell me, my heavenly brother, for it is surely in heaven that you hold your conversation, is there no distinction, no preference, in matter of goodness, between creature and creature, between man and man?

Your question, my dear lord, is very deep, said Mr. Clinton, and leads to greater depths than I would choose to disclose before our Harry yet. I will however attempt, in few and simple words, to give you some satisfaction on this most interesting article. There are two capital errors, under which the world hath laboured, and still continues to labour, ever since the creation. The first is, that of ascribing to ourselves every inclination toward virtue that we feel within us; the second is, that, as free agents, we are enabled to elect and reject, merely by the act of our own will, independent of any impulse whatever. I have already shewn your lordship, that every created will, independent of its God, can crave only after its own happiness. Wherefore, every created will, in such a separate state, is as an Ishmael, whose hand is against every one, and every one's hand against him.

On the other hand, I have shewn you that God, the sole fountain

of all being and blessedness, can be nothing but LOVE; and that, even in loving himself he must love his own productions, the work of his own power. What, indeed, should hinder our God from being wholly a God of LOVE? What should affect him with the slightest tincture of malignity? Could he add to his own happiness by rousing the hateful passions within his own bosom? Purblind reason here will say, if our God is all LOVE, if he has a will to all happiness in his creatures, why did he suffer any evil to begin in creation? Could evil have arisen contrary to the will of Omnipotence, if Omnipotence had willed that it should not arise? Ah, my friends, no evil ever did or ever can approach the will of God; neither can he will or affect any species of evil in nature. But he can allow a temporary evil in the creature, as a travail toward its birth into the more eminent degree of that goodness which God affects.

Could creatures, without the experience of any lapse or evil, have been made duly sensible of the darkness and dependence of their created nature, and of the distance and distinction between themselves and their God; could they have known the nature and extent of his attributes, with the infinity of his love; could they have known the dreadful consequences of falling off from him, without seeing any example, or experiencing any consequence of such a fall; could all intelligent creatures have been continued in that lowliness, that resignation, that gratitude of burning affection, which the slain will of the mortified sinner feels, when called up into the grace and enjoyment of his God; could those endearing relations have subsisted in creation, which have since newly arisen between God and his lapsed creatures, wholly subsequent thereto; those relations, I say, of redemption, of regeneration, of a power of conversion that extracts good out of evil; if these eternal benefits could have been introduced, without the admission of evil, no lapse would ever have been.

To make this matter still clearer, if possible.—In the dark and the boundless mirror, called nature, God beheld and contemplated, from all eternity, the loveliness of his own light, and the beauty of his own ideas. He saw that, without intelligence no creature could be excellent, or formed in his likeness. But he saw also that, unless such intelligence should be ruled by his wisdom, and wholly conformable to his will, the creature could not be wise, the creature could not be happy. In the impossibility of the creature's desire of independence, God saw the possibility of moral and natural evil; but he saw that such partial and temporary evil might be converted to the production of an infinity of good; and he saw that, without the admission of such

evil, the good that bore relation thereto could not arise. He knew that, till the lapse of some of his creatures, his own infinite attributes could not duly be manifested, could not be duly adored in the glory of their contrast. That no creature, till then, could be duly sensible of its own fallibility, could be duly sensible that sufficiency and perfection were only in God, and that all things depended on him, as well for every quality of blessedness as of *being*.

He foresaw all the misery that would attend upon error; but he saw also how beneficial was the sense of such error; how it might sap the self-confidence of the creature, and engage him to cast his trust where his strength alone lay. And he the more willingly permitted the sufferings of all his fallen offspring, as the future blissful period was already present to him, when the miseries of the short parenthesis, called time, should be for ever shut up between the two eternities; and when all his beloved and rectified creatures should enter upon the fulness of the enjoyment of their God.

From the blackness of guilt, and the cloud of pains, calamities, diseases, and deaths, God saw remorse, contrition, humility, patience, and resignation, beaming forth into new wonders of light and eternal life. He saw new relations, new connections, new endearments arise, between created good and created evil, between transgression and redemption, repentance and pardon; and he joyed, in calling his loved offspring from error to rectitude, from lowliness to exaltation, from death into life, from time to eternity, and from transitory afflictions into ever enduring and ever increasing blessedness,

God foresaw, in future worlds of new and wonderful construction, the frailty and lapse of his favourite family of man. He saw him sink into the inclemency of outward elements, and into the inward darkness of his distinct and limited nature; externally besieged and tempted by lying offers of enjoyment, and internally rent by disappointed desires and malignant passions. But he had provided a redemption of such stupendous potency, as would not suffer the perverse creature to tear itself out of the arms of his affection. He had provided a Seed, in the SON OF HIS LOVE, that should take root in man's world of inward and outward evil, that should grow as a fragrant flower through corruption, into the freedom, the light, and the purity, of heaven; that should reprove his unrighteousness, that should convict him of wickedness, that should convince him of weakness, and soften him into sorrow for his own transgressions; that should melt him into a sense of the calamity of others; that should diffuse as a dawning light through his dark nature, subduing his pride, assuaging



his passions; calling him forth into the expansion of benevolence, into all the charities and amities, the feelings and offices of the human heart *thus made divine*; and, lastly, maturing in him a different nature; that God may be in all men the ONE WILL TO THE ONE GOODNESS, thereby uniting all men, as one man, in their God. For deep, indeed, are all his counsels; and all the mazes of his providence will finally unwind themselves in the rectitude and fulness of the wisdom of his love.

That a creature, inexperienced or newly brought into being, should fall by attempting something through its *own* will, and the presumption of its *own* power, does not appear to have any thing wonderful in it; but that a creature, fallen into the misery and depravity of a second and base nature, should rise again superior to its original goodness and glory, this is the work produced in time, that will be matter of amazement throughout eternity.

That man, I say, fallen into a body of mortal flesh, fallen into an evil nature; fallen into circling elements of hostility, distemperature and dissolution to his frame; that man, thus degraded, thus oppressed and assaulted from within and from without, should yet advance and proceed through his course of appointed warfare, denying his own appetites, pulling down his own pride, combating sufferings with patience, subduing injuries with love, delighting to labour under the hinder part of that cross which Simon the Cyrenian was compelled to bear; conquering, rising, triumphing over desires, disappointments, tribulations, languor, sickness, and death; and all this, without any violation of that principle of liberty which his ETERNALLY FREE PROGENITOR imparted unto him; this indeed is a wonder to Cherubim and Seraphim, and, from eternity to eternity, the GREATEST WORK of God.

Here, brother, said the earl, you expressly acknowledge that man is a free agent.—I acknowledge, answered Mr. Clinton, that man has a principle of liberty within him, a power of turning, or, at least, of leaving his will, to the impulse of good on the one hand, or of evil on the other; he could not otherwise be accountable; and this brings me directly to your lordship's question respecting the distinction in point of merit between man and man. KNOW THYSELF, was the wisest of all the laws in the ancient schools; for the most useful of all studies to man, is that of man.

MAN has been represented, by the boastings of pagan philosophy, as equal in many respects, and in some articles superior, to the God-head. They define him a rational and lordly intelligence, sole dis-

tator to his own actions, controller of his own passions, and of powers, virtues, and faculties, wholly free and independent. But what says nature on this head?

Man goes out of this world, even as he comes into it, quite passive and without his own consent. From the womb to the time of his maturing in reason, and even till some degree of power is awakened in him toward governing his appetites and resisting his inclinations, he is as merely a sensual and servile machine as any inferior animal. His pulses beat, his blood circulates, and all the offices of respiration, secretion, and perspiration, are performed alike, awake as asleep, without any more attention or care on his part, than if he had no interest therein.

In the mean time, he is begirt by outward objects, and outward elements, which hold an intimate correspondence with his flesh, with all his organs, and his animal life; exciting in him a variety of appetites and desires, which he can no more resist than a twig can swim against a torrent; insomuch, that were this the whole of the man, with respect to his appetites, he would of necessity be a brute, and with respect to his passions, he would of necessity be a devil.

Thus far, my lord, you see that man is wholly acted upon, and does nothing but as he is impelled thereto; and were there no other agent to act upon him on the opposite part, had he no present friend to combat with and control the evil propensities of his nature, he would be as totally a slave to his carnal and diabolical lusts, as the rower in a galley is to the bench whereon he is chained.

But, blessed be our all-creating, all-redeeming, and all-loving friend, who is ever present, and does not leave our impotence destitute of his help; who, in the centre of our old Adam, implants a divine seed, even the renewed image of himself in our souls. It is this infant resemblance of himself in our essence, which God always cherishes, which he elects, which he purifies, which he calls upon by the word of the Son of his Love, which he informs with the breath of his holy Spirit, whispering into it the still voice of his own beatifying affections.

Now, though these two principles are so intimately united in us, that very few observe any distinction between them, yet no two things can be more opposite than they are to each other, both in their natures and propensities. And, accordingly, the great Apostle Paul hath specified and marked out their separate offices with the most exact precision. Reach me yonder Bible, Harry:—Here it is:—

“That which I do, I allow not: for what I would, that do I not;

but what I hate, that do I. If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God, after the inward man. But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? (Rom. vii.)”

Here, my friends, you see the Apostle distinguishes most precisely, between the opposite natures of the first and the second Adam, between the outward and inward, the vitiated and regenerate, the old and the new man. The old warring against the new, and endeavouring to bring him into captivity to sin and death. Now, between these adverse offsprings of the earthly and heavenly Adams, our principle of freedom, or power of election, is placed. On the one part, we are besieged and assailed by a world of tempting objects, that hold intimate intercourse with our flesh, and impel their influences on our spirit through every organ; while the rulers of darkness enter through the said sensual avenues, excite their diabolical passions within us, and try to open a kingdom of their own in our soul.

On the contrary part, our heavenly Father is graciously pleased to act upon us, through that divine nature which he implants in our essence. He attracts us strongly, though not forcibly; and he sheds into us feelings and affections, to which flesh and blood is wholly an alien.

Here then, when the will turns away from divine influence, and delivers itself up to the operations of the evil agents, the whole man becomes a prisoner in the regions of darkness and shadow of death, and nothing but intense sufferings can awake him to a sense of the error and folly of his pursuits, and of the loss and horror of the state in which he lies,

But, when the will yields itself to the gracious influence of God's blessed Spirit, God opens himself unto it, and attracts it still more powerfully, till he gradually delivers it from the slavery of *sense*, of *sin*, and of *self*, into the perfect freedom of a willing service to goodness.



Above all, when the will is assaulted by violent, pressing, and permanent temptations; if yet, with the assistance of supporting grace, it strives and struggles to maintain the fight, and to tear itself away from the custody of evil, though tortured in the strife, and pierced, even to the dividing of the bone from the marrow; then is the scripture fulfilled that says, "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;" then is our *Jesus* in the *highest height* of his throne and dominion; then does he deem all his sufferings overpaid; and he will himself be the champion in the will of such a champion, and he will fight the good fight, and run the good course, and hold fast the good faith both in him and for him, and he will impute the whole of his conquests to the willing instrument of his operations, and will crown him with the crown of his own glory.

Here then, my honoured brother, you have your question fully answered touching the difference, in point of merit, between man and man; since no creature can have any merit, save so far as he opens his will to the impressions of the goodness of God upon his spirit.

What! you will say, is this the utmost merit that the best of men can boast, that of barely yielding his will to the influence of the Spirit of goodness? It is, indeed, my lord, the very whole of the merit that any creature can have, the very utmost that he can do toward co-operating with his God, and conducing, in any degree, to his own salvation.

O, that all men! that all men, had this merit, my friends! that all would open the gates of their everlasting souls, and humbly and earnestly petition the King of Glory to come in. This would lead to ever-during and ever-increasing merit; for our God would then impute his own merits unto us, not by an outward, but inward imputation, even the feeling sense, and participation of his nature, within us. We should become good in his goodness, wise in his wisdom, and strong in his omnipotence. By resigning to him our dark, empty, hungry, and uncomfortable creature; we should gain in lieu thereof, the plenitude of the rich and illuminating Creator. The fulness of all delight would become our portion, and the proprietor of the universe would be our property and possession.

Here Mr. Clinton paused, and his auditors continued in a kind of respectful musing. At length the earl exclaimed, Never, never more, my brother, will I debate or question with you, further than asking your advice or opinion. Our dear Meekly, here, and I, have had some former converse on a few of these deep subjects, and I received much satisfaction and instruction from him; but he was not quite so

explicit as you have been.—Ah, my lord, cried Meekly, were I as intimate with the Fountain of all knowledge, as your precious brother is, you would not then have perplexed me in the conversation we last held on those heads.

On the following day at breakfast, Mr. Meekly took out his pocket-book, and produced bank bills to the amount of something upward of five thousand pounds. He then presented them to Mr. Clinton, and said, Here, sir, is a little matter toward repayment of the loan I had from you in Holland. I bless, I bless my God, that he has enabled me thus far to approve myself an honest man; but, above all, I bless him for giving me once more a sight of the gracious countenance of my patron. But for you, I had miserably perished in a dungeon; to you, sir, I owe my liberty, to you I owe my life, to you I owe the recovery of the inheritance of my fathers. With respect to such obligations I am indeed a beggared insolvent; but my heart is pleased with the thought, that the connection between us, of creditor on your part, and of debtor on mine, should remain on record to all eternity.

Here the worthy Meekly became oppressed under sensations of grateful recollection, and, putting his handkerchief to his eyes, he sobbed out his passion.

In the mean time, Mr. Clinton held the bills in his hand, and carelessly casting his eye over them perceived the amount. As soon as he saw that his friend's emotion had partly subsided, You have, Mr. Meekly, says he, you have been quite a gospel steward, and have returned me my own with most unlooked-for usury, and I heartily pray God, in recompense of your integrity, to give you the principality of many cities in the kingdom of his Son. But what shall I do with this money, my dear Meekly? My wealth already overflows; it is my only incumbrance. It claims my attention, indeed, as it is a trust for which I know I am strictly accountable. But I wish Providence would reclaim the whole to himself, and leave me as one of his mendicants, who daily wait on the hand that supplieth all who seek his kingdom with necessary things; for my Harry has enough, and more than enough now, in the abundance of his noble father. You must therefore keep these bills to yourself, my worthy friend; retain, or give, or dispose of them, even as it shall please you; whether as your property or as my property, it matters not sixpence; but, take them back, you must take them back, indeed, my Meekly. And so saying, he shoved them over from him on the table.

Ah, my most honoured sir, exclaimed the repining Meekly, sure

you would not serve me so: My soul is but just eased of a load that lay heavy on it for many, many years. Be not then so severe as to replace the burden upon me. It would break my very heart should you persist in refusing this little instance of acknowledgment from one of your warmest lovers.

Here Harry found himself affected and distressed for the parties, and, in order to relieve them, took the decision of the matter upon himself. Gentlemen, says he, I will, with your good pleasure, put a quick end to this dispute. I offer myself to you as your joint trustee, to be your almoner and disposer of these bills. As I was lately on my rambles through some villages near London, the jingle of a number of infant voices struck my ear, and turning and looking in at the window of a long cottage, I perceived about thirty little girls, neatly dressed in a kind of uniform, and all very busily and variously employed in hackling, carding, knitting, or spinning, or in sewing at their samplers, or learning their letters, and so forth.

The adjoining house contained about an equal number of boys, most of whom were occupied in learning the rudiments of the several handy-craft trades, while the rest were busied in cultivating a back field, intended as a garden for these two young families. I was so pleased with what I saw, that I gave the masters and mistresses some small matter; and I resolved, within myself, if ever I should be able, to gather together a little family of my own for the like purposes. Now, gentlemen, here comes Mr. Meekly's money quite in season for saving just so much of my own. But since I am grown suddenly rich, I think I will be generous for once, and add as much more out of my proper stock. I shall also make so free as to draw on my uncle there for the like sum; and these added together will make a pretty beginning of my little project. As to my poor father here, he has nothing to spare, for he has already lavished all his wealth on his naughty boy.

My lord and the company laughed heartily at Harry's pleasantry. —But hearkee, honest friend, added the earl, you must not think to expose me, by leaving me out of your scheme; cannot you lend me as much, Harry, as will answer my quota?—Yes, my lord, said Harry, upon proper securities I think I may venture.—You are a rogue, and my treasure, and my honour, cried the earl, turning and bending fondly toward him; while Harry's eyes began to swim with pleasure, and casting himself into his father's bosom, he there hid the tears of his swelling delight; Mr. Clinton and Mr. Meekly sitting silently wrapt in the enjoyment of the tender scene.

But it soon became too oppressive for Harry's sensibility. He



arose from his father's bosom, retired into the garden to give vent to his passions, and recover his spirits in the open air.

After some minutes spent in this speechless rapture, I believe, sir, said Meekly to Mr. Clinton, that there is not such a boy as your nephew, no, not in the whole universe; every look and accent, every motion, fibre, and member, so wonderfully answering to the meekness and modesty, the honour, the gallantry, and intrepidity of his spirit. He shrinks from praise, he is ashamed before it; and yet his words sink as balm on the heart, and his actions compel people to affront him with rejected honours wherever he goes. While I look on his lovely and lowly countenance, and inwardly embrace him, I secretly say to myself, You are a proof, my Harry, that the lower the roots of humility strike, the more the exalted branches ascend. I attend, I study him, and look upon and revere him, as the most perfect copy that ever yet was taken of the omnipotent babe in the manger.

The other day, he preserved his noble father and me from being rent in pieces by a mad and foaming monster of a mastiff. But, his calmness of courage, with his quickness of action, his prowess and power on that occasion, exceeded all that I ever met with in fable. Pray, my lord, have you not yet told your brother of that wonderful incident?—No, indeed, said the earl, my Harry continued with us, till within this minute, and I was cautious of offending him by mentioning the matter. For, he can scarce bear to be thanked for the charity he gives, and much less to be praised for any accomplishment. O, my brother, my brother, what do I owe you? A debt immense indeed, never, never, to be paid, for this inestimable treasure of a boy.

As the earl and his beloved guests were enjoying themselves in this blissful manner, John entered, with tidings that an embassy of a score of lasses waited at the hall-door, and were pushing before them the prettiest maiden he ever beheld, to be their spokeswoman. Immediately my lord ordered that they should be introduced, and quickly after a clatter was heard without, crying, "Indeed, indeed now Miss Aggy, you must and shall speak for us." The door was then thrown open, and a young creature entered, blushing, and panting, and followed by a group of girls, who put her forward before them.

The earl, in pain for her sweet confusion, spoke kindly to encourage her, while Harry arose and helped them round with a glass of wine. By the time that this was done, the foremost, who had not yet dared to look one of them in the face, but kept her eyes bent on the ground, as though she had been ashamed of their brightness, became a little more assured.

If—if—my lord, said she, tremblingly, if your honoured—your very honourable brother, is here—we come to invite him and his company to a dance.—And we will attend you with pleasure, my little angel, cried the earl. But, pray, who are you, and where do you live?—So please you, my lord, my father's name is Abel Jessamin, and he is lately come tenant to part of your lordship's estate.—Then I will make him a present of at least a year's rent for his fair daughter's sake. Here, John, give five guineas apiece to those pretty lasses, to buy each of them a riband. And, do you hear, bring me twenty guineas for this their ambassadress.—Not for the world, my lord; indeed I will not accept a farthing. My father, though poor, is very jealous of his honour, and should I take any thing from any man living, he would never suffer me to darken the light that shines in at his door.

Aggy then made a courtesy to the ground, and retreated, attended by the affectionate regards of the company. Who can this creature be, cried out the earl, so lovely, so uncommon, such a sweet distinction about her?—Ah! exclaimed Mr. Clinton, what a pity it would be that such innocence should be seduced!—And yet, that is most likely to be the case, said Mr. Meekly, since beauty procures its own undoing, and loveliness is the very magnet that attracts men to its destruction. Harry half suppressed a sigh, but said nothing.

The horses were now immediately ordered to be put to, and our company drove into the town, accompanied by the acclamations of hundreds upon hundreds who lined the way. As soon as they came to the market-place, the coach set them down near a spacious flooring that was raised in open air, about a foot from the ground, and surrounded with benches raised one above the other, so as to be capable of containing the great number present.

When they were shewn to the seats prepared for them, they were served with a variety of wines and cakes; for our open-hearted townsmen had spared no cost for the entertainment of their noble guests, and their neighbours; the band of music (the choicest that could be got) began to play, and the jubilee was opened in full triumph. My lord then wished, in secret, that Harry and Miss Jessamin would lead the ball; but, observing that his son looked something dejected, he imputed it to fatigue, and suppressed his desire. In the mean time the lads and lasses entered upon the stage, and several footed it away featly, and with all due applause.

As Harry had not yet opened his lips to the amiable Aggy, nor even presented his hand to lead her out, she declined every other hand that was offered to her. At length, as the day began to lose of its

lustre, Mr. Clinton whispered to Harry, and requested the favour that he would dance.

The desire of father or uncle was instantly, to Harry, the same as the command of the Grand Seignior to his slave. He arose, and walking up to Miss Aggy, took her hand with a most respectful bow, and led her out to dance a minuet, in which they both acquitted themselves with such grace, as to bring tears of delight into most of the eyes that beheld them. That night, after supper, while Harry joined with the company in a kind of constrained cheerfulness, they began to compliment him on his dancing; when Harry replied, in evident discontent, No more, no more, my friends! indeed, I never so thoroughly despised and detested myself as I do at this instant. And so saying, he rose hastily and withdrew.

Mr. Meekly soon followed him into his chamber, and sitting down in silence, while Harry was slowly undressing, My dear young friend, says he, I grieve to see you indisposed.—Indeed, sir, said Harry, I am not quite as I wish, and yet I dare not complain.—Ah, my dear boy, cried Meekly, I know your disorder perfectly well. I marked the rise and the progress, I saw the whole as it passed. Had Aggy Jessamin been indifferent to you, you would have danced and conversed as familiarly with her as with any other girl. But you dreaded your own feelings, and you dreaded, still more, that those feelings should be betrayed to the observation of others. I know Aggy Jessamin and her father; she is indeed very lovely and very deserving; but yet she is no mate for you, my Harry.

Ah, sir, cried Harry, since you have already seen so far into my soul, I think I had better open my whole bosom to you. You will look down upon me, to be sure, you will hold me in the utmost contempt; but, no matter for that, so you promise not to love me the less. I own to you, Mr. Meekly, that I love Aggy Jessamin; my heart also tells me that I shall always love her. What then must be the consequence of my unhappy affection? Neither my father nor uncle will ever approve of our union; and I would rather pine to death than offend the one or the other.

Should I happen to meet the sweet girl apart, I fear, nay I feel, that I should not be able to resist the temptation, and, should she happen to yield, what a ruin must ensue! If she loved me, it would break the poor thing's heart to be forsaken, and the breaking of her's would break my heart also. And yet I could never think of continuing in a criminal commerce.

Ah, my dear Mr. Meekly, pity the weakness of your friend, and



pity the ignorance that he is in of his own spirit. My heart exulted this very day in its own humility, while it felt itself insensible to the acclamations of the vulgar, and while I reflected that a few years would soon cripple the performer of such trifling exploits, or possibly render me, in old age, the ridiculous boaster of the feats of my childhood. But, when the sweet breath of Aggy gave its pleasing applause, vanity and self-esteem sunk, with her approbation, deep into my bosom, and I have not yet been able to dispossess them. O, help me then, Mr. Meekly, help me to struggle against myself; better it is to suffer all that the cruel conflict may cost me, than to suffer the stings of that never-ending remorse, which would tear my soul for having injured the object of my affection.

Meekly was in tears, and could not answer for some time.—Yes—says he at length, I will assist you in this combat, a combat more glorious than ever was fought by all the Cæsars and Alexanders that ever drew sword. And I will pray to the Captain of our salvation in your behalf; that he may fight the good fight both in you and for you, and finally crown you with the wreath of eternal glory. But then you must be ruled, you must conform to the prescriptions of your severe, but wholesome, physician; in short, my dear child, you must not see her any more.—What never, Mr. Meekly, never see her any more? That is hard, indeed.—It is a necessary hardship: could you answer to yourself the consequences of such an indulgence?—I could not, I could not, I confess it, my friend.—I will prevail upon her father to send her far from you; and I will look out for some agreeable man who may make her a worthy husband.

O, you bear too hard upon me, too hard, indeed, cried Harry. What, give her to another?—And yet that is an ungenerous regret; for, why should I grudge that happiness to another which I cannot enjoy?—Well then be it so, since it must be so, Mr. Meekly. Take her, bear her, tear her away from my sight; a fortune equal to her merit is above my power to give; but take for her a sufficiency to supply the comforts, the conveniencies, of life; and more I am confident she despises.—Here Harry sat down and wept, and was accompanied by his friend. But, the conflict was now over; and though his heart was deeply grieved, it was much more at ease.

The next morning, at breakfast, Harry appeared to be quite composed. When the earl, taking a bundle of papers from his pocket, turned with a fond and conciliating air to Mr. Clinton, and said, My dearest brother, when you shall be at leisure to cast your eye over this parcel, you will find that I have not been all along the unnatural

kinsman you had cause to apprehend. These are copies of the letters which I sent in search of you through several parts of Europe, and in which I petitioned you to pardon my past offences, and to return and possess yourself of your rights in the half of my fortune, and the whole of my heart.

Precious pledges, cried Mr. Clinton, are all things to me that bring me any instance of the affection of so dear a brother; and so saying he put the papers into his bosom.—But tell me, my ever amiable Harry Clinton, continued the earl, where in the world could you hide yourself from my inquiries these twenty years past? I have got some scattered sketches of your history from Mr. Meekly and my son here, and have been burning to learn the whole, but dreaded to ask you that favour, lest the recollection of some passages should give you distress.—I refuse no pain to do you a pleasure, my brother.

[Here the honourable Mr. Clinton began his story, as formerly recited, and that night sent his auditors weeping to bed. On the following morning, when he came to that part of his narrative where Lady Maitland broke away so suddenly, (see page 249,) he proceeded as follows.]

Having travelled through several parts of France and Italy, I took Germany in my tour. I stayed some time at Spa, where I drank the waters, and within the year arrived, in perfect health, at Rotterdam.

On a visit to Mr. De Wit, at his Villa near the city, he told me, he had, at that time, in his house and his guardianship, one of the most extraordinary women in the universe. Though she is now, says he, advancing towards the decline of life, she is by far the most finished female I ever beheld, while all she says, and all she does, give a grace to her person that is quite indiscribable. She has a youth too, her son, with her, who is nearly as great a rarity as herself; and, were it not that his complexion is sallow, and that he is somewhat short of a leg, and blind of one eye, he would positively be the most lovely of all the human species.

You put me in mind, said I, laughing, of the *Barratarian* wench, who was commended to governor *Sancho* as the most accomplished beauty within a league, with this exception only, that one eye was blind, and that the other ran with brimstone and vermilion. But pray, who are these wonders?

That, said he, I cannot declare. They are evidently people of the first fashion, and must have some uncommon reasons for their present conduct, as they live quite retired, and admit no company.

I protest, said I, you have raised my curiosity in earnest. Is there no managing so as to procure me a short *tete a tete* with them?—I wish there was, says he, for I long to know how far your sentiments agree with mine in this matter. Yesterday the lady told me that she intended to go and reside some time in England, and that I would oblige her by getting a person duly qualified to initiate her and her son in the language of that country. And now, if such a fine gentleman as you could condescend to undress himself, you might come to-morrow, as a person who wanted hire, and I might introduce you to an interview by the way of treating, provided you are upon honour not to reveal any thing concerning them or their place of abode.

The next morning I waited on Mr. De Wit, under the appearance of a reduced gentleman.

The lady received and spoke to me with that dignified complacency which awes while it engages, and, while it attracts, forbids an irreverent familiarity. She was every thing that my friend had boasted of her; for though her person was all majesty, her manner was all grace. Will you answer for the discretion of this young man, Mr. De Wit? I will, madam, says he. I bowed to them both.

On turning, I perceived that her son eyed me with much attention, and I, on my part, surveyed him with the utmost astonishment. He laboured indeed, apparently, under all the disadvantages that my friend described; but instantaneously lurked on his accents and in the dimpling of his lips; and, when he smiled, heaven itself was infused through the fine roundings of his olive-coloured countenance.

In short, I felt such a sudden attachment to these extraordinary personages, that I resolved to keep on the deception, at least for a few days, and accordingly engaged with them at a stated salary. I entered on my province. My young pupil, especially, began to improve apace; and, as I was particularly cautious of observing the distant respect that suited my station, I grew into great favour both with mother and son. How long, Mr. De Wit would say, do you propose to carry on this farce?—Till I can prevail upon them, I answered, to accompany me to England. For I feel my affections so tied to them, that I cannot think of parting.

On a day as I sat with my pupil in his apartment, he happened to let his book fall, and, as I stooped to take it up, the picture of *my Matilda*, highly done in enamel, and set with brilliants to a great value, suddenly loosed from its riband, and dropped through the bosom of my shirt upon the floor. I stood greatly abashed by this accident; but my pupil, still more alarmed, started up, and, catching at it, gazed



upon it intently. Ah, my friend, said he, I doubt you are an impostor! The proprietor of this jewel would never let himself out to hire without some sinister design. Who, sir, and what are you?

I own, said I, that I am not what I seem; I am of noble descent, and have riches sufficient to purchase a principality.—And what then could induce you to impose upon us as you have done?—Curiosity at first, and then the strong inclination which I took both to you and your mother at our first interview; nor did I propose to reveal myself till we should reach my native country, where all sorts of honours and affluence attend you.—Tell me then, said he, whose picture is this? Is it the face, sir, of your mistress, or your wife? (looking very inquisitively at me.)—Ah, said I, she was once mistress of the hearts of thousands. She was once also my wife: but the dear saint is now eternally blessed with a more suitable bridegroom.

Will you indulge me, sir, said he, with the story of your loves? It may atone, in a great measure, for your late deception, which, however well meant, was very alarming. Here I related to him the short pathetic history that I told you of my Matilda; with which he was so affected, and in such a violent agitation, that I was quite affrighted for him, and stopped several times, but he insisted on my proceeding.

Ah, said he, when I concluded, should I ever be consorted in the manner that you and your Matty were, how blessed I should think myself!—I have, said I, a little cousin in England, perhaps the loveliest child in the world, and if you will marry her, when you both come to proper years, I will settle ten millions of French money upon you. Meantime, I beseech you to say nothing to your mamma of what has passed.—I will not, said he, unless I see a necessity for it.

That night I went to the city to settle the affairs of my household. On my return next morning, I met Mr. De Wit at the gate of his court. Ah, my friend, said he, our amiable guests are departed.—Gone! I cried, gone! which way, where to, I pray you?—That also is a secret, said he, which I am not permitted to tell you. Late in the evening, there arrived a retinue of about twenty servants, strongly armed and mounted, with a flying chaise and six horses, and a packet of letters. The lady did not go to bed, but ordered all things to be in readiness for their departure against the rising of the moon. When they were near setting out, and going to bid me adieu, Have you no commands, madam, said I, for the good young man your tutor?—Not a penny, says she; I cannot afford wages equivalent to servants of quality.—How, madam, said I, is my friend then detected? But it was a very innocent and friendly fraud, I assure you; I should not

have imposed him upon your ladyship, did I not know you to be safer in his honourable hands than in those of any other.

I then gave them an account of your family, your vast fortune, nor was I quite silent as to your merits, my dear friend; and I added, that I was sensible you would be deeply afflicted at the departure of persons to whom you were so strongly attached.—There is no help for it, replied my lady; we have reasons of the utmost import for not disclosing ourselves to him. Tell him, however, that we esteem him highly—affect him tenderly—shall think of him—shall pray for him—and—and lastly—that you saw drop a grateful tear to his remembrance.

As I could extort no further intelligence from my friend Mr. De Wit, I parted in a half kind of chagrin, and prepared to pursue my fugitives, though I knew not what road to take, nor where to turn me for the purpose. At all adventures, however, I set out on the way to France, as they appeared to be of that country, as well by the elegance of their manners as by their fluency in the language. I was attended by eleven of as brave and faithful fellows as ever thrust themselves between their master and danger.

On the fifth day, as we got on the borders of French Flanders, in an open and desolate way, with a forest far on the left, a man rode toward us on the spur, and approaching, cried out, Help, gentlemen, for heaven's sake, help to rescue my dear ladies, who are plundered and carried away by the banditti. They have killed or mortally wounded twenty of my companions, and I alone am left to cry out for relief.—I bid him lead, and we followed.

In a few minutes we came where we saw a great number of the dead and dying, covering the sand and thin herbage. But our leader cried out, Stop not here, my noble friends! Yonder they are, yonder they are! they have just taken away all our horses, luggage, and coach, and are now at the plunder. I am weak through loss of blood, but will help you the best I may.

Here he spurred again toward the enemy, but his horse would not answer his courage. I then looked about to observe if any advantage could be taken; for I perceived that the ruffians were still very numerous, about thirty who had survived the late combat; but seeing that the country was quite open, and that we had nothing but resolution and our God to help us, I commended myself to him in so good a cause, and, putting my horse to speed, I rode full at the foe, confident of being gallantly supported.

When the banditti perceived us, they instantly quitted the plunder,

and gathering into a group, they prepared their carbines, and discharged them full at us as we drew near. As I happened to be foremost I received the greatest damage. One of their balls gave me this mark in my neck, another passed through the flesh of my left shoulder, and another through my hat, and left this scar in my head. But when we came in upon them, hand to hand, had they doubled their numbers they would have been as nothing to us. My faithful Irishman levelled half a score of them with his own hand, and in a few minutes we had no opponent in the field. I then rode up to the coach, and perceived two ladies in it, pale as death, and sunk senseless to the bottom. Immediately I ordered my surgeon to take a little blood from them, and, on their recovery, to follow me, with all my people, and all the horses, baggage, &c. to the nearest inn. Then feeling my wounds begin to smart, I took my surgeon with me, and galloped away.

In about a league we came to a large house of entertainment, and finding myself sick and qualmish, through the great effusion of blood, I had my wounds directly dressed, and taking a draught of whey, got into a warm bed. After a night of uneasy slumbers, the curtain of the bed was gently drawn aside, and, awaking, I heard a voice say, in soft music, Ah, my dear mamma, it is he, it is he himself!

On lifting my feeble eyes, I perceived a vision at my side of a female appearance, but more lovely than any thing I had ever conceived of the inhabitants in bliss. Her eyes swam in glory, and her whole form seemed composed of harmony and light. While I gazed in silent astonishment, I heard another voice say, Do not you know us, my son, my dear Mr. Clinton, do not you remember your pupils? Do not you remember your blind, lame, and tawny Lewis? He is now turned into a passable girl there, whose honour and life you yesterday preserved at the peril of your own.

Here, seizing her hand, I pressed it to my lips, and cried, Am I then so blessed, my honoured madam, as to have done some service to the two dearest objects of my heart's affections?—Soft, says she, none of these transports! Your surgeon tells us that repose is necessary for you. Meantime we will go and make the best provision for you that the place can afford. And after that, I will send a dispatch to my lord, and let him know how very deeply he and we and all his house are indebted to you.

For that day and the following week, as my fever grew somewhat high, I saw no more of the daughter, and the mother stayed no longer than to administer something to me, or barely to inquire how I was.



At length I began to recover, when the former vision descended upon my ravished senses, the vision of that Louisa, the sight of whom never failed to bring delight to the hearts of all beholders.

They sat down by my side, and my lady, taking my hand, and looking tenderly at me, What would you think, said she, smiling, of my Louy for a wife?—Ah, madam, I exclaimed; she would be too much of bliss, too precious, too overpowering, for the heart and senses of any mortal.—Do not tell me so, cries my lady; in my eyes you are full as amiable for a husband as she can be for a wife. Beside, you have earned her, my son; she is your own dear purchase, by a service of infinite value, and at the price of your precious blood. She has told me the story of your first love, and the recollection of it never fails to bring tears from my eyes. But I must hereafter hear the whole from your own mouth, with all your other adventures; the smallest incident will be very interesting to me, I assure you. O, you are, to a hair, the very man I wish for my Louisa, the brave, the tender, gentle, and generous heart; just the thing I would have wished for myself, when I was at the age of my Louy.

But, my dearest, my honoured madam, you have not yet told me how your Louisa is inclined.—Whereupon the bewitching creature, smiling, and blushing, reached forth a polished hand of living alabaster. Here, she cried; I present you with this trifle, in token that I do not hate you.

My Clinton, said my lady, I have sent off my favourite servant Gerard, with my dispatches to my lord. He is the only one that remains of all my retinue. Your surgeon has dressed his wound, and pronounces it so slight as not to incommode him on his journey. I chose him more particularly for the carrier of my purposes, as he was a witness of your valour, and can testify to my lord with what intrepidity you rushed foremost into the thick of the assassins, and with what unexampled bravery you defeated, in a short time, a body of three or four times your number. These things, I trust, will have their due weight: for though my lord is of a lofty and inflexible nature, he is yet alive to the feelings of honour and justice, so that our affairs have a hopeful aspect. But you are a little flushed, my child; we will not encroach further upon you till to-morrow.

During the three following weeks, though confined to my room, I was able to enjoy their company; and the happiness of my heart accelerated my recovery. What bliss did I experience during that interval! The mother and daughter scarce ever left my side. One

morning, when I just awoke from a terrifying dream, they both entered with peace and comfort in their countenances.

What is the matter, my Clinton, said my lady, your face does not seem composed to that complacency which is seated in your heart.—Ah, madam, I cried, I have been all night tormented with the most alarming visions I ever had in my life. Three times I dreamed successively that my Louisa and I were walking hand in hand through the fields of Elysium, or in the gardens of Alcinous, gazing, and drinking in large draughts of love from each other: when at one time a huge and tremendous dragon, and again a sudden earthquake, and again an impetuous hurricane came, and caught and severed us far asunder.

But my visions, said the heavenly smiling Louisa, have been of a very different nature. I dreamed that while we were standing on the brink of a frightful precipice together, your Matilda descended, all celestial, and a thousand times more lovely than she appears in the portrait that you carry about you. At first I feared that she came to reclaim you to herself; but, instead of that, she smiled upon me, and began to caress me, and taking my right hand she put it into yours. Then ascending in her brightness, she hovered awhile on high, and casting down upon me a look of fixed love, she gave me a beck with her hand, as it were to follow, and was immediately lost in glory.—O, my dear children, cried the Marchioness, might I but once see you united, how I should lift my head! or rather how satisfied I should be to lay it down in peace, having nothing further to care for on this side of eternity.

That night I slept sounder than usual, and did not awake till the day was somewhat advanced. On opening the curtain, I saw James seated in a moody posture by the side of my bed. How are the ladies, James? said I.—Gone, sir, gone.—Gone! I cried out.—Yes, sir, gone indeed, but with very heavy hearts, and both of them drowned in tears. Here has been a large body of soldiers sent for them, so that there was no resisting. Poor Gerard went on his knees to his lady, to beg permission to throw himself at your feet, and to bid you adieu, but she would not allow him. Meantime, she charged me with this watch and ring, and this letter for your honour. I caught at the letter, and, tearing it open, read over and over, a thousand times, what will for ever be engraven on my heart.

“We leave you, we leave you, most beloved of men, and we are miserable in so doing; but, alas, we are not our own mistresses. My lord, for this time, has proved unjust and ungrateful; and refuses

your Louisa, as well to my prayers, as to your infinite merits. He has affianced her, as it seems, to a prince of the blood, and his ambition has blinded him to all other considerations. Be not yet in despair, we shall exert our very utmost to get this injurious sentence reversed; and if your Louisa inherits my blood or spirit, not all the engines of torture in France will ever compel her to give her hand to another. In the mean time, follow us not, come not near us, we beseech you. Should you be discovered, you will inevitably be assassinated, and we also should perish in your loss, my son. We are distracted by our fears for you, and it is this fear that has prevented us from disclosing ourselves fully to you. Keep up your correspondence, however, with our friend De Wit, and through him you shall learn the first favourable turn that happens in our affairs. I leave you my ring in token of your being the wedded of our heart, and Louisa leaves you her watch, to remind you of time past, and to look upon, when at leisure, and think of,

“Your ELOISA DE——

“Your LOUISA DE——”

Yes, I cried, ye precious relics, ye delicious memorandums, to my lips, to my heart! Be ye the companions of my solitude, the consolers of my affliction! Sooner shall this arm be torn off, and time itself pass away, than one or the other shall be divided from my custody. Ah, how useless are admonitions to the impatience of a lover! fervent love can know no fears. I was no sooner able to sit my horse than I set off directly for Paris, with this precaution only, that my people should call me by my mother's maiden name of Goodall.

As we knew not the names or titles of those after whom we were in search, our eyes became our only inquisitors, and we daily ranged the town, poring into every carriage of distinction for the sight of the mother or daughter; and even prying among the lacquies and liveries for the face of our friend Gerard.

On a day, as my faithful Irishman and I rode abroad, reconnoitring the suburbs, we heard a noise and a shout of distress, that issued from a distant farm-house; and, as we hastened up, the tumult grew louder, and the cry of help! and murder! was several times repeated. We instantly knocked at the door, but were refused admittance; when my man alighting, ran against it, and breaking through bars and all with his foot, threw the door off its hinges. On entering, we saw a man stretched on his back on the floor, with four others about him, who were going to use him very barbarously. Stay your hands, I cried; I will shoot the first man through the head who shall dare to proceed in this business.



Why, sir, said a young fellow, rising, this man wanted to be gracious with my pretty young wife. I caught him in the very attempt, and so I think it but fair and honest to spoil him at such sport for time to come.—Ah, but, said I, you might murder him, and I cannot suffer that. Come, my friend, no harm appears to be done as yet, and if he pays a handsome penance for the wickedness of his intention, I would advise you to pass matters over for the present. Say how much do you demand?—Five hundred louis d'ors, said the fellow; if he pays that he shall be quit for this turn.

Five hundred louis d'ors! I exclaimed; why, all the clothes on his back are not worth the hundredth part of the sum.—True, master, said the peasant, winking, but his pockets may happen to be richer than his clothes.—Well, said I, if he secures you in half the sum, I think you may be satisfied.—Why, master, since you have said it, I will not go back.—Whereupon the astonished prisoner was permitted to rise. What do you say, you sad man you, are you willing to pay this fellow the sum I agreed for, in compensation of the injury you attempted to do him?—I am, sir, said he, with many thanks for your mediation. Then, hastily putting his hand to his pocket, he took out bankers' notes to the amount, and we departed the house together.

As I was just going to mount, he came up and accosted me with elegance and dignity. Sir, said he, you have made me your debtor beyond expression, beyond the power of princes to pay. Be pleased however to accept the little I have about me; here are five thousand louis d'ors in this little note-book.—Not a penny, sir, indeed; I am by no means in want.—You must not refuse, said he, some token of my acknowledgment; here is a stone valued at double the sum I offered you.—Then, taking from a pocket the diamond button of his hat, he presented it to me.—You must excuse me, sir, said I, I cannot accept of any consideration for doing an act of humanity, and I rejoice to have preserved a person of your distinction and generosity. I then turned my horse, and, though he called after me, I rode away, being neither desirous of knowing nor being known.

My researches hitherto being altogether fruitless, I imagined I might, with better likelihood, meet my beloved in the public walks, public theatres, or rooms of distinguished resort. One night, as I sat alone in a box at the opera, intently gazing around for some similitude of my Louisa, there entered one of the loveliest young fellows I ever beheld. He carelessly threw himself beside me, looked around, withdrew his eyes, and then looked at me with such a long and

piercing inquisition as alarmed me, and gave me cause to think I was discovered.

Though the French seldom hesitate, he seemed at once backward and desirous of accosting me. At length he entered upon converse touching the drama and the music, and spoke with judgment and elegance superior to the matter; while I answered him with due complacence, but in a manner that partook of that regardlessness for trifles which then sat at my heart.

Between the acts, he turned and cast his eye suddenly on me. Sir, says he, do you believe that there is such a thing as sympathy?—Occasionally, sir, I think it may have its effect, though I cannot credit all the wonders that are reported of it.—I am sorry for that, said he, as I ardently wish that your feelings were the same as mine at this instant. I never saw you before, sir, I have no knowledge of you, and yet I declare that, were I to choose an advocate in love, a second in combat, or a friend in extremity, you, you are the very man upon whom I would pitch.

I answered not, but seized his hand and pressed it to my bosom. I conceive, sir, continued he, notwithstanding your fluency in the language, that you are not a native. My name is D'Aubigny; I live at such a place, and, if you will do me the pleasure of a single visit, all the honours, respect, and services, that our house can confer, shall be your's without reserve.—Sir, said I, I am of England; my name is Goodall, and, as soon as a certain affair allows me to admit of any acquaintance in Paris, you shall be the first elected of my arms and my heart.

In a few nights after, as my Irishman and I were turning a corner of the Rue de St. Jaques, we saw three men, with their backs to the wall, attacked by nearly three times their number. We did not hesitate a moment what part to take. At the first pass I ran one of the assassins through the body; my servant levelled two more with his paken staff, and the rest took to flight. Gentlemen, said one of the three, I thank you for this brave and seasonable assistance.—Roche, run for a surgeon, I am wounded, I doubt dangerously.—Pierre, lend me your arm: come, gentlemen, we have but a little way to my house.

Though the night was too dark for examining features, I thought the voice was not quite unknown to me. Within a few minutes we arrived at a place that retired inward, from the houses that were ranged on either hand; on pulling a bell, the great door opened upon a sumptuous hall, which led to a parlour, enlightened by a silver sconce that hung from the vaulting. As we entered, the master turned

short upon me, and looking full in my face, started, and lifting his hands in surprise, Great Ruler of events ! he cried, the very man I wished my brother and companion through life, and this is the very man you have sent to my rescue ? Just then the surgeon arrived, and I heard him hastily asking where the marquis was. On entering he said, I am sorry for your misfortune, my lord ; but matters may be better than we apprehend. And immediately he took out his case of instruments. One of the ruffians, said the marquis, before I was aware, came behind and ran me through the back.

The surgeon then ripped open his lordship's waistcoat, and changed colour on seeing his shirt drenched in blood ; but, getting him quickly undressed, and having probed his wound, he struck his hands together and cried, Courage, my friends ! it is only a flesh-wound, the weapon has passed clear of the ribs and vitals. As soon as the marquis's wound was dressed, and that we had got him to bed, I fancy, sir, said I to the surgeon, I may have some small occasion for your assistance, I feel a little smart in my sword arm. On stripping, he found that a chance thrust had entered about half an inch into the muscle above my elbow. But he quickly applied the proper dressing, and I was preparing to take my leave, when the marquis cried out, You must not think of parting, my dear friend ; you are the master of the master here, and lord of this house, and of all that is in it.

The surgeon then ordered his lordship to compose himself as soon as possible ; and, having wished him a good night, I sent my man to my lodgings to let my people know that I was well, and in friendly hands. I was then conducted by the domestics to a superb apartment, where a cold collation lay upon a side-board, and a door stood open into a bed-chamber, prepared for my reception.

I had no stomach to eat, I drank a glass or two of wine and water, and I rose and sauntered through the room, musing on my Louisa, and nearly despairing of being ever able to find her. Some time after, I sat down to undress and go to bed, when a number of the officers of justice silently entered my chamber, seized my sword that I had put off, and coming whisperingly to me, commanded me to accompany them, without making any noise.

I saw that it was madness to resist, and, as I went with them, I observed that two of the family liveries had joined themselves to the officers. It then instantly occurred that I was in the house of my rival ; that the marquis was the very person to whom my Louisa had been destined ; that I was somehow discovered ; and that they were conducting me to the Bastile, of which I had heard so many affright-



ing stories. Ah, traitor, said I to myself, is it thus you serve the man who but now saved your life at the expence of his own blood? Let no one hereafter trust to the bleating of the lamb or the cooing of the turtle: the paws of the lion, or the pounces of the vulture, may thus deceitfully lurk under the one and the other.

After passing some streets, they took me to the Lieutenant of the Police. Having knocked respectfully at the gate, and waited some time, at length we were admitted, and they took me to a kind of lobby, where we staid while one of the posse went to inform the magistrate of my attendance. At length he returned, and, accosting me in a tone of surly and discouraging authority; Friend, says he, his worship is not at leisure to-night; to-morrow, perhaps, he may hear what you have to plead in your own defence. So saying, he and his fellows thrust me into a waste room, and bidding me, with a sneer, to warm or cool my heels at pleasure, locked and chained the door upon me.

Fool, fool that I was, said I, to quit the side of my brave and faithful companions! How quickly should we have discomfited this magistrate, and all his host! but I must be a knight-errant, forsooth, and draw my sword in the defence of every scoundrel who goes the street. I then went and felt the windows, to try if I could force a passage for making my escape; but, finding that all were grated with strong and impassable bars of iron, O, I cried, that this marquis, this ungrateful D'Aubigny, were now in his fullest strength, and opposed to me, point to point, that I might reclaim from him, in an instant, the life I have given!

I then traversed the room with an irregular pace, now rashly resolving on furious events; and again more sedately deliberating on what I had to do. Till, having ruminated thus for the remainder of the night, I at last became more at ease, and resigned myself to the dispensations of all-disposing Providence, though, I confess, with a reluctant kind of content.

When the day somewhat advanced, I heard my door unlocking, and concluded that they came to summon me to my trial. But, instead of the officers of justice, I saw near twenty men in the marquis's livery, who silently bowed down before me, and respectfully shewed me, with their hand, the way out of my prison. I followed them also in silence, and getting into the street, I wished to know if I was really free, and turned from them down the way that led to my lodgings: whereupon they cast themselves before me, and, in a supplicating posture, besought me to go with them.

Finding I was still their prisoner, I gave a longing look out for my faithful and brave attendants; but, as they did not appear, I suffered myself to be conducted to the marquis's palace, and followed my obsequious commanders into the proud apartment, to which they had led me the preceding night; and where, bowing to the ground, they all left me, and retired.

As I had been much fatigued in body and mind, I threw myself on the bed, leaving events to their issues, and fell into a kind of starting slumber; when I heard a voice at my side, cry out; O my dearest mamma, it is he, indeed it is he himself!

On this I awoke, and roused myself; and lifting my languid eyes, and fixing them on the object that stood before me, And are you then; I cried, are you also, Louisa, in the confederacy against me?—Say nothing; you are not the Louisa I once knew.—I will arise, I will go forth; not all your gates, and bars, and bolts, shall hold me; I will tear my body, and my soul also, if possible, from you for ever!—Go to your betrothed, to your beloved! and leave me to perish; it is a matter of no import.—I am yet pleased that I saved your chosen; as it may one day serve to reproach you with the merits of the man whom he has so unworthily treated!

I could say no more. A long silence on all sides ensued, save the language that was uttered by heavings and sobbings; when the marchioness, coming and casting herself on her knees by my bed, You have reason, sir, she exclaimed, you have reason to reproach and to detest every branch of our ungrateful family for ever! You saved myself, you saved my daughter, and yet the father and the husband proved averse to your deservings, and turned your benefits into poison. You have now saved our son, the only one who can convey our name to posterity; and yet, from the beginning, you have received nothing in return, save wounds, pains, and sickness, losses, damages, and disappointments; and, even at this very day, the most ignominious usage, where you merited endless thanks. Blame my Louisa then, and me, but blame not my son, sir, for these unworthy events; he is quite innocent of them; he is shocked and distracted by them; he respects and loves you more than ever Jonathan loved the son of Jesse. But he will not, he dare not see you, till we have, in some measure, made his peace.

How, madam! I cried:—but no more of that posture, it pains me past bearing:—Is it a fact?—Can it be possible that the marquis D'Aubigny should be your son? Is he not of the blood royal? The very rival whom your letter rendered so formidable to me? And, was

it not by his order that I was disgracefully confined in a dungeon all night?—No, no, said my lady, he would have suffered the rack first. He is in despair, quite inconsolable on that account. Let us go, my dearest Clinton, let us go and carry comfort to him of whom you are the beloved.

Ah no, my mamma, cried out Louisa, let us put no constraint on Mr. Clinton; I pray you! There has been enough of confinement: we leave him now to his liberty; let him go even where, and to whom he likes best: once, indeed, we could have tied this all-conquering champion with the spinning of a silkworm; but now he tells us that neither gates, bars, nor bolts, shall hold him to us.

Here, I threw myself at her feet; Pardon, pardon, my Louisa, I cried, O pardon the misdeeming transports of your lover, and pardon the faults that love alone could commit. My enemies are foreign to me, they and their injuries affect me not; but you are regent within, my Louisa! you sit throned in my heart, and the presumption of an offence from you makes strange uproar in my soul.—Well, says she, reaching her hand, and smiling through tears, since it is so, poor soul, here is the golden sceptre for you; I think I must take you to mercy. I caught her hand, impressing my very spirit on the wax, and my lady, casting her arms about us, and kissing us both, in turns, requested that we should go and carry some consolation to her dear repining Lewis. As we entered his chamber, the marchioness cried out, Here he comes, my son; we have brought your beloved to you, yet not your Mr. Goodall, as you thought, but one who is, at once, both your good angel, and our good angel, even our own Mr. Clinton, the betrothed of our souls.

I took my seat on the side of the marquis's bed, and looking fondly upon him, inquired of his health; but my speech for the time was overpowered by my affections. Then, taking my hand in his, The power of this hand, says he, I have found to be great; but, has your heart the power to pardon the outrage you have received in the house of him who is deeply your debtor?—My Lord, said I, I have already drank largely of Lethe on that head; nothing but my diffidence of your regard can offend me.

You know not, said my lady, you know not yet, my dear Mr. Clinton, how this provoking business came about. I will explain it in a few words. On our return to Paris, and on our remonstrating to my late lord on the inestimable services you had rendered to his family, he inquired your character among the English: and, notwithstanding the report of the nobility of your birth, and your yet nobler qualities,



hearing also that you had acquired part of your fortune in trade, he conceived an utter contempt and aversion to you. Some time after, as he took notice that Louisa and I wanted our watch and our ring, I dreaded his displeasure, and gave him room to think that the robbers had taken them from us in Flanders; and this report became current among our domestics.

In the mean time, my lord became importunate with our Louisa, about her marriage with the prince of C—— who was then with the army, while her prayers and tears were the only shields she used in her defence. When couriers brought word that the prince was on his return, my lord sent for Louisa, and gave her instant and absolute orders to prepare for her nuptials; but she, full as positively and peremptorily, replied, that her soul was already wedded, that she would never prostitute her body where her heart was an alien, and that tortures should not change her resolution. Her father, thereupon, rose to such ungovernable fury, that, with one blow of his hand, he struck her senseless to his feet; but, when he saw my lamb, all pale and lying as dead before him, the tide of nature returned, and the conflict of his passions became so violent, that an imposthume broke in his stomach, and he was suffocated, and expired on the spot.

Soon after, the prince arrived. He had never seen my daughter, but his ambition to possess a beauty of whom the *grand monarque* himself was said to have been enamoured, had caused him to demand her in marriage. For that purpose he also did us the honour of a visit. Louisa refused to appear; and I told his highness, with the best grace I could, that she happened to be pre-engaged. In a few days after, he met my son in the *Thuilleries*, and accosted him to the same intent; but my son had been previously prejudiced in your favour, my Clinton, and answered the prince with so cold an air, that further words ensued; they both drew, and his highness was slightly wounded, but, as company interposed, the affair was hushed up, and shortly after the prince was killed in a nightly broil upon the *Pontneuf*. We then wrote to our friend De Wit, to acquaint you of these matters, and to hasten you hither; but you arrived, my child, you arrived before there could be any expectation of an answer.

Two days ago, as I observed that my lamb's spirits were something dejected, I prevailed upon her to take an airing to our country villa. On our return this morning, we were struck half dead with the news, that our Lewis was wounded, and dangerously ill in his bed. We flew into his room, and were still more alarmed to find him in a fury that is not to be imagined, while Jacome, his old steward, was on his

knees, all pale, and quaking at a distance before him. Villain, he cried, what have you done with my friend, what have you done with my champion, the preserver of my life?—Please your lordship, said he, trembling, I took him for a highwayman, I saw my lady's ring and my young mistress's watch in his custody; I will swear to the property before the parliament of Paris; and so I lodged him in prison,—till—

Go, wretch! cried my son; recall your information; take all your fellows with you, and instantly bring me back my friend, or your ears shall be the forfeit; but conduct him to his own chamber; I cannot yet bear to see him; I cannot bear the reproach that his eye must cast upon me.

All afflicted, and yet more astonished, my Louisa and I sat down by the side of my son, casting looks of surprise and inquiring doubt on each other. At length I said, What is this that I hear of our ring, and of our watch? Alas, he is no highwayman who took them from us; they were our own free-gift, a mite in return for a million of services. But do you know any thing of the possessor?—I know, answered Lewis, that he is the loveliest of mankind, the preserver of my life, and that his name is Goodall.—Ah! screamed out Louisa, there we are lost again; this Goodall must certainly have murdered our precious Clinton, and possessed himself of our gifts; he would never have parted with them while he had life.—O my sister, said my son, when you see my friend Goodall, you will think nothing of your Harry Clinton. Why were you so hasty, so precipitate in your choice? A robber, a murderer? No. Had I a thousand lives, I would pawn them all for the probity that Heaven has made apparent in the face of my preserver.

It is with great reluctance, my dearest brother, that at times I recite passages tending so much to my own praise; and yet, did I omit them, I should do great injustice to the kind and amiable partiality of those who were so fondly my lovers and my beloved.

But, madam, said I to the marchioness, did you not hint something of his majesty's being enamoured with my Louisa? Ah, such a rival would be terrible indeed, especially in a country of unlimited power.—There is no fear of that now, said my lady. The king has changed his fancy, from young mistresses and old counsellors, to young counsellors and old mistresses. But, what I mentioned was once very serious and alarming.

My Louisa was scarce turned of fourteen, when the dutchess de Choiseul requested her company at Marli, where the court then was:

The king fixed his eye on her, and inquired who she was ; but took no further notice at that time. Missing her, however, at the next, and again the following drawing-room, he asked the marquis what became of his fair daughter ; said he had a place in his eye for her, and desired, in an accent of authority, that he would send her to court.

The marquis instantly took the alarm. He was ever jealous of his honour, and singularly nice in matters of female reputation. He gave his majesty a sort of equivocal consent ; and, hurrying home, ordered me directly to prepare for carrying my daughter out of the French dominions. The night was employed in hastening and packing. We disguised our Louisa in the manner as you saw her metamorphosed at Rotterdam, and set off for Holland before day. The rest you know, my Clinton, as you were the principal mover in all our concerns.—But, tell me, my Lewis, can you conjecture on what account those assassins set upon you?—I declare, madam, said the marquis, I cannot ; perhaps they mistook me for another ; or, now I recollect, it might be owing to some familiar chat which I had, the other night, with a pretty opera girl, who is said to be in the keeping of a very great man. But, madam, you forgot to tell my brother how my father was banished, on account of Louisa, to his paternal seat in Languedoc, on the borders of the Mediterranean.—Very true, said the marchioness, and was not recalled, till madam Maintenon was taken into supreme favour.

But, I wonder what is become of our faithful Gerard ; I thought that he would have been the first to come and to throw himself at the feet of his hero. Indeed, my Harry, he would have tired any, who loved you less, with his praises and perpetual talking of you and your exploits.—O, here he comes !—Step in, Gerard. Is there any one in this company that you remember, beside the family ?

Gerard then advanced with a half-frantic aspect, and kneeling, and grappling at my hand, seemed desirous of devouring it. God be praised, he cried, God be praised, my noble, my glorious master, that I see you once again, and above all that I have the blessing of seeing you in a place, where a throne of beaten gold should be raised to your honour. O, had I been here, all sorts of respects and worships, instead of indignities, should have been paid to your deservings. But, I have provided for the hang-dog Jacome ; I have tied him neck and heels, and tumbled him into the dark vault.

Ah, said I, but, my good friend Gerard, I have not yet got my share of satisfaction upon him ; pray shew me where he is. I then



followed Gerard to the place where the deplorable wretch was cast ; and cutting all his cords, I led him back to the company, and warmly joined his petition for pardon and restoration.

As soon as Jacome and Gerard were withdrawn, Ah, my brother, cried the marquis, what new name shall we find for a man of your new character ? Moreover, what shall we do with you, what shall we do for you ? You have quite overpowered us, we sink under the sense of our obligations. We have nothing worth your acceptance, save this simple wench ; and what is she in comparison of what we owe you ?—Ah, I cried, she is that without which all things are nothing ; she is the living treasure ! I would not exchange this little pearly joint of this very little finger for all the gems that glow in the mines of India ; and, so saying, I pressed the precious finger with my lips ; while Louisa turned upon me an eye of such ineffable satisfaction, as sunk upon my soul, and wrapt it in Elysium.

Ah but, my Harry, said the marquis, you ought not to prize your Louy as much as me ; she did not fall in love with you at first sight, as I did.—How do you know that, honest friend, cried Louisa ? Is there a necessity that our tongues, as well as our blushes, should be tell-tales ? Are maidens to trumpet forth their thoughts like you broad-fronted men, whose ornament is your bold-facedness ?

Thus, happy above all styled happy upon earth, we joyed and lived in each other, continuing a commerce of delightful sensibilities, and mutual love. But, alas, our bliss was soon to be broken in upon. In a few days one of the royal pages came and intimated to the marchioness, that his majesty required her immediate presence at court. She necessarily obeyed such a summons, while we remained in a kind of fearful suspense till her return.

As she entered, the consternation in her countenance instantly struck an alarm to all our hearts. O my children, my dear, my dear children, we must part, she cried, and that too speedily. Our hour of bliss is past, our sunshine is over, and the clouds gather thick upon us, heavy laden with wretchedness. Alas, my heart misgave me ever since the inauspicious encounter the other morning. As we came from our villa, a great funeral met us, our carriage stopped to let them pass, and the carriage of the duke of Ne—rs drove up beside us. As we remained within a few paces of each other, he gazed at Louisa with such an unmannered intenseness, as caused her to colour and turn aside. However, he accosted us not, nor inquired concerning us ; it seems our arms and livery were too sure an indication of our name and quality. In short, on my approaching the presence, the

king affected to smile very graciously upon me, and said, I have provided, madam, a princely husband for your daughter; it is the duke of Ne—rs.—Ah, I cried, bending my knee in a supplicating posture, my daughter is already engaged, by bands of the most endearing and indissoluble obligations, to a man who has preserved the lives and honours of all our family; to a man who, I trust, by his eminent courage and qualities, will become the brightest jewel in your majesty's crown.—Madam, said he severely, you must withdraw your election; I find I have ordered matters superior to your merits; but my will is the law here, and shall be obeyed.—I rose, dejectedly, courtesied, and withdrew without reply.

Ah, I exclaimed, on what summit does this rival hold his abode? I will instantly go and scale it, and at once put an end to his life and his pretensions! My lady then, throwing her arms about my neck, and pressing her lips to my cheek, What romance, says she, is this, my Harry? Would you at once fight the duke, and the king, and the whole army of France? No, my child; prudence reduces us to more salutary measures. We must part, my Harry, we must part this very night, and my Louisa must depart with you. My chaplain shall, this minute, unite you by ties that death alone can sunder. Alas, my precious babes, I little expected that your nuptials would be celebrated by tears and wailings! But, better these than no nuptials. When you are once joined, I shall care little for myself: and, if we meet no more here, we may yet meet hereafter, as happily as the barbarians who tear us asunder.

The chaplain was then summoned; and, having performed his office, no congratulations nor salutations ensued, save a kiss on the hand of my angel. The marquis then called me; and, drawing me down to him, he pressed me ardently to his bosom, cried, O my Harry, O my Harry! burst into tears, and dismissed me.

Meanwhile all was in a bustle throughout the palace. No festival was prepared, no bridal bed laid. Horses, arms, and carriages, were all the cry: and the marchioness, with a bleeding heart, but amazing resolution, issued her orders with a presence of mind that seemed serene in the midst of tempest.

I then sent for my brave fellows, with orders to double their arms, and to double their ammunition. They came accordingly. It was now within three hours of day. All was dispatched, all in readiness, the carriages were at the gate. Silence sat on every tongue, and a tear on every cheek. I threw myself at my mother's feet, I clasped, I clung to them; she wept aloud over me, but neither of us uttered

a word. When, rending myself away, I took my sobbing Louisa under my arm, seated her gently in her chariot, placed myself to support her, and away we drove.

When we got clear of the town, and were speeding on the way, my Louisa started and cried out, O, how fast, how very fast, they take me from you, my mamma! Whither, whither do they carry me, perhaps never to return, never to meet again! I answered not, but kissed her head, and drew her gently to me, and she seemed to be more at ease. But, after a while, I felt her agitation at my bosom, and she exclaimed, From my birth to this hour of woe, my blessed mamma, never was I from those dear arms of yours; shall I ever, shall I ever again, behold those eyes that used to look with such fondness upon me?

Here, I could no longer contain, but taking her hands between mine, and weeping upon them, I said, Will you then, my angel, are you resolved upon breaking the heart of your Harry? O no, says she, no, not for worlds upon worlds would I break that dear and feeling heart, the heart of my heart, the heart of which I became enamoured. She then leaned her head fondly over, and in a while fell fast asleep; while my arms gently encircled and my soul brooded over her, as the wings of a turtle over her new-begotten.

When she awoke, and found herself so endearingly situated, she gave me a look that overvalued the ransom of a monarch; she kissed my hands in turn, she kissed the skirts of my garments. O, she cried, I will endeavour, I will do my best, to be more composed. I know I ought not to repine. I am too rich, too happy. I ought to wish for nothing more, I ought to wish for no one more; since my Harry is so near me, since I have him to myself.—But—but—And here her lovely lips began again to work; and the drops that trembled in her living brilliants could hardly be restrained from breaking prison. Soon after, the grief of her heart overweighed her spirits, and she fell again asleep in my arms, that opened of themselves to receive her.

On setting up for the night, I rejoiced to find that my Louisa was something more alive: and that her repose on the way had greatly deducted from the fatigue that I apprehended. When we had eaten a bit of supper, she looked to me and from me, with downcast lids; and, with changing looks and a faltering accent, began to say, Will you, will you permit me, my love, to be regent for a little time, and in a very trifling matter? Allow me only to be governess for a few days, and I promise that you shall be my supreme lord and sweet master all the rest of my life.

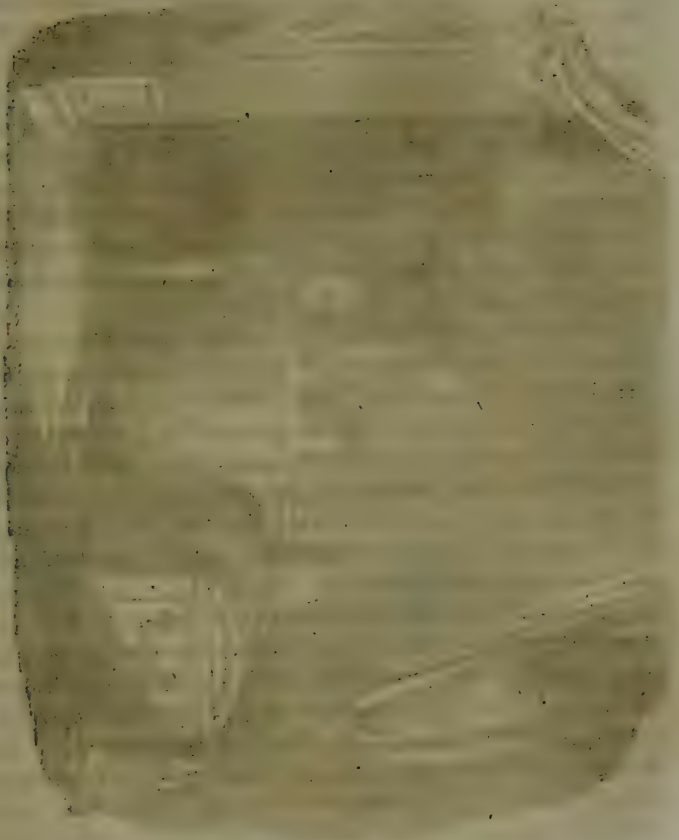


I swear, said I, in a transport, by that precious head, that you are already sovereign of all my thoughts and actions; and that, during my existence, you shall dispose of all that I have and all that I am at pleasure.

O then, said she, my Harry, we must lie apart for some nights. I would not have our blessed bridal bed stained by tears and dirges. Nay, no hesitation, you have sworn that I am ruler, and I will be obeyed. I then cast myself at her knees, and hiding my face in her lap,—Cruel, cruel Louisa, I cried, I find you are not yet mine. What shall I do to earn you? But I will be patient, if possible; I would not for the world put the colour of constraint on the love of my beloved. And so I kissed her gown in token of due homage. Arising, I called her maids, and desired that they would order their mistress's chamber to be prepared, as also a bed for themselves in the same apartment. I then secretly ordered that a pallet should be spread for myself before her outer door, and laying myself down, with my arms at my side, I guarded, like the dragon of old, the precious fruit of my Hesperia.

At length we reached Calais, and immediately sent to the Beach to engage a ship for wafting us to the Land of Freedom; but the wind was contrary. Meanwhile the day advanced toward evening, and my Louisa and I sat together in the arbour of a little pleasure-garden that lay behind the house, when James came hastening to us, and cried, Hide yourself, madam, for heaven's sake hide yourself! here is the duke de Ne—rs with a large party of the king's guards. Poor Louisa started up and attempted to fly, but she trembled and grew faint, and sunk down again on her seat.

James, said I, stay and take care of your mistress. Then, turning with hasty steps to the house, I recommended my spirit in a short ejaculation, and entered, determined that the duke should accompany me in death. His highness was in the parlour. I advanced fiercely toward him. So, sir, says he, you have cost us a warm chase.—Heavens! what do I see?—and, so crying out, he threw himself back into an arm-chair, all panting, and his aspect working with distraction.—Cursed chance! he again exclaimed; are you the man, Clinton?—Ah, I must not hurt you, I ought not to injure you; but what is then to be done? Where have you put my Louisa?—But no matter, let her not appear, let me not see her; I could not answer the consequence.—I would be just if I could, Clinton.—O love, O honour, how you do distract me!—You refused my treasures and jewels, Clinton, but then you have rent from me a gem more estimable than







my dukedom.—Help, saints; help, angels; help me to wrestle with myself!—Honour, Virtue, Gratitude, O, compel me to be just!—Tear, tear me away, while there is strength to depart!—Adieu, Clinton, you are recompensed; should we happen to meet again, I may assail you without reproach. And, so saying, he rose suddenly and rushed out of the house.

I then hastened to seek my love, but had scarce entered the garden when I saw James on his knees before her, endeavouring to oppose her way to the house. But she cried, Away, villain, let me pass, they are murdering my lord, they are murdering my husband! I will go and perish with him. Then breaking away from him, she shot along like a lapwing, till, seeing me advancing, she sprung upon my bosom, crying, O my Harry! O my Harry, are you safe, are you safe? And fainted away in my arms.

The rest of my story, my lord, is no way material or entertaining. The serene of heart-felt happiness has little of adventure in it, and is only interesting to the possessors. Having settled my affairs in London, and carrying my Eden along with me, I passed into Holland to settle and be quit of matters there also. For the world that I wished for was in my holding, and all things else appeared encumbering. It was there that I met our Meekly, and taking a pleasant tour through the skirts of Germany, we entered France, and leaving Paris on the right hand, we reached the marquis's country seat, situate near twenty leagues beyond the metropolis.

What a meeting, what an interview! My Louisa sunk in tears, for half an hour, on the bosom of her mother. And the marquis would put me from him, and pull me to him again, all panting with transport! It was too much joy. The domestics would no longer be restrained from their share of the felicity; they rushed in, and as though we had been new descended divinities, they dropped on their knees, they fell prostrate and clung about us, kissed our feet, our hands, our garments, and broke forth into cries, as though it had been the house of mourning and lamentation.

On retiring, they got my Louisa's Gerard to themselves; he now became a man of mighty importance among them. They crowded about him, and in a joint voice put a distraction of questions, inquired after our travels, our adventures, our good and evil occurrences, and all that concerned us. The marchioness then coming, and casting her honoured arms around me, and weeping upon me, cried aloud, O Harry, my son, my son, I delivered my daughter to you; and I see that you have entreated her very kindly, my son, my son!

As my Louisa now began to be apparently pregnant, I earnestly pressed my precious mother and brother to accompany us to England, the place where law was regent, where there was no apprehension of inquisitions or bastiles; and where the peasant was guarded, with a bulwark of adamant, against every encroachment of arbitrary power. They assented with joy, and the marquis, going to his *escritoir*, brought forth bills to the amount of ten millions of livres, the produce of some concerns which he had disposed of for the purpose. Here, my brother, says he, if I am not able to be generous, I will at least be just; here is the patrimony to which my lovely sister is entitled. But I said to the marquis, My lovely Louisa can admit of no accession of value. Keep your goods to yourself. Remember how Esau said to Jacob, I have enough, my brother; these things can add nothing to the abundance of my blessings. But then, he cried, you must accept them, as a token of our loves; and so he constrained me.

Soon after, we passed to London, where we continued some months, and where my Louisa was delivered of my little Eloisa, who was said to be the beautiful likeness of her father.

We then retired to my seat near Stratford on the fatal Avon, the chief of the landed possessions that Mr. Golding had bequeathed me; where we remained something upward of five years, happy, I think, above all that ever were happy upon earth. For my Louisa was perpetual festivity to our sight and to our hearts; her attitudes were grace, her movements were harmony, and her smiles were fascination. Still varying, yet exhibiting the same delight, like the Northern Aurora she shone in all directions. She had been, from her earliest years, the beloved disciple of the celebrated Madam Guyon; and the world, with all its concerns, its riches and respects, had fallen off from her, as the cloke fell away from the burning chariot of Elijah. She looked at nothing but her Lord in all things, she loved nothing but him in any thing.

Our friends now prevailed upon us to accompany them in our turn to France, together with our prattling Eloisa, who was become the darling and inseparable companion of her grandmother and her uncle. We again took London in our way. I there renewed, for a while, my old acquaintance with my fellows in trade, and they persuaded me to join them in a petition to his majesty for the restoration of some of the lapsed rights of their corporation, as your lordship may remember.

From Calais we turned, and by long, but pleasant journies, at length

arrived at the marquis's paternal seat in Languedoc, that opened a delightful prospect on the Mediterranean. And here we continued upwards of five years more, even as Adam continued in paradise, compassed in by bliss, from the rest of the world. During this happy period, I often pressed my dear marquis to marry; but he would take me to his arms, and say, O, my Harry, shew me but the most distant resemblance of our Louisa, and I will marry and be blessed without delay. In the mean while, my angel made me the joyful father of a little son, who was also said to be the happier resemblance of his unhappy father. Then, though I had long disregarded the world and all its concerns, as I saw a family increasing upon me, and also considering the poor as my appointed and special creditors, I resolved once more to return and settle my long suspended accounts.

As for the marchioness, she protested that she could not think of parting with her little Eloisa, and that she should not be able to survive her absence ten days. So my Louisa and I, and my little Richard, who was named after you, my lord, set out by sea, and, after a favourable voyage, arrived in England; comforted however with the promise that our friends would join us as soon as possible in Britain.

Within the ten subsequent months we received the joyful tidings that our brother was married to the third daughter of the duke of Alenson, that they were all in the highest triumph, and would speedily be with us on the banks of the Avon. Soon after, as my Louisa and I rode along the river, pleasing ourselves with the prospect of a speedy union with persons so dear to us, and talking and laughing at the cares of the covetous, and ambition of the high-minded, a fowler inadvertently fired a shot behind us; and my horse, bounding aloft, plunged with me into the current, from whence however I was taken, and unwillingly reserved to years of inexpressible misery. Meanwhile my love had fallen, with a shriek, from her horse, and lay senseless on the ground. Some of my people flew back, and bringing a carriage, conveyed us gently home, where my Louisa was undressed and put into a bed, from whence she never rose. Her fright had given such a shock to her blood and spirits as threw her into a violent fever.

On the second day, while I sat with the physicians by her side, James put in his head and beckoned me forth. Ah, my dearest master, says he, I pray God to give you the strength and patience of Job; you have great need of them, for your calamities, like his, come all in a heap upon you. Here is a messenger dispatched from France



with very heavy tidings, that my sweet young lady, your darling Eloisa, was cast away, in a sloop, upon a party of pleasure, and that the good old marchioness did not out-live her five days. Then lifting my eyes to heaven, Strip, strip me, my God, I cried, to the skin, to the bone; leave but my Louisa, and I will bless thy dispensations!

On the next day, my little Dicky was taken ill of a severe cold. As he was of a florid complexion, his disorder fell suddenly into an inflammation on his lungs, and in a few days he went to join his little sister in eternity. Did I not feel these losses? Yes, yes, my friends; they wrung, they rent my vitals. Yet I still lifted up my heart, and repeatedly cried, Take, take all, even the last mite; leave, leave me but my Louisa, and I will bless thee, O my Creator.

Alas, what could this avail? Can an insect arrest the motion whereby the universe continues its course? On the fifth day I perceived that the eyes of my Louisa, the lamps of my life, began to lose their lustre. The breath that was the balm of all my cares and concerns, grew difficult and short. The roses of my summer died away on her cheek. All agonizing, I felt and participated her changes, and she expired while I dropt senseless beside her. I knew not what our people did with her or me afterward. For three weeks I lay in a kind of dosing, but uneasy stupor; neither do I recollect, during that period, when or whether I received any kind of sustenance.

At length I awoke to the poignancy and bitterness of my situation. I did not awake to life, but rather to the blackest regions of death. And yet it was from this depth of death alone, that my soul could find, or would accept, an alleviation of its anguish. O earth, I cried, where is thy centre, how deeply am I sunk beneath it! How are the worms exalted over me! How much higher are reptiles that crawl upon earth! I will not accuse thee, thou great Disposer, I have had my day, the sweetest that ever was allotted to man; but, O, thy past blessings serve only to enhance my present miseries!

I then rose, and threw myself along the floor; my faithful servants immediately gathered to me, and finding that I would not be removed, they cast themselves around me. All light was shut out, save the glimmering of a taper, and for seven nights and seven days we dwelt in silence, except the solemn interruption of smothered sobs and wailings.

At length my spirit reproved me. What property, said I to myself, have these people in my sufferings? or why should I burden those who love me with my afflictions? I then constrained myself, and went and took out a drawer. Here, my friends, I said, here is something

that may help hereafter to dry up your tears. Divide this among you ; neither these counters nor your services are now of further use. Fare ye well, fare ye well, my worthy and beloved friends ! God will give you a more gracious master, but—but—such another mistress you never—never will find ! I then took each of them to my arms, and embraced them, and the house was instantly filled with heart-tearing lamentations.

I now expected and wished to be left wholly alone ; but James and two domestics remained against my will. I then endeavoured to seem easy, I even struggled to appear cheerful, that I might communicate the less of grief to the voluntary sharers in my misery. O world, world, I said to myself, thou once pleasant world, we now bid a long, an eternal adieu, to each other ! from thee I am cut asunder, thou art annihilated to me, and we mutually reject every kind of future commerce.

Ah, how much deeper was my death than that of those in the tomb, “ where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest ! ” While I was dead to every relish of light and of life, I was wholly alive to all the gloom and horrors of the grave. The rays of the sun became an offence to my soul, the verdure of the fields, the whole bloom of nature, were blasted and blasting to my sight ; and I wished to sink yet deeper, and to own a lower bottom of darkness and distress.

I no longer regarded what the world thought of me, or what it did to me, and I left my hair and my nails, even as those of Nebuchadnezzar, to grow like eagle’s feathers and bird’s claws. My faithful James, in the mean time, took a house for me in this village, in order to remove me from scenes that could only serve to perpetuate or aggravate my misery, by reminding me of the blessedness that I once enjoyed. He was now become the controller. I was patient and passive to every thing ; and so he conducted me hither, I neither knew nor cared how.

In all this time, though I panted after a state of insensibility, even as a traveller in the burning desert thirsts after a cool and slaking stream, I never attempted to lay a violent hand on the work of my Creator. I did not even wish an alleviation of misery, since my God hath appointed that I should be so miserable. At length my spirit rose from its blackness, to a kind of calm twilight. I called for a Bible, and, since this world was incapable of affording me a drop of consolation, I wished to know if the next had any in store.

As I read the letter, the whole, and the facts contained therein,

appeared as so many seals and vails that removed from before my eyes, and discovered depths under depths, and heavens above heavens, to my amazed apprehension. I had no vision, no revelation of these matters; but the conviction was impressed as strongly on my soul, as though an angel, or God himself, had revealed them to me. How this came to pass I know not. Homer gives to his heroes a sight into futurity at the time that their spirits are breaking away from the shackles of flesh and blood. And it is not unlikely that the eye of the soul, when wholly turned from all earthly objects, can penetrate with greater perspicuity into concerns that are merely celestial and divine. I have now told you the whole of my dreary history, my friends, till I met with our Harry; and the rest our Harry can tell.

But Harry was in no manner of vein, at present, for entertaining or receiving entertainment from any one. His eyes were swelled with weeping, his spirits totally depressed; and getting up, as with the burden of fourscore years on his shoulders, he retired slowly and silently to his apartment.

Here Mr. Meekly took the opportunity of our hero's absence, to apprise the company of what had passed respecting the fair Aggy Jessamin. And why, my dear Meekly, said the earl, why would you baulk my boy? I would rather than fifty thousand broad pieces get any offspring of my Harry into my arms. He is a glorious fellow, he cannot be debased by marrying a kitchen wench, although his alliance would ennoble a princess. What is your opinion, brother?—Indeed, said Mr. Clinton, if the girl is virtuous, as her countenance promises, I have no objection.

Mr. Meekly instantly went with these indulgent tidings to Harry; but he shook his head, and said, No, no, my friend, I will not abuse their goodness. Beside, since I heard the story of my uncle's Louisa, my passion is not quite so violent. I have formed a perfect idea of the bride I would wish; and, if I get not some one answering the image in my heart, I will go unmarried to my tomb. Yet, as I still ardently love the sweet girl, I would not for the world risk the temptation of a meeting with her; and I am willing to pay roundly for her removal. Be pleased then, my dear friend, to settle this matter with her father; the stipulated sum shall be ready on demand to any amount that you please, if it may serve to promote her happiness.

On the next day, Mr. Meekly introduced to Harry a tall and comely young man in a peasant's dress, but of an air and deportment much superior to his appearance. My lord, said Meekly, as he entered, you must quit all further thoughts of the lovely Miss Jessamin. I



have here brought a prior claimant, to whom, I am confident, the probity, the generosity of your heart, will give place.

Harry rose to receive him, when the stranger, looking earnestly and amazedly at him, cried out, Ah, no, we must all give place. Does she know him? has Aggy seen him? I will then go and bury myself where my heart may break in despair of ever reclaiming her affections.—No fear, sir, said Harry, reaching his hand; give me but to know that you have entitled yourself to her regard, and my own heart shall break in a thousand pieces, rather than oppose the peace of two gentle lovers.

I will give you our story, my lord, in a few words. Mr. Jessamin, and my father Jessop, served an apprenticeship to the same merchant, and, when that was expired, they joined in trade to the Levant. But, as my father was of the more adventurous temper, they soon after broke partnership. My father traded to Turkey, and Mr. Jessamin confined himself to the Italian coast. In one of his voyages to Genoa, he there married, and begot the charming Aggy; and, returning to London after a number of years, he fitted out a ship of considerable force, in order to convoy his wife and daughter, with all his treasures, to England. On their way home they were taken by a French privateer. Their ship and rich cargo were sent to Toulon. And Mrs. and Miss Jessamin, with some other persons, were taken on board the enemy's vessel, that proceeded on her cruise for further captures. I happened, at the time, to be on my return homeward, in a stout ship that had the appearance of a merchant-man, but was actually better fitted for war than trade.

The same privateer came up with us, and bearing on us, with confidence, commanded us to strike; but we answered them with an unexpected broadside, and, coming to close quarters, nearly cleared their deck by the discharge of our small arms. Soon after, we grappled and boarded; when, hastening down to the cabin, I there, for the first time, beheld my Aggy, in a fainting fit, with her lovely head reclined on the lap of her mother.

As I kneeled to give assistance toward her recovery, she first opened the morning of her eyes upon me, then turning them to her mother, cried, Ah, madam, what new misfortune has been added to our misery? I hope we have not fallen into the hand of the infidels.—No, Miss, I said, you are free, you are free, and you are freed by hands that offer themselves, of their own accord, to your shackles.

When we came to port, I divided the freight of our prize among the brave fellows who had seconded me so gallantly. And, having

sold the vessel for three and twenty hundred pounds, I compelled Mrs. Jessamin to accept of it, as some small compensation for the losses that her family had sustained.

As soon as I had paid my duty to my father, and that the warmth of his first caresses was over, Sir, said I, I have melancholy news to tell you. I fear your old friend and partner, Mr. Jessamin, is undone, as to trade; great part of his fortune has been seized by the French, and that may prove a heavy loss to myself also. He has but one daughter, and might I have prevailed upon her to accept of my hand, I should have become entitled to all her father's possessions. But, sir, I cried, casting myself passionately at his feet, if the happiness of your son is of any weight with you, you will still assent to our union, and thereby make me the most blessed of all human beings!

Everard, said my father, sedately, you know I love you, and I am willing to divide that love between your fancy and your fortune. If Jessamin lays down twenty thousand pounds, in hand, toward portioning your sisters, I will consent to your union. And that is what I would not do with any other wench under double the sum.

As I knew my father's disposition to be obstinate, I rose and retreated without reply. I instantly went to Mr. Jessamin's, I found my charmer alone. I threw myself at her knees. I solicited, I urged her to an immediate marriage. When, blushing like the morning, Sir, said she, we owe you all things, I never can refuse you any thing that virtue will allow me to grant.—Ah, how cold is that, I cried; I will not accept you as a debt, my Aggy; if your heart is not a free-will offering, then let mine burst in sunder; they can have no commerce together.—Indeed, says she, giving her hand, I never had an inclination for any other, and I have in the world but one objection to you.—What is that, what is that?—It is, she cried, with filling eyes, that I fear to hurt you by a match so disproportioned to your merits.

Her parents entered, and found me still at her feet. I rose in much confusion, and, taking a seat, I candidly told them what had passed between my father and me; and urged the same petition to them that I had to their daughter; when Mr. Jessamin, recollecting himself, gave me an answer deserving an everlasting memorial.

Mr. Jessop, says he, had I a province to bestow along with my child, you should have it as freely as I would give of my water-cistern to a thirsty traveller. But here it happens that the inestimable obligations which you have heaped upon my family, raise insuperable obstacles to the gratification of your present desires.

In the first place, as a man of probity, if I wish one day to merit

the happiness of your alliance, I cannot consent to be a party in any clandestine matter. Again, shall a heart bursting with gratitude, bring either damage or disgrace on the only one whom I account my benefactor and patron? Lastly, shall a father, who estimates the honour of his child as a pearl above the world's purchase, subject her tender gratitude to the temptation of yielding further than she ought; or even to the temptation of binding her virtuous affections beyond the power of a retreat? This would be too severe a tribute even for all that you have done for us. Do not exact it, my son. My heart bleeds under the necessity of rejecting your suit. You cannot be pained as I am by this refusal. But it is inevitable. You and my daughter must meet no more till these clouds are over-passed, and that a new light of happier influence begins to dawn upon us.

I answered not. I wept where I sat for half an hour, (not unaccompanied,) and then withdrew.

But, my lord, I begin to grow tedious, in spite of my intentions. I returned to my father, and requested him, in order, as I said, to get rid of my present passion, that he would dispatch me abroad upon another voyage. I had given him a very lucrative account of my last, and that made him the less inquisitive respecting the prize we had taken. He assented with joy, as he feared that my love might yet prevail in the combat against duty. And he took upon himself the care of equipping out my ship in a more gallant plight than ever.

The day before I went on board, I stepped to Mr. Jessamin's. My Aggy did not appear, and I found her parents employed in preparing for a disconsolate retreat to the country. I told them I came to take my leave, and asked if they would send any venture by me? The worthy man then went to his desk, and taking out the produce of the sale of the privateer, Here, my Everard, says he, I have nothing to adventure with you save your own free gift. The remainder of the wreck of my fortune is enough to supply us with every frugal accommodation, in our desired exclusion from the world. And here is a little note of the place of our retreat, if ever, my child, if ever—if ever we shall happen to meet on this side of eternity!—O, I cried, kissing the bills, if I do not bring you a good account of these ventures, never will we meet, till parting shall be no more.

We then set about taking leave, and having several times rushed alternately into the arms of each other, we again sat down and wept till no tears were left; when, rending myself away from them, and nearly blind to the way that I went, I departed.



Within a year and a half I returned, and, in a storm, put in at Plymouth. But notwithstanding the intrepidity, and great affection, of my companions; though I had made death and success matters equally indifferent, and on one of which I was determined; yet our high hopes had failed us on several occasions, and I am come back with little more than ten thousand pounds for Mr. Jessamin, over the produce of the voyage which my father may exact from me. Wherefore, with a beating heart, I have crossed the country, impatient, yet fearful, to know how the heart of the nobly inexorable Jessamin may be affected toward me; and this morning, as I skulked about the house, this gentleman met me, and, having questioned me, brought me directly before your lordship.

Here Harry covered his eyes with his hand, and musing for a time, at length said, I fear, my friends, it may be difficult to bring this matter about with propriety. I would not willingly affront Mr. Jessop by a gift of the sum that is deficient to his happiness. Neither, indeed, would it be delicate in Mr. Jessop to offer to his father-in-law a penny beyond what his venture had acquired. You therefore, my dear Mr. Meekly, shall be the conduit of the expedient that I propose on the occasion. I question if the war was proclaimed when Jessamin's ship was made prize; but be that matter as it may, I trust I have interest sufficient to procure a restoration of it. Do you therefore, my friend, get me an order from Jessamin for £10,000, on the first of his effects in France, and then take this key, and deliver to our friends the sum required by the father of this worthy man.

Meekly then sprung up, and catching and clinging about Harry, O my hero, he cried, you are the very champion whom heaven delighteth to empower to subdue itself by violence! Go on, till the wreath of triumph shall be bound to your head in all its prepared glories! Meanwhile young Jessop lay prostrate, in the oppression of gratitude, at the feet of his younger patron. But Harry, gently and affectionately disengaging himself from them, withdrew to his closet, saying to his own heart, Now Aggy, adieu, adieu Aggy, for ever!

For three succeeding Sundays our hero heard the banns of marriage published between Everard Jessop and Agnes Jessamin, all which he bore with the resignation of a Christian. Perhaps, some may be curious to know how Aggy stood affected in regard to our young lord. Let it suffice to be told, that she made the worthiest of wives to the worthy Everard, notwithstanding that he had the imprudence to tell her of Harry's regard, as also of the obligations by which he had bound them. Aggy therefore could not justly refuse Harry

a share in her friendship; and there is something extremely tender in the friendship of a generous female.

One evening, after coffee, the earl turned to Mr. Clinton, and said, How came it to pass, my brother, that Jesus suffered near four thousand years to elapse before he became incarnate for the salvation of the world, although it was by him alone that the world could be saved?

We may as well demand of God, said Mr. Clinton, why he suffered near four days of creation to elapse, before he compacted yond glorious body of far-beaming light. For, the sun himself is but a shadow of the CHRIST that was to come. But, did the world want light, before light became incorporated in its illustrious circumstances? No, my lord; JESUS, who was from eternity the illumination of the dark immensity of nature; Jesus, who, alone, is the living light of spirits, the perpetual fountain of the streams of beauty and truth; he said, LET THERE BE LIGHT! and instantly, through the darkness of a ruined world, his ever-living light kindled up a corporeal irradiation, that has its effulgence from him, and cannot beam but by him.

Now, as a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day, in the sight of God; you see that the fourth day of Creation, wherein the light of the outward world was compacted into the glorious body of the sun, precisely answers to the four thousandth year wherein Jesus, the light of eternity, was to become embodied in Christ, the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. But, as the world wanted not light before the sun opened his first morning in the east, neither did it want the means of salvation before the blessed doctrine of the MESSIAH was promulged upon earth.

All persons of selfish and little minds would make a monopoly of the SAVIOUR, they would shut him up into a conventicle, and say to their God, *Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.* But he is not to be confined. The Spirit of our Jesus bloweth where he listeth. And he is at once both the purifier and redeemer, as well of all nations, as also of all nature. Accordingly, we see that the Turks, who are wholly unblessed by true religion or liberty; who live the slaves of slaves, without a settled form of civil government, temporally subjected to the will of a tyrant, and spiritually to the worship of a sensual impostor; yet want not the feeling of our JESUS in their hearts.

Even the wild Indians, who never heard the name of Jesus, who know no law but that of nature; these want not their attachments, their friendships, their family-feelings, nor the sweet compunctions and emotions of the human heart, by Jesus, forming to DIVINE.

The truth is, that people live incomparably more by impulse and inclination, than by reason and precept. Reason and precept are not always within our beck; to have their due influence, they require frequent inculcation and frequent recollection; but impulse and inclination are more than at hand, they are within us, and, from the citadel, rule the out-works of man at pleasure.

When the Apostle, speaking of CHRIST, affirms, that *there is no other NAME under Heaven whereby a man may be saved*; and again, when he affirms, that those, *who have not received the Law, are a Law unto themselves*; he intends one and the same thing. He intends that CHRIST, from the fall of man, is a PRINCIPLE OF REDEMPTION in the bosoms of all living. That he is not an *outward*, but an *inward Redeemer*, working out our salvation *by the change of our depraved nature*. That in and from him, alone, arise all the sentiments and sensibilities that warm the heart with love, that expand it with honour, that wring it with compunction, or that heave it with the story of distant distress. And that he alone can be qualified to be judge at the last day, who, from the first day to the last, was internally a co-operator and witness of all that ever passed within the bosoms of men.

Hence it is that, although the Christian countries have received the *two Tables* of the law of Christ, his *external* as well as *internal Revelation*, (each witnessing to the other, that the God of our *Gospel* is the God of our *Nature*,) the nations, however, who are strangers to his name, yet acknowledge his influence; they do not indeed *hear*, but they *feel*, the precepts of that *LIGHT which lighteneth every Man who cometh into the World*.

My dearest brother, said the earl, my conceptions are quite clear with respect to the omnipresence of Christ's divinity. But, as his body is circumscribed by external lineaments, I can form no notion of its being in several places at once. How then will it be, I pray you, at and after the last day? Will he be present to, and approachable only by, a select number of his saints; or will he go certain circuits through the heavens, blessing all, in rotation, with his beatific presence.

Is not the body of yonder sun circumscribed, my lord?—Most certainly.—It is now, said Mr. Clinton, at a distance of many millions of leagues from you, and yet you see it as evidently, and feel its influence as powerfully, as if it were within your reach. Nay, it is more than within your reach, it is within your existence. It supplies comfort and life to your animal body; and you could not survive an hour without its influence.



Now, this is no other than the type of what Christ will be to his new-begotten in the resurrection, when *corruption shall be swallowed up of glory, and mortal of immortality*. The same blessed body which, for the redemption of commiserated sinners, went through the shameful and bloody process of agonizing scourges, thorns, spittings, and buffetings; which hung six hours on the cross; which descended into the grave, and thence opened the way through death into life, and through time into eternity; even this body shall then shine forth in ineffable beauty and beatitude, in essentially communicative grace and glory; through the height and the depth, through the length and through the breadth, beaming wide beyond the universe, from infinity to infinity.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, will then become co-embodied in this divine body; they will be the repletion of it, they will operate all things by it. To bring the Creator nearer to his creatures, the invisible Godhead will then become visible, the infinite circumscribed, the unapproachable accessible, and the incomprehensible comprehended, within the humanity of our Christ. Then will his cross be exalted, for an ensign to the circling, bending, and worshipping universe. His wreath of thorns will kindle all nature with the dartings and effluence of its coruscations. And his reed of mockery will become the sceptre of unlimited dominion.

From his five wounds shall be poured forth incessant floods of glory, and wide-diffusing blessedness, upon all his redeemed. Adoring worlds, in self-abjection, shall strive to sink beneath the abjection, that became their salvation. These ever-apparent ensigns of so dearly purchased benefits shall attract the wills of all creatures, they shall cause all hearts and affections to rush and cleave to him, as steel-dust rushes to the magnet, and as spokes stick in the nave whereon they are centered. There shall be no lapse thenceforward, no falling away, for ever; but God in his Christ, and Christ in his redeemed, shall be a will and a wisdom, and an action and a mightiness, and a goodness and a graciousness, and a glory rising on glory, and a blessing rising on blessedness, through an ever beginning to a never ending eternity.

O brother, exclaimed the earl, I am enraptured, I am entranced! I feel it all, I feel it all. I am already, with all my transgressions, desirous of being crushed to nothing under the foot of my Redeemer. But he comforts, instead of crushing me. O that I were this night, this very moment, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ!

That night the earl was quite happy and pleasant, and affectionate

even beyond his custom. He said and did every thing that could be endearing to his Harry and to his friends. He caressed them at parting for bed. He smilingly shook hands with all the domestics that approached him; and, in the morning, was found dead, without any notice to the servant who attended and lay in the room.

A sudden alarm was instantly given through the family, and quickly reached the town, and spread through the adjacent country. Harry fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him, crying, My father, O my father! And they laid his remains in a rich coffin under a sable canopy of velvet, and the house and the court was circled with mourners from all parts, until his body was deposited in the family tomb: but Mr. Clinton would not permit Harry to attend the funeral of his father.

Our hero was now the master of unbounded wealth, approaching to the prime of youth, glowing with health, action, and vigour, of beauty incomparable, beloved of all who knew him, and the admiration of every eye where he passed. Yet all these advantages, with his higher accomplishments, became as matters of no value; they sunk and sickened to his sense, while he felt a void in his bosom, after he knew not what, sighing he knew not why; keen and craving in his desires, yet pining and languid in the want of possession.

What is the matter, my love, said Mr. Clinton? My dear brother died in a good old age. Such things should be expected; and we ought not to grieve as persons without hope.—True, sir, said the young earl, and yet it is a melancholy thing for a poor man to reflect how rich he was a very little while ago. I lately had a dear brother, a dear mother, and the dearest of fathers; but where are they now? I look round the world, and see nothing but yourself therein. And—should you too.—He could no more. His uncle also broke into tears, at the thoughts of parting with his darling Harry, though it were to join his Louisa.

My Harry, says he, at last, for never will I change that dear name for any title however deserved by you, we have yet two precious treasures upon earth, if we did but know where to find them; it is your cousin the Countess of Maitland, and the brother of my Louisa, the Marquis D'Aubigny. Let us go in search of them, my son. Next to my Louisa they are the loveliest of all living. They abound in all human and divine affections, and will caress us with kindred and corresponding hearts.

Soon after, they set out for France, and soon arrived at Paris, where Mr. Clinton ordered his large retinue to his ancient hotel, and,

taking only two footmen, he and his Harry went in their post-chaise to the marquis's palace.

On ringing of the bell, and opening the gate, a single domestic came forth. Mr. Clinton perceived that all was dark in the hall, and this instantly gave an alarm to his ever ready feelings. He alighted, however, and, entering with his Harry, Where is your master, says he, where is my brother the marquis?—Heaven bless us, cried the fellow, are you my master's brother? I have heard much talk of and about your lordship, though I never was so happy as to see your face before. Ho! he continued, and rung another bell, come all of you! attend the brother of your lord; attend the present master and lord of your household!—Immediately the palace was in commotion, the house was lighted up, and all seemed to have acquired wings to aid their motions. Mr. Clinton looked with eagerness at each of the domestics, endeavouring to recollect the features of some old acquaintance; but all the faces were strange to him. Pray tell me, my friends, says he, where is your master? Where and how are he and his lady? are they still in good health? has he had any children by her?

Please your honour, said an elderly man, my master's first lady died in her child-birth, and her infant perished with her. But he is since married to one of the loveliest women in the world. He is gone, a year since, on an embassy into Africa; his lady would not be left behind; we lately heard from them; they are both in health; and we expect that less than a month will bring them safe to us; indeed, the sum of our prayers is for their happy and speedy return.

What, said Mr. Clinton, are there none of my old friends, not one of our ancient domestics, here?—Please your lordship, Jacome, the white-headed steward, is still left, but, though in good health, he is very little more than half alive.—Pray go and tell him that an old friend of his is here, and would be very glad to see him; but do not do things suddenly, and be very tender and careful in bringing him to me.

Old Jacome was wheeled in, wrinkled, pale, and paralytic; and all enfeebled as he sat reclining in an easy chair, he seemed to recover life and new spirits, as they brought him forward. Bring me to him, bring me to him, he cried; my eyes are wondrous dim; bring me closer, that I may know if it is my very master indeed. Bring me but once to know that it is his sweet pardoning face, and then let me die, I care not.

Mr. Clinton then took him lovingly by the hand; My good friend



Jacome, says he, we are both growing old; I rejoice however to see you once more upon earth.—O, cried the old man, a well known and a sweet tuned voice is that voice! it is you then, it is you yourself, my master! Alas! for your losses since last we parted; I have got a salt rheum in my eyes of late, and I never thought of you but it began to come down.—Here Jacome, sobbing aloud, provoked the joint tears of his attending fellow servants; though they had never been partakers of the foregoing calamities, farther than by the ear, whence they were now recollected and carried home to their hearts.

My lord, says Jacome at last, I am not the only one that remains of your old servants. Your Gerard too, who (blessings on his hands!) once tied me neck and heels, Gerard too is forth coming and near at hand. Your honour's wonderful bounty made a gentleman of him at once, and he is now in a high way, with a wife and three children. A hundred and a hundred times have we washed your remembrance with our tears. And indeed I think your honour ought not to send for him, lest he should suddenly die, or run distracted at seeing you.

In the mean time, one of the lackies had officiously gone and informed Gerard of the arrival of his patron. He came panting, and rushed forward, as it were, to cast himself at the feet of his lord: but stopping suddenly, and drawing back some steps, he nailed his eyes, as it were, on the face of Mr. Clinton, and spreading his hands, cried, You live then, my lord; you still live, my dearest master! You survive all your deaths and sufferings, and the weight of ten mountains has not been able to crush you!—O, the times, my master, never more to return!—Will there be such times in heaven, think you?—Will there be such angels there as we once lived with upon earth? Here he clapped his hands together, and set up such a shout of bitter lamentation, as was enough to split the heart of every hearer.

As soon as Mr. Clinton and his two old friends had parted, for the night; Tell me, my dear sir, said his Harry, are there different kinds of grief, or is it merely that grief affects us in different manners? When I wept for my dear father, my mother, and brother, my affliction was altogether bitter, without any species of alleviating sensation to compensate my misery. But, it was far otherwise with me to-night; when I grieved in the grief of your old and faithful domestics, I felt that it was my happiness so to grieve; and I could wish a return of the sweet sensations.

The reason is this, my love: said Mr. Clinton, when you lamented your parents, you lamented yourself in your losses. Your affliction was just, it was natural, it was laudable; but still it participated but

little of the emotion that is excited by the affliction of others, and the anguish was the keener by being nearly limited to your own bosom and your own concerns. But, in the griefs of my old and loving servants this night, you became wholly expanded; you went beyond, you went out of yourself. You felt, without reflection, how delightful it is to go forth with your God, in his social, generous, and divine sensibilities. And you delightfully felt, my Harry, that such a house of mourning is more joyous to your soul, than all the festivals that flesh and sense can open before you.

As Mr. Clinton proposed to wait the return of the marquis, he employed the mean season in endeavours to amuse his darling, and to dispel the cloud of melancholy that continued to hang over him. For this purpose, he went with him to Versailles, and to the many other elegant environs of Paris; where our hero became oppressed by his involuntary attraction of all eyes upon him. One night, happening to go to the play, without the company of his guardian, as he came forth, with a crowd, a carriage was opened for him, which he took to be his own, and in he stepped, and away he was taken.

In the mean time, Mr. Clinton waited supper for him, and began to grow uneasy when the clock struck twelve. At last his carriage and servants returned, with tidings that they staid for him above an hour, after the play was over, and had ever since been in search of him to no purpose.

Though Mr. Clinton was of an intrepid spirit, and was still more assured by his reliance on Providence, he yet found himself agitated in a very alarming manner. He therefore retired to his closet, and there fervently commended his Harry to the protection of his God. At length the clock struck three. Soon after the bell was heard from the hall, and Harry entering, with a page in a rich livery, flew like lightning up stairs, and cast himself into the bosom of his patron. My father! he cried, I have been in sad panics for you. I knew the love that you bore to your worthless Harry. But, indeed I could not help it. I have been a prisoner, sir, and here is my dear deliverer.

As soon as they were something composed, Harry proceeded: As I came out of the theatre, I found a chariot in the spot where I had left my own, and stepping heedlessly into it, I was set down, and hastening through the great hall, flew up stairs to salute you. But, think how I was surprised, when I suddenly found the most sumptuous chamber, perhaps, in the universe.

All astonished, I recoiled, and was going to withdraw, when I was

met by a lady who accosted me. Have you any commands, sir, says she, for any one in this house?—A thousand pardons, madam; I perceive my error! I really thought I was set down at my own lodgings.—No great offence, sir; but now that I look at you again, I think you ought to pay for your intrusion, by giving me an hour of your company at least.—You must excuse me, madam; my guardian would be under the most terrifying alarms for me.—A fig for a guardian, she cried; you are now my prisoner, and nothing less than my friend Lewis, with his army at his back, shall be able to take you out of my hands.

So saying, she rung a bell, and immediately a door opened, and shewed us another apartment, where a supper, composed of all the elegancies of the season, was served up. She then took me by the hand, and having seated me, placed herself opposite. A number of servants then vanished, leaving a dumb waiter of silver behind them.

Sir, said she, we are not to have any further company. You alone were expected, you alone are desired. In short, I have seen you often at the public walks and theatres. You did more than strike my fancy, you laid hold on my heart. I inquired every thing about you. I know your rank and fortune. I made use of this stratagem to decoy you to me; and though there are few women in Europe of equal opulence or dignity, I think I cannot much demean myself by an alliance with a sweet fellow whom I so ardently love. But come, our supper cools.

I gazed at her with admiration. She was indeed the most finished beauty I ever beheld. And I was in a manner attached to her, by her partiality in my favour. After supper, she drew her chair nearer to me. What say you, my lord, says she, fondly, am I to live, or to perish?

Ah, madam, I cried, love is as a little bird; if you cage it, it will beat itself to pieces against its prison. Not that I regard your late threats of confinement; I am a willing prisoner; and time may, possibly, reconcile me to your different customs.—What customs, I pray you?—Why, madam, love in England is a kind of warfare between the sexes, just such a one as once happened between the Parthians and old Rome; our ladies conquer by flying, and our men are vanquished while they pursue.—Persons, sir, of rank, said she, are dispensed with from conforming to little matters of decorum. However, if you will endeavour to adopt the manners of my country, I will do my best to conform to those of yours.

So saying, she looked languishingly at me, and drew her chair



quite close; when, by an involuntary motion, I put mine further back. Do not be alarmed, my lord, says she; women of my condition know always where to stop.—Right, madam, said I; but possibly you might not be quite so successful in teaching me where to be stopped.—Cold constitutioned boy! she cried, (indignantly rising and colouring) your bed lies yonder, you may go to it, if you like, and ruminare till morning on the danger of slighting a princess.—So saying, she swept out of the room, and locked me in. During an hour after she had withdrawn, while I walked about, considering the threats of this extraordinary woman, I heard a great bustling in and about the palace; but in another hour all was quiet. I then conceived thoughts of attempting my escape. But I hold it beneath me to be caught in the attempt; and so I resolved to wait till morning, and then to force my passage in open day.

In the mean time, I imagined a pannel in the wainscot stirred; and, soon after, it was removed, and my young friend, here, entered my chamber. He beckoned me to silence, and, taking me by the hand, led me through the way by which he came.

We then descended a pair of back stairs, and, groping along a dark entry, he cautiously unbolted a door that opened into a garden, and hurrying with me across, he unlocked another door, that opened to the street, and out we got, rejoicing.

My lord, said *Perree*, (for that was the page's name,) it would be dangerous for you to remain another day, or even till morning, in Paris. The princess is the most intimate friend of Madame Maintenon, and through her can do what she pleases with the king. During my residence with her, she grew tired of two handsome lovers in succession; but they told no tales; and no one can yet tell what became of them.

Mr. Clinton was quite of *Perree's* opinion. He instantly sent for his people. All was hurry, and, toward dawning, they set out on the road to Switzerland; but, changing their course again, for several successive mornings, they arrived at Calais, by a tour of near five weeks travel. Mr. Clinton set up at his old inn, and after dinner the host entered to pay his compliments. Have you any news, landlord? Nothing at present, my lord, all is quiet again. But here has been a fearful bustle about three weeks ago. A party of the king's guards came down, in pursuit of a young Englishman who ran away with a lady of quality from Paris. Harry looked quite secure, being wholly innocent of any present design on the sex; but poor little *Perree* turned as pale as the table-cloth.

I remember, continued our talkative host, that just such another affair happened when I was a boy, and servant in this house. Here came a young Englishman, just such another sweet fellow as this before me; and brought with him an angel of a creature, the like of whom my eyes never saw. After him came one of our great dukes with a party of soldiers, and terrible things were expected; but, they made it up, I know not how; and *Milord Anglois* carried off his prize in triumph!—Mr. Clinton stooped his head, and dropt a silent tear.

That evening a gale sprung up, and going on board, they were safe anchored, before morning, in Dover harbour. They then mutually embraced; and Harry, catching his beloved deliverer to his bosom, We are now upon English ground, says he; welcome to my arms, my dear Perree, no longer my page or servant, but my friend and my brother! You cannot conceive what pain your officiousness has hitherto cost me, but there must be no more of this; you shall hereafter be served as I am, nay, I myself will serve you to the utmost of my power.

Ah, my lord, cried the lovely Perree, gently falling at the feet of his master, if you deprive me of the pleasure of serving you, you deprive me of all the pleasure that the world can afford me. If you knew the delight I find in being always about you, in watching your thoughts and motions, in looking into your eyes, and there reading your desires, before they rise to expression, you could not find in our heart to deprive me of such a blessing.—Well, then, said Harry, raising him fondly in his arms, our future contest shall be, which of us shall serve the other with most affection.

After dinner, the evening being calm and fine, Harry took his Perree with him along the shore that stretches under the stupendous cliffs of Dover. They had not walked far, when, getting out of the sight of people within the winding of a creek, a man advanced towards them, and taking out a pistol, called to Harry to throw down his purse. Our hero did not regard his purse; but thinking it an indignity to be robbed by one man, he put his hand to his sword. Hereupon the villain levelled his pistol, and the faithful Perree, observing that he was going to fire, instantly jumped in, between his master and danger, and received the ball into his own bosom.

Harry saw his darling drop, and, flying all enraged at the robber, he ran him thrice through the body. Then, flying as swiftly back, he threw himself by the side of his dying Perree, and gently raising his languishing head, placed it fondly on his bosom.

You are wounded, my friend, says Harry.—Yes, my lord, I am wounded just as I could wish; and I would not exchange my present death for the happiest life that the world could bestow.—But, it is time to reveal a secret to you, which nothing but death should ever have extorted from me.—I am not what I seem, my most beloved master!—I am a foolish girl, who, at the first glance, conceived a passion for you.—My name is *Maria de Lausanne*:—I am niece to that bad woman whom you rejected.—But, what did I purpose by this disguise? First, your deliverance, my lord, and that I effected.—But, did I further aspire to the honour of your hand? Far from it, far from it.—I felt my own unworthiness; I did not think you could be mated by any thing less than an angel.—But then, to see you, to hear you, to serve, to touch, to be near you, to fix my eyes on you unheeded, and, if possible, to win your attention by the little offices of my fondness, this was my happiness.—I have had it, I have enjoyed it;—and I ought to die content.—But, alas, to part from you, there is the pang of pangs.—O, if this day merits any thing, by the offer of my own life for the preservation of my beloved,—then cause my chaste clay to be deposited in the tomb of your ancestors,—that—when time shall come—my dust may be neighboured—to your precious dust—and there sleep in peace—beside you—till we spring together—into glory and immortality!

During these short sentences and difficult respirations, Lord Moreland could answer nothing.—He was suffocated by his grief. But, putting his speechless lips to the fading lips of his Maria, he drew her latest breath into his own bosom, while angels caught her spirit into the regions of purity, of love, and of faith unailing.

His lordship, then plucking up courage from despair, pressed his lips to the pale and unfeeling lips of his true lover, and cried, Yes, my Maria, our dust shall be joined, and I feel that our spirits too shall shortly be wedded!—Then, raising her in his arms, he bore her to the town, while he poured upon her the two fountains of his affection.

When he got to the inn, and came to his uncle; Here, sir, said he, I present you with a precious burden, a burden that lies much heavier on my heart than it did in my arms. He then related to Mr. Clinton the whole of what had passed; when, heavily sighing, and shedding a tear, Mr. Clinton cried, Ah, my Harry, I would to heaven that your Maria had lived; she exceeds your Aggy Jessamin all to nothing.

Lord Moreland ordered a carriage on purpose for himself and his beloved. She was deposited in a coffin; and, notwithstanding all



the remonstrances of his uncle, he would not be divided from his Maria, till they reached London; where he paid the last testimony of his regard to her remains in the most splendid manner. As Lord Moreland thought it his duty, so he thought it would be his delight to lament **his** Maria for ever. But time, though it may not wholly efface, daily wears an insensible portion of the deepest impressions.

In the mean time, Mr. Clinton received a letter, by the French mail, in answer to one which he had left for his brother-in-law at Paris; and this letter informed him, under the marquis's hand, that he had returned from his embassy to the court of Morocco, and that he and his lady would be shortly in England. And at the bottom he found written in a different character, "Will it be any satisfaction to see them accompanied by your once loved—FANNY GOOD-ALL?"

We have found them, my Harry, he cried, we have found them, our long and far-sought friends; the two treasures which our God had graciously laid in store for us.

Within the following fortnight, as our hero stood with a single attendant in Fleet-street, over-against the Devil Tavern, he was accosted by a glittering appearance, who took him by the hand, and said, How are you, *Master Fenton*?—Well, sir, I thank you. Lord Bottom, I presume!—The same, sir.—And pray how are the worthy Lord and Lady Mansfield, also your lovely sister the Lady Louisa?—Passable, sir. But what makes you in black? I hope Mr. Fenton is still in the land of the living?—He is, my lord. But black is a cheap kind of wear.—Well, I insist on your stepping over the way to take one glass with me.—Your lordship must excuse me, I am going to inquire concerning some friends whom I expect from France.—O, I protest, *Master Fenton*, you shall not disappoint me: I insist on renewing our old acquaintance.

Lord Moreland could hardly have found it in his heart to refuse the request of an enemy; much less could he reject an invitation that was made under an appearance of friendship. When Lord Bottom had seated his old enemy (as he still supposed him to be) in the midst of fourteen or fifteen bloods and bucks, Lord Moreland would gladly have retreated; but rejected the thought, lest they should think that he was intimidated.

Gentlemen, cried Lord Bottom, give me leave to introduce a phenomenon to you; my friend yonder is a CHRISTIAN!—A Christian! cried one; a Christian! cried another.—Ah, said Lord Bottom, a Christian of the right cast, he literally conforms to the example of his

master. If you smite him on the one cheek, he will turn the other to you; and you cannot delight him more than by kickings, spittings, and spurnings.

Pray, sir, said one of the company, are you actually a Christian?—I hope so, sir, said Harry.—And may I spit in your face, sir, said another, without fear of chastisement?—You might perhaps, sir, said Lord Moreland, had you done it in the sudden impulse of passion, but,—I told you so, gentlemen, exclaimed Lord Bottom. I have myself put the christianity of my friend there to the proof. I have made him the butt and the jest of all companies. And yet he never shewed the least instance of his being offended. For example now; and, so saying, he spit directly in his face. While Lord Moreland calmly pulled out his handkerchief to wipe himself, another of the set advanced, and followed Lord Bottom's example.

This was too much for his fortitude to bear. He started from his chair, and returned the outrage with a stroke that felled the caitiff to the ground. 'Sbl—d, cried one of the company, I fear, Bottom, you have brought us into the wrong box. You have certainly mistaken your man.—He has indeed, said Lord Moreland, calmly. He calls me Fenton, but my name is not Fenton; my name is Henry, Earl of Moreland; and you shall every man suffer for this outrage on a Peer.

The whole legion was instantly struck with terror. They sunk on their knees in petitioning postures. But Lord Moreland said, with a firm accent, I desire your reformation, gentlemen, and I will endeavour to complete it, by treating you in such a manner as shall make you afraid to repeat such insults upon humanity and religion hereafter. Saying this, he arose, and, taking each of the intimidated wretches in succession by the nose, he led them out, and kicked them down stairs, through the midst of their own servants, the waiters, &c. crying, A kicking to all the scoundrel sons of *Belial*, who dare to spit at Christianity!

The next morning, as Lord Moreland was walking along Cheapside, he saw a crowd gathered about a coach that had broke down; and while some stood gaping, the rest only laughed at the distressed situation of the people in the coach. But the sight had a very different effect upon him. He burst through the crowd, and forcing his way to the coach, found in it a lady, with two female attendants, and a black boy, who all appeared to be foreigners.

This circumstance interested him still more strongly in their behalf. He soon extricated them from their own carriage, and engaged in assisting the servants to set every thing to rights, and remove their

luggage to a hackney coach; he then led the lady, and her women, and the black boy, to a neighbouring tavern, to wait till his coach, for which he had sent, should arrive.

In the mean time, while he was busied in helping the lady to a bit of cake, and a glass of wine, happening to turn his head, he perceived the black youth by stealth kissing the hat, and pressing the gloves to his bosom, that he had laid on a table.

Whatever the darkness of any aspect or person may be, if the beauty of the soul shall burst upon us, through the cloud, the dark becomes light, and we begin to affect what was lately our aversion. Thus it was that Lord Moreland found himself suddenly attached by the two recent proofs that this outlandish youth had given of his affection.

Being all seated, his lordship looked earnestly at the young Moor, and turning to the lady, said, I now perceive, madam, how ridiculous all sorts of prejudices are, and find that time may change our opinions to the reverse of what they were. I once had an aversion to all sorts of blacks, but I avow that there is something so amiable in the face of this youth, as is enough, as Shakespear has it, to make us in love with night, and pay no more worship to the gaudy sun.

The Moor, hereat, smiled celestial sweetness, and joy beamed from his eyes, and throughout his dimpling aspect.

But who can you be, my sweet fellow, said the lady, who are the picture, the image, almost the thing itself, that I was so sadly in love with five and thirty years ago?—Why, madam, said our hero, you could not have been born at that early day.—Ah, you flatterer, says she, I am turned of forty.—But, pray madam, who was he that was so happy as to attract your infant affections?—His name was Harry Clinton.—Why, madam, Harry Clinton is my name.—Harry Clinton, Harry Clinton! screamed out the lady, and started up from her chair.—Yes, madam, I am son to the late Earl of Moreland, and I almost dare to hope that you were once the enchanting Fanny Goodall.—Yes, my lovely kinsman, I am indeed your Fanny Goodall, I am your uncle's Marchioness D'Aubigny, and I am the dutchess of Bouillon.

Harry then sprung forward, and seizing her hand, kept it dwelling on his lips. But, disengaging it, she opened her arms and clasped him to her bosom, and wept over him as a mother would over a long-lost son; while the young Moor ran and danced about the room like a mad thing, clapping hands, and springing almost to the ceiling.

When they were something composed, the Moor caught the lady about the neck, and kissing her, cried, Joy, joy, my dearest madam,



the greatest of all joys ! Then, turning to our hero, he took each of his hands, in turns, and pressed them to his lips, while Lord Moreland kissed his forehead, and cried, My brother, my brother !

News was now brought that the carriages were at the door, whereupon they set out in a hurry for Mr. Clinton's, the dutchess readily assenting to Lord Moreland's desire to go thither.

When they arrived, the dutchess hastened in, inquiring for Mr. Clinton, and when she came where he was, she cried out, as she advanced, Your Fanny, your Fanny Goodall, my cousin ! and throwing herself into his arms, dwelt there for a minute. Then recoiling awhile, she looked fondly at him, and cried, Your sister also, my brother, your sister D'Aubigny ; the happy wife of the brother of your heavenly Louisa ! Then clasping him to her arms, she broke into tears ; and again, quitting him, sat down to quiet her emotions.

Mr. Clinton, having seated himself beside her, said : These are wondrous things that you tell me, my sister ; by what miracle have these blessings been brought about ?

I am too much agitated at present, says she ; let me recover myself, and the matter shall be unravelled.

When they had sat a few minutes, Give me leave, sir, said the dutchess, to introduce my little black companion to your notice. He is a sweet fellow, I assure you, notwithstanding his complexion. He is child to our royal friend the emperor of Morocco, who has entrusted him to our guardianship. However he might have come by his sable outside, his father, the great *Abenamin*, is the least tawny of any man I saw in Africa, and his mother is one of the fairest women that ever opened a pair of living diamonds to the light ; but, my brother, I shall more particularly recommend him to your regard, by telling you that he is an exceedingly pious Christian.

She then turned, and taking the little *Abenamin* by the hand, led him up and placed him before her brother. When the youth suddenly dropping on his knees, looked up to Mr. Clinton, with eyes that spoke love and reverential awe, and besought his blessing.

The old gentleman found himself surprisingly affected, and, lifting up his hands, cried, " God be gracious to you, my child, and make your soul as bright as your countenance is sable ! and may the Sun of Righteousness shine with power upon you, and illumine every shade that is about you." The prince embraced his legs, kissed his knees, and arose.

You may remember, my dearest cousin, said the dutchess, in what a hurry I last parted from you. Mr. Fairface, with whom the bulk

of my fortune was deposited, went off with above a hundred thousand pounds of my substance. I traced him to Paris, and there he had the impudence to give me an interview, but at the same time had the greater impudence to bid me defiance.

Immediately I commenced a suit, and sent to London for my papers and witnesses. On the opening of my cause in court, I was summoned by the title of Countess of Maitland, otherwise Frances Goodall. On hearing the name, a gentleman who was near me started, and turning, Pray, madam, says he, are you related to the honourable Harry Clinton, who once went by that name in this city?—I am, sir, said I, almost the nearest relation that he has upon earth.—He is, madam, my dearest friend and brother. Pray speak to your advocates to postpone your suit for a few days, till I am informed of the merits of your cause.

This was done. He desired to know where I lodged, and in less than an hour his chariot was at my door. Except yourself, my cousin, the marquis had the most lovely aspect and person that I ever beheld, I soon convinced him of the equity of my demand, and of the villany of my trustee. But he still continued to visit, and to stay with me a considerable part of every day, under colour of being better informed. The remaining time was spent in soliciting for me.

At length a hearing came on; and, after a short trial, honest Fair-face was cast. He was instantly taken into custody, and put under confinement, till he discharged the whole amount of the judgment.

No sooner was one suit over, wherein I was plaintiff, but another was commenced, wherein I happened to prove but a weak defendant. The marquis now became solicitor for himself.

I could not refuse part of my time to him who had devoted the whole of his time and assiduity to me. We spent whole days together. But O, what floods of tears did that time cost both him and me, while he pathetically related your history, from the place where you broke off, to the death of your Louisa and your precious infants.

I believe, my cousin, that, as grief is a greater softener, so it is a greater cementer of hearts, than any other passion. I gave the marquis, in my turn, my little story, and dwelt on every minuteness of my infant passion for you. Ah, said he, what a pity that a heart, so susceptible of all humane feelings, should sit as a lonely turtle upon the house-top, without a suitable mate!

I took him for that mate, my cousin, and in a husband I found the tenderest of lovers. I became pregnant, for the first time of my life, and was delivered of a sweet little fellow, whom we left at

nurse in our country seat, while I attended my lord on his embassy to Morocco.

But here I must stop, my brother! I am under the positive interdiction of a husband, not to divulge a word further till he sees you face to face. But I trust that he has blessed tidings for you, my brother; he says, that otherwise he would not have dared to present himself before you, after his loss of your Eloisa.

Mr. Clinton smiled, careless, as at the impossibility of any consoling event upon earth. Again, smiling, I protest, my sister, said he, you appear to me to grow younger for your years.

But pray, when may we expect my brother?—In about two months; at present he is engaged with the king, who lately created him a duke, on account of the services which he rendered the state in Africa. We received your letter, my dearest brother, at Paris, but wondered who the sweet fellow could be who was said to accompany you.

In the mean time, our hero and the young prince were in close combination. Abenamin stepped about and about Lord Moreland, and toyed with him, and twisted the curls of his careless locks around his fingers. Then turning and looking up in his face, Ah, how fair, says he, does this black visage of mine shew in those fine eyes of yours! It is in truth, said his lordship, so fair in my eyes, that I would not exchange it for fifteen of the fairest female faces in Britain. The prince then caught his hand, and pressed it to his bosom.

As soon as Lord Moreland's grief for his late Maria would allow him to associate, he had been to seek his old friend and tutor Mr. Clement. But he found only a single domestic at home, who told him that the old gentleman had been some time dead, and that the family were lately gone to take possession of a new seat that they had purchased in the country. However, as his lordship found himself happy in the present society, he sought no further acquaintance in London. In less than three weeks they all set out for *Ennaville*, there to await the arrival of the duke.

The second day, as they stopped at a village to repair the harness of a horse, Lord Moreland took a walk with his Abenamin along the road. In their way they came to a long and waste cottage, where they heard the confused clattering of voices. His lordship stepped to the door, and, looking in, perceived about forty or fifty boys ranged on benches, while a man of pale aspect sat on a decayed chair, instructing them in their lessons.

Your servant, sir, says Lord Moreland; what language do you



teach?—I can teach Latin and Greek too, so please your honour; but the people of this country choose to confine themselves to the language of Old England.—If I am not too free, sir, pray what is your name?—Longfield, so please your honour.—Longfield, Longfield! I have surely heard of that name before. Pray, were you ever acquainted with a man called Hammel Clement?—Hammel Clement, sir! he was my dearest friend, the friend whom I injured, the friend of my heart!—Then, cries his lordship, this acknowledgment makes you my friend also, Mr. Longfield. And, so saying, he took his hand, and shook it in the most affectionate manner.

The poor man shrunk back in half wonder and half terror at what this might mean; but the earl soon quieted his apprehensions: Your friend Clement, says he, is come to a great fortune, and, I dare answer for him, would feel sincere joy at your sight, and gladly divide his substance with you; but, if you please, you shall be no incumbrance upon his growing family. You shall instantly come with me, and, as Pharaoh said to Jacob, regard not your stuff, for the good of all my land lies before you, Mr. Longfield. And I rejoice more in acquiring such a heart as yours, than if I had acquired the possession of a province.

Lord Moreland then called a few of the neighbours in, and giving them some guineas, to be divided among the children, in order to enable them to fee a new master; he and Abenamin took the threadbare Longfield, on each side, under the arm, and carried him away.

When they came to the turn that led to the mansion-house, the earl perceived with much pleasure that the two school-houses, which he had put in hand before the death of his father, were completed. They stood opposite to each other, with the road between them. Their fronts were of hewn stone, and a small cupola rose over each, with bells to summon the children to meals and to lesson. Here, Longfield, says our hero, is to be your province. You are to superintend these schools, at a salary of one hundred a year. And I will soon send you, with proper means, throughout the country, to muster me a hundred chosen children of each sex; for I wish to be a father, Longfield, and to gather my family of little ones under my eye and my wing.

It is impossible to describe the happiness of this most worthy set. Festivity glowed on every face, and the late house of mourning became a house of joy. Above all, Abenamin inspired good humour throughout the family, and melancholy fled before him wherever he turned. He was daily inventing new matters of entertainment. He

danced African dances for them, with wonderful grace; and he sung African songs that imitated and exceeded the wild warblings of the nightingale! so that he became the little idol of the whole household.

Lord Moreland had sent for a tailor, and got Longfield fitted with three or four suits from his father's wardrobe. He then sent him on his commission, in company with Mr. Trusty the agent, whom he ordered to shew him the country, to introduce him to the several families of the peasantry, and to furnish him with whatever sums he should call for.

In the mean time, our hero and Abenamin became inseparable. He made the prince a present of his little jennet, and often pressed him to ride, but Abenamin always found some excuse. One night, as our hero sat with the prince in his apartment, Have you ever been in love, Harry? says Abenamin.—I confess, said the earl, that I have had my twitches that way.

He then gave him a narrative of the struggles of his heart, respecting the fair Aggy Jessamin. And again he related to him the tragedy of his faithful Maria, which cost the prince many tears. Ah, exclaimed the prince, never, never will I forgive your Maria her death! Why was it not my lot, so to prove to you the superiority of my affection?—What, cried the earl, would you not leave me a single companion upon earth? When my Abenamin quits the world, I shall also bid it adieu!

When the tears were wiped away, the prince took his friend by the hand, and said: I have a sister, my brother, a sister twinned with me in the womb, and as fair as I am black. All Africa is pleased to hail her as the beauty of the universe; but the truth is, that I think but poorly of her. The duke brought her with him to France, and should he bring her to England, beware of your heart, my Harry; for though I am prejudiced against her, she is the idol of all others. This has made her so vain, that she thinks the homage of the world nothing less than her right. And now, my Harry, though I earnestly wish to be allied to you by a tie nearer if possible than that of friendship, yet I would not wish my own happiness, at the expence of your peace; and so I give you timely warning against this dangerous and haughty girl.

Our company had now been upward of six weeks at the mansion-house. Lord Moreland, hitherto, had never seen any part of the country, or any part of his own estate, above a mile from the house. Wherefore, leaving his friend Abenamin in bed, he issued early forth one morning, accompanied only by Jack, and his agent's runner, who

knew and was known every where. With their staffs in their hands, they crossed and quartered the country at pleasure.

At length they came within prospect of a house sumptuously fronted, and of a happy situation. His lordship stopped here, with pleasure, comparing, as he approached, the improvements of art with the advantages of nature, when a servant issued forth and humbly besought him to walk in. What is your master's name, says he? Fielding; so please your honour, and we are this day celebrating the nuptials of his son.

The master of the family met our hero at the outward door. The earl recoiled at recognizing the face of the Mr. Fielding, whom he had seen at Hampstead, but taking no notice, walked with him into the house. Breakfast was soon ushered in, and Mrs. Fielding and Mr. and Mrs. Catharines, and Ned came with his blooming bride to the table.

The earl rejoiced at heart, but still took no notice; when, after some cursory conversation, Ned looked at him with an eager disturbance, and cried, Bless me, my heart tells me that there is something in that face which is not quite unknown to me. If I could think, after my many inquiries, that my patron was alive, I should verily believe that you were,—Your Harry Fenton, cried our hero, springing up; your Harry Fenton, my dear Ned! Lord Moreland then opened his arms, while Ned leaped and caught at him, as the grappling iron of a corsair would catch at a ship from which a great prize was expected.

All the family then struggled who should be foremost in their acknowledgments and caresses. The truly reverend *Catharines* fondly taking him to his arms, cried, Christ be gracious unto you, my child! and may the God, who has formed you as an angel upon earth, make you also of the highest order of angels in heaven!

After dinner Lord Moreland rose, and took his leave; but they all got in a group and opposed his passage, telling him he must be their prisoner for that night.—I consent, only on this condition, said his lordship, that all of you dine with me to-morrow.—Why, pray sir, where do you live? says Mr. Fielding.—At Ennaville, with the young Earl of Moreland, says Harry; but he has a great friendship for me, and the house is as it were my own.

Lord Moreland rose, by the dawning, and walked in an hour to Ennaville. He flew up stairs to salute the family, but found no one, save Mr. Clinton, from whom he received at once a warm blessing and an embrace. Where is the dutchess, sir, and my friend Abenamin?—Gone, Harry, says his uncle. About breakfast-time yester-



day, a courier arrived with the joyful tidings that my brother was on the road; and so my sister and our Abenamin hastened to meet him. By this time I suppose they are all on their return; and now take care of yourself, my Harry. The duke brings with him the sister of our Abenamin, the fair princess Abenaide. The dutchess tells me that a lovelier creature never beheld the light: so that you must guard your heart against the power of this beauty.—She is vain, sir, excessively vain, I am told, so that her pride will prove an antidote against the poison of her charms. However, I will haste to meet and welcome your most noble brother.

He accordingly took horse directly, and had not gone very far, when he met them. The princess rode in the foremost carriage. Lord Moreland bowed twice as he approached, but she scarce deigned a perceptible acknowledgment to his salute. Our hero felt himself piqued. Proud beauty! thought he, I thank you for timely prevention of a passion that, perhaps, might have proved unhappy. He then passed forward with affected carelessness to salute the duke.

When he came up, the coach stopped, and Lord Moreland, flying from his saddle, approached the window. My lord, said the earl, seizing the duke's hand, and kissing it, if you were sensible of the joy that my heart receives from your presence, I think it would make you nearly as happy as myself.—My sweet fellow, said the duke, I have often heard of you at Paris, as also by the letters of my love here: my longing at last is gratified, though my wonder is increased.

But, madam, says his lordship, what have you done with my little playfellow, what is become of my Abenamin?—O, cried the dutchess, laughing, he is forth-coming I warrant you; but what has so bewitched you to him? I think you could not be fonder if he were a mistress.—True, madam, answered the earl, sighing, I never expect to have a mistress that I shall love half as well; but pray put me out of pain, and let me know where he is.—Be pacified, said the smiling duke, he is not far off; and here is my hand that you shall see him before night.

As our hero attended the carriage of the duke, the princess and her train had got to the house, and alighted, while he opened the coach door, and handed out the noble pair, who alternately kissed and took him to their arms. Mr. Clinton then came forth, and received them all with transport. But the earl under some pretence walked away, in order to avoid the disdainful regard of the young lady.

In the mean time, our company caressing each other all the way,

had got slowly to the great parlour. The duke then, respectfully taking the young lady by the hand, Permit me, brother, says he, to recommend to you my lovely ward, the fair princess of Morocco. The lady then gently bent one knee toward the ground, while she received the cordial blessing and salute of the old gentleman.

They then took their seats. When Mr. Clinton, while he looked more earnestly on the princess, grew suddenly affected, and called out for a glass of water and hartshorn. When he drank it, he found himself in a measure restored, and, lifting his hands, he cried, I protest one would think that nature had copied this lovely creature from an image that has lain impressed upon my heart near these forty years.

You are in the right, my brother, exclaimed the duke, it is even as you surmise. Allow me then, once more, to introduce to you the counterpart of our once adorable Louisa, to introduce to you my niece and your own offspring, my brother, even the daughter of your still living and ever precious Eloisa. The princess then sprung forward, and, dropping precipitately at the feet of her grandfather, she put her face between his knees, and, seizing both hands, she bathed them with her tears, crying, My father, O my father, my dear, my dearest father, how inexpressibly blessed I think myself, to be the offspring of such a father! Mr. Clinton then raising her, and seating her fondly on his knee, and grasping her to his bosom, I will not ask, he cried, how these miracles came about, it is enough that I feel the attraction which pulls you into my heart. And so saying, their tears flowed, till they mingled on the floor.

Go, my angel, said Mr. Clinton, and take yonder seat, that I may view and delight my soul with your sight at leisure. My eyes begin at these years to see best at a distance.—At length the soft voice of the earl was heard in the hall, and the duke whispering his brother, requested him, for a little time, to take no notice of what had passed. Our hero entered, bowing respectfully, but carelessly toward the side where the princess sat, and taking his seat beside the duke, bent fondly to him, and seizing a hand, with both his hands, he pressed it to his lips, and cried, Welcome, welcome, my dearest lord, to the house and to the hearts of your truest lovers.

Then giving a glance to the side where the princess sat, he caught a glimpse of her attractions, and, sighing, said to himself, O the pity, the pity! But no matter; her pride shall never suffer a single charm to take place; and, so thinking, he turned his eyes aside.

Meantime Abenaide arose, and stealing round, came behind the earl's chair, and covering an eye with each of her hands, she turned

his head to her, and made a sound with her lips as though she had kissed him. The earl opened his eyes in utter astonishment, while in a twinkling standing before him, she burst out a laughing, crying, My Harry, what, have you forgot me? Do not you remember your old playfellow, your little friend Abenamin?

Lord Moreland's eyes were now opened, in the midst of the hurry and agitation of his soul. At a glimpse he took in the whole oppression of her beauties; and cast himself, quick as a glance of lightning, at her feet. At length, lifting up his eyes, he cried, Ah, what are all these wonders to me, or my happiness, unless my Abenamin will also become my Abenaide?—That, replied the princess, is not at my option; there sits my lord and father, at whose disposal I am.

The earl then arose, and, throwing himself at the feet of his uncle, embraced his legs in silence, while Mr. Clinton cried out, Yes, my Harry, I understand you; nothing shall ever be wanting to the happiness of my darling, that the power of his tender parent can effect. I can have nothing in heaven or earth that is not the property of my Harry. Then, turning to Abenaide, he continued, I aver I am still in the labyrinth. Did you not say, my Abenaide, that you were also our Abenamin?—I did, my lord, says she; but I did not dare to avow myself. Ah, what a painful struggle did that reflection cost me! while I panted to cling to your honoured feet; while I used to gaze upon you unperceived; while my heart swelled with affection, and my eyes with restrained tears; and while I kissed in secret the book that you read, and the ground that you trod on.

Abenaide then sat down, and Lord Moreland, lightly throwing himself beside her, looked beseechingly around, and cried, My lord, my dearest lady, our still precious Fanny Goodall, can you vouch, can you warrant that I am safe in this matter?—Just then Mr. Meekly came in. He had been long and far away, upon many a blessed tour of doing good through the earth. But as soon as he heard of the arrival of his beloved patron and young lord, he rode post to embrace them. Lord Moreland sprung from love to friendship, and catching him in his arms, cried, O, my Meekly, my dearest Meekly, how seasonably you come, to temper, by your advice, the insufferable transports of my soul: behold the regent of my heart, behold the queen of my wishes! Meekly then fixed his eyes upon the princess, and soon after exclaimed; Gracious Father! what do I see? Can Louisa be raised from the dead? O then, it must be so, she must be her



descendant. No one save my peerless patroness could produce the likeness of my patroness. But how this blessed miracle was brought about is the question.

That is my question too, my dear Meekly, said Mr. Clinton, if my most noble brother would be so good as to solve it.—I will gratify you, gentlemen, said the duke, in as few words as possible. Meanwhile the princess withdrew. On my embassy to the court of Morocco, I had several private interviews with the emperor, before my credentials were opened in public. I had the good fortune to be liked by him, so that he suffered no day to pass without seeing me. His name was Abenamin; he was accounted a greater captain, he exceeded all in his dominions, for grace of person and beauty of aspect. And that which rendered him still more singular was, that he had given liberty to all the ladies of his seraglio, and for many years had kept constant to the reigning sultana, said to be the most exquisite beauty upon earth.

As we grew more intimate, in the exuberance of his affection for the empress, he could not refrain from speaking of her to me, and he promised that, before I departed, I should see and converse with her; a grace, he said, never granted to any other man. At length the day being appointed for my public entry, I rode through the city, attended by a sumptuous train, and, alighting before the palace, advanced to the hall of audience. As soon as that ceremony was ended, and I was preparing to withdraw, one of the emperor's principal eunuchs led me into an inner apartment, where, he said, the emperor desired to see me. I had not waited many minutes, when a door opened into another room, where the emperor was seated, with his sultana at his hand. As soon as I had approached the presence, the empress gave a great shriek, and fell in a swoon upon the bosom of her husband.

The royal Abenamin instantly turned pale as death, tore off her vail with trembling hands to give her air, and called me to his assistance, as all the attendants had been ordered to withdraw. But, O heaven, O my friend! think what was my astonishment, when in the pale face of the queen, I beheld the lovely features of our darling Eloisa! As soon as she recovered, she opened her eyes upon me, and reaching out her arms, and catching me to her, she cried, O my uncle, my dearest uncle! am I so blessed then as to behold you before I expire? The monarch, in the mean time, looked upon me with a jealous eye, and twice put his hand to his dagger, but checked his indignation, till he should have the mystery of his queen's behaviour explained. Her women, whom the emperor had called, then raised

her up and bore her to her apartment ; while turning to me, with no very friendly aspect, he ordered me to follow him.

When I had attended a considerable time in the anti-chamber, he came forth with a joyous countenance, and embracing me, cried, O my friend, my dear kinsman, how transported I am to find and acknowledge you for such ; the relation of my angel becomes a part of myself. He then led me by the hand into the chamber of my Eloisa, where we renewed our caresses without restraint. But the monarch, fearing that these emotions would be too much for her, told me that he had something for my private ear till dinner ; and took me into an adjoining room. There, seating, and taking me affectionately by the hand, I will now tell you, my uncle, says he, how I came by this inestimable treasure.

I had fitted out a royal ship of my own, not as a corsair, but rather for trade in the Mediterranean. On their return from the coast of Egypt, as they past, after a violent hurricane, within sight of old Carthage, my people perceived, at a distance, a sloop stranded on a shoal of sand about a league from the shore. Immediately they sent out a boat, and took the distressed company in, consisting of my charmer, two female companions, and several servants in livery, beside the boatmen.

The intendants of my ship behaved themselves with all possible respect toward the young lady and her attendants, and endeavoured to quiet her terrors, by assuring her that she was free, and that their prince was a person of too much humanity to derive any advantage from the disasters of the unfortunate. The moment they brought her before me, pale, trembling, and in tears, while she dropt on her knees, and lifted to me her fine eyes in a petitioning manner, the gates of my soul opened to the sweetly affecting image, and ever after closed upon it. Ah, I cried, heavenly creature, calm, calm your causeless fears ! I swear by our prophet, and the God of our prophet, that I would rather suffer death, than put the smallest constraint on your person or inclination. You are free, madam, you shall ever be free, save so far as I may bind you by my tender offices. I raised her, and she grew something better assured ; when bending a knee in my turn, I cried, Look not upon me as your tyrant, look not on me as your lover ; but look upon me as your friend, the tenderest and truest of friends, who shall ever be ready to sacrifice his own happiness to yours.

From that time I studied every amusement, that might dissipate her remaining apprehensions, while I conducted myself toward her

with a distant though fond respect, not even presuming to touch her hand. In the mean time, my soul sickened, and grew cold to all other women. If you were ever in love, my dear D'Aubigny, you know that it is a chaste, as well as a tender, passion. I languished indeed for her, I longed and languished to death; but then it was rather for her heart than her person.

One day, as she heaved a heavy, but half-suppressed, sigh, Ah, my angel, I cried, I can have no joy but yours, and yet you have griefs to which you keep your friend, your Abenamin, a stranger.—True, my lord, says she, tears breaking from her, all your bounties have not been able to silence the calls of kindred or claims of nature within me. Ah, my parents, my dear parents! I feel more for you, than I feel even for myself, in being torn from you.

The weight of her affliction fell like a mountain on my soul, and crushed me to her feet. You would leave me then, Eloisa, you wish to leave me, but your generosity delays to tell me so, for fear of breaking my heart.—Well, be it so—go from me.—You know I cannot survive you.—But, my death is of no consequence, my Eloisa shall be happy.—I will go this instant, I will dispatch my swiftest galley to Languedoc.—I will write word to your parents that you are safe; that you are beloved; and yet pure and untouched.—I will invite them to come and take possession of my treasures, my dominions, my heart. But—should they reject my suit, I again swear, by Alla, to send you to them, laden with wealth, though I myself should drop dead at the instant of your departure.

The noble soul of my Eloisa became instantly affected. She caught a hand between both of hers, and bathing it with tears, cried, O, now indeed you have bound me by chains infinitely stronger than all the shackles that fasten the slaves to the galleys of Africa.

I kept firm to my engagement, and in a few weeks my winged messengers returned. But, O the tidings, the very doleful tidings for my beloved! They brought word that they found no creature, save a few ancient domestics, in the palace, as ravens in the midst of a lonely forest. From these they learned, that my Eloisa's mother and little brother were dead, that her grandmother was dead, her aunt the marchioness also dead, and that the marquis had retired they knew not whither. She wept incessantly, and I wept with her.—At length she softly said, You have conquered, my lord, you have conquered; I am subdued by your weight of affection! O, that you could but conform to one article more, that we might be united as one heart, and one soul, and one sentiment for ever!



It was now, for the first time, that I dared to seize her hand. I pressed it to my lips, and cried, I would do any thing, dare any thing, to be united to my Eloisa. In life and in death, body to body, and dust to dust, never, never to be sundered, till her spirit should make the heaven of my spirit hereafter.

Ah, she suddenly exclaimed, that, that is the very thing I so eagerly desire. Let the God of my heart be the God of your heart; let the God of my spirit be the God of your spirit; so shall we be united in him, and jointly partake of his blessedness through eternity.

Ah, I cried, can I forego the divine precepts of our prophet?—Your prophet, says she, preaches only to the eye and the ear, and this is all that he does or can pretend to: but CHRIST, my prophet, preaches in the heart, to the affections. From him is every good motion: he is the unknown God of your spirit, my master, my *Abenamin*, and you feel his precious power while you disavow his name.

I was puzzled, I was silenced. I bent a knee in reverence, kissed her hand, and withdrew. I sent for the chief of the Christian missionaries, throughout the city and country. I consulted each of them in private, but received no satisfaction from them. They all appeared equally zealous for my conversion, but attempted it by different and even by opposite arguments. I knew not what to do; I was put to a stand, and quite confused by this multiplicity of conflicting opinions. At length, a countryman of my own came to me from the desert. He had been a great sinner, but was converted by the sense of his sins, and he was revered and resorted to by all the friendless and afflicted.

I opened my soul to him, with all its doubts and difficulties.—My friend, said he, with a gentle and still voice, they have all been leading you astray, quite away from the heaven that stretches forth its arms for the reception of long toiled mariners, whom storms have at length compelled to seek a final port.

The God of your creation can alone be your redemption; the God of your nature can alone be the salvation of the nature that he imparted. But, who shall convince you of this? Not all the angels in heaven, nor all the doctors upon earth, till Christ himself shall be pleased to convince you that you are, however mighty a monarch, a poor, frail, erring, vile, and despicable creature; subjected to innumerable lapses and infirmities, sickness, passions, and crosses, griefs, agonies, and death; when this is effectually done, the whole of the business is done. You will call for and catch at a Saviour, in the sensibility of your want of him. When you come thus laden with your sins to him, he will in no wise cast you out; but he will take

you, as Noah took the wearied dove into the ark. He will take you within the vail of his own temple of rest, and all sects, forms, and ceremonies, will be as the outward courts, on which you will lay no manner of stress.

My heart felt the weight and fulness of conviction. I took him to my arms, and requested instant baptism. My Eloisa was called, we locked ourselves in, and I was washed by water and faith into Christ, while my kneeling angel wept a stream of delight beside me. It is said that possession cloy. But I experienced, my dear D'Aubigny, that love never cloy. Every day, with my Eloisa, seemed to triumph in heart-felt happiness over my bridal day. But, O what was the joy, the exultation of my fond heart, when she gave me to be the father of a little daughter of Paradise!

One day, while we were toying and fooling with the smiling infant, Ah, my husband, cries Eloisa, how poor I was lately! No parents, no kindred, nothing but my Abenamin upon the whole earth! And now God has been pleased to make my affliction to laugh, and to give this babe for a further band, a precious link of love between us.

He was just in this part of his narration, when the music sounded to the banquet. We instantly rose, and joined our Eloisa.

When the colation was removed, Madam, said I to the empress, have you ever heard of a relation of yours, christened by the name of Fanny Goodall, and lately Countess of Maitland?—I have, said she, often heard my fond father speak of her with filling eyes.—She is in this city, madam. She is no longer Countess of Maitland. She is now doubly your relation, your aunt as well as your cousin, and goes by the title of the Marchioness D'Aubigny. With the good leave of my lord here, I will bring her to you directly.

I went to the palace appointed for my residence: I there gave my Fanny a few heads of the story of our Eloisa, and took her hastily to the presence. The ladies looked at each other, in long and silent admiration. Then, opening their arms, and rushing together, they continued some minutes locked in mutual embraces. Madam, said the emperor, smiling, I think I ought to be allowed the same liberties with my aunt, that your husband took with his niece. Whereon, he welcomed and caressed her with an affectionate fervour.

O, exclaimed the royal fair, how very poor, and how very rich, our God can suddenly make us! But then, lord of my life, to think of parting, of parting with these dear friends again, perhaps never to see them more, that is what wrings my heart, in the midst of exultation!—That, my love, said the emperor, is the very important article

on which I wish to consult with you and our friends here, our dear kindred in Christ. But I must first shew them their young relation, my little enchantress, my eye-delighting Abenaide.

He then stept forth, and, after a while, led in a gracefully moving creature, but veiled from the head to the waist. Throw up your vail, my love, says he; here are none but your friends, your very dear relations, your lovely aunt and your uncle, the marquis and marchioness D'Aubigny.

She did as she was ordered, and instantly broke upon my sight, like a new glory arisen upon mid-day. My Fanny seized upon her, as desirous of devouring her; and I, in turn, took her to me, with tearful eyes, as almost persuaded that I embraced the newly revived person of my dearest sister Louisa; so perfect was the resemblance in every grace and feature.

When we had nearly oppressed the celestial looking maid with our insatiate caresses; she seized our hands, and kissing them, cried, What a blessed day is this, that enriches Abenaide with two parents more; another precious father, and another lovely mother; happy Abenaide! Her royal father then gave a beck, and she instantly vanished; while her absence seemed to cast a shade throughout the room.

The monarch then, deeply musing, and heavily sighing, began:—I am now, my dearest friends, friends beloved above the world and all that it contains, I am now to open to you my inmost heart, and to reveal a purpose whereon I have been ruminating these many months, but could not hit on an expedient for bringing it to pass. How opportunely has our Jesus sent you to us on this occasion! I have but two children living; my Abenaide, and a son, by a former woman of my seraglio. His name is Abencorrage; he is a youth renowned in the field, but of a proud and impetuous demeanour. He had long conceived an illicit passion for his young and lovely sister. At length the fire broke forth, and he lately attempted her honour. I would instantly have put him to death, had I any other heir to succeed to my dominions. I therefore contented myself with banishing him my court and my presence, though I am sensible that this has not availed for the extinguishing his horrid flame.

Now, my friends, should I die, or should this violent boy break into rebellion, for he is the favourite of the soldiery, I tremble to think what would become of my bright-eyed dove, within the talons of such a vulture.

This, together with my eager desire of quitting a kingdom of in-



fidels, and of joining with the blessed society of holy saints, has, after some struggles, determined me to abdicate my throne, as soon as I can amass and transmit a fund sufficient for supporting my Eloisa and myself, with becoming dignity, in her native country.

Ah, my lord, I cried, clasping him passionately in my arms, regard not your treasures, delay not a moment for that ! Your Eloisa's relations, both by father and mother, are possessed of princely fortunes, and they will all be freely at the disposal of your majesty.

Ah, my D'Aubigny, said he, I am not yet so duly mortified a Christian as needlessly to descend at once from the king to the beggar. I have however been preparing: I have already converted a large part of my effects into bills and jewels, of high value but light portage, to the amount, as I think, of about twenty millions of French money ; this I will transmit by you ; and as soon as I shall have compassed an equal sum, I will stay no longer in Africa ; I will fly to your bosoms, my precious friends.

In the mean time, this violent boy gives no rest to my apprehensions. It is therefore necessary that I commit my Abenaide to your trust. It is necessary, I say, that I tear away my choicest limb, the dearest part of my vitals. Support me, Christ, in the trial ; but it must be gone through. This, however, must be done with all possible privacy. I am persuaded that my young villain has spies in and about my palace. I shall therefore request my dear aunt, to disguise my little girl in boy's apparel, and to blacken every part of her visible complexion, that she may pass unnoticed, as your page, through the midst of my attendants ; as also that it may prove, during the travels of my darling, a preservative against any further attempt tending to violation.

At length the time approached for my departure ; but how to part was the question. All attendants were ordered to avoid the presence far away. Our metamorphosed Abenaide stood weeping beside us, while her father and mother pressed us successively to their bosoms. All was passion, a gush of tears, but not a word was uttered on any part.

O, my D'Aubigny, cried the emperor at length, friend, brother of my heart, can you conceive what I feel at this instant ? I regard not the world, nor the things of the world. Omit such necessary accommodations as are common to us with brutes ; and all belonging to the immortal and divine humanity of man, is magnetism, is fellowship ; the feeling as of steel to the magnet, and of the magnet to steel. There is the friendship, the endearment, the love surpassing all other

enjoyment. If we meet again, my D'Aubigny, I shall anticipate my heaven!

Again he embraced his little angel, and again he embraced his queen, and besought her to be comforted. We then took leave, and again they called us back, and embraced and took leave again; till, seeing no end, I suddenly broke away, hurrying with us our Abenaide for fear of observation. I forgot however to tell you, that the day before our departure, the royal Abenamin had enjoined me to set apart ten millions of livres, for the portion of his child, in case she should be married to any prince or potentate; requesting me, at the same time, not to put any constraint on the inclinations of his lamb.

I have little further to say, my brother. We arrived safe at Paris, where we received your letter; and impatient to make you happy, I dispatched my Fanny with your Abenaide before me; enjoining them, however, not to reveal our secret till my arrival. For as I had charged myself with the loss of your Eloisa, I deemed myself best entitled to make you reparation in person. But I ought not to omit, that, before I left Paris, I received a letter from the emperor, so that we may speedily look to have the royal pair in England.

Soon after a post-chaise whirled into the court, and Lord Moreland flying out, caught Clement and Arabella into his strict embrace. He then hurried them in, where Mr. Clinton received and caressed, and introduced them to the duke and dutchess, as persons of great merit, and his highly valued friends. He then presented to them his Abenaide, who saluted Clement, and embraced Arabella with an affectionate familiarity.

O, sir, cried our hero, kissing his uncle's hand, am I to be the last person in the world whom you will honour with a salute from your bewitching daughter?—I ask your pardon, my lord, said Mr. Clinton solemnly; allow me then at length to repair my omission, by presenting to your lordship her little highness Abenaide.

Just then a footman entered: My lord, says he, to Harry, here are three carriages and several horsemen waiting without the gate; they inquire for one Mr. Fenton, who, they say, lives with the Earl of Moreland, but I assured them there was no such person in the house.—O, sir, said Lord Moreland, these are our old friends, the Fieldings; and out he flew. As he approached the carriages, the company gave a shout of joy.—Why, sir, said Mr. Fielding, a servant denied you to us, and said that no one of the name of Fenton lived here.—O, says his lordship, heed him not; he is but a new comer. He then opened the doors of the carriages, and handed and kissed them in turn as

they came out, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, the reverend Mr. Catharines and his Phœbe, and Ned and his blooming bride.

Mr. Clinton received them at the door, with the joy of his heart apparent in his countenance. He then introduced them to his most noble brother and sister, to his friend Meekly, and lastly he presented his Abenaide to them, on whom they all gazed in mute astonishment. Pray, sir, said Mr. Fielding, whisperingly to Mr. Clinton, is the Earl of Moreland in company?—That is he, sir, pointing to Harry.—O then, cried Fielding, he is titled below his merits; it was for an emperor that nature intended him.

Dinner was then served.—During the repast the duke said, Let us not, my brother, keep our Harry in pain: why should we delay the happiness of children so dear to us? With regard to your child's marriage to some mighty prince, as her father hinted, I think her more ennobled by her marriage with our hero here, than if she were mated to the greatest potentate on earth.—You must excuse me, my noble brother, said Mr. Clinton, I will have no clandestine doings in this business. My girl shall be married in the face and witnessing of thousands. What day of the week is this? Thursday, I think; let Monday se'night be the day.—Lord Moreland rose, pressed and kissed the hand of the duke with rapture, and then kissed the hand of his uncle in silent submission. They kept the Fieldings with them for three days. But the earl would not part with his Clement, nor Abenaide with Arabella, till the marriage should be over.

At length the auspicious morning rose; the beauteous pair wanted no ornament to set them off. Lord Moreland was dressed in a suit of the finest white cloth, of the manufacture of his native country, lightly embroidered with gold. The princess was habited after the Persian fashion, in a vest of silver silk. Our hero, coming forth, beheld her, just issuing from her anti-chamber. He stepped back, as she advanced, and fixed his eyes upon her in mute astonishment; then lifted his hands toward heaven, and cried, O, may every day rise, like this, on my soul-enrapturing Abenaide, encircling her with friendship, love, and joy!

Arabella attended her royal friend, and Clement his noble pupil, just as Longfield entered to give an account of his expedition. But he had scarce begun his detail, when, catching the image that had long since made an impression on his heart, he started and turned pale, and breaking off, he cried, Bless me, my lord! Mrs. Clement, I think!—Yes, Longfield, said the earl, and there too is your old and fast friend Hammel Clement.—Clement would not have known Long-



field in his genteel plight, but hearing his name, and recollecting him at a glance, he flew and seized him with a strenuous embrace. Arabella then advanced to welcome her old friend; but poor Longfield respectfully bowed and shrunk back.

You shall not escape me so, my dear Mr. Longfield, says she; I cannot forget what I owe you, even my life and reputation; and I bless the Father of mercies, who has put it in our power to pay part of our debt; and, so saying, she embraced him with freedom and cordiality.—Yes, my dear Longfield, cried Hammel, yours is the half of our fortunes, and more than half of our hearts.—Your heart, sir, said Longfield, will ever be most valuable; but as to any thing additional, the bounty of my young master has rendered all further fortune quite superfluous to me.

Longfield then beckoned his lord forth, that he might relate to his eye, rather than to his ear, the success of his commission. They hastened to a long barn, where he shewed Harry two ranges of beautiful children, one of a hundred chosen girls, another of a hundred chosen boys, all dressed in a clean and neat uniform. Harry walked between the ranks, his heart exulting in the sense of its own divine humanity. Then embracing his agent, Yes, my Longfield, he cried, these shall be indeed my children, and I will prove a true and affectionate father to them; but let us hasten to bestow upon them a tender mother too.

He flew back as a glimpse of lightning, and seizing the hand of his bride, Will you pardon me, my beloved, says he, some matters that have happened before our union? I have collected all the children I ever had before marriage. I scorn any thing that is clandestine. They wait for your inspection; and I hope that you will not prove a hard step-mother to them.—You are a rogue, says she, smiling; but come along, and so saying away they tripped.

The princess walked, with a silent and musing attention, up and down the ranges. Her heart grew strongly affected, and taking out her handkerchief, she wiped away the dropping tear. And has my lord, says she, to Longfield, has he indeed taken upon him to be a father to all this pretty host of little ones?—He has, so please your highness, says Longfield, and has accordingly clothed and provided for them.—O, she cried, under the Father which is in Heaven, he is the dearest and sweetest father that ever was upon earth! So exclaiming, she flew to her Harry, and notwithstanding her late coyness, threw her arms about his neck, and hiding her face in his bosom, vented her passion in tears.

On their return, they perceived Mr. Clinton, the duke, and dutchess, all standing at the great folding door, and, flying up the marble steps, they both bent the knee, and received the joint blessings and successive caresses of their three exulting parents.

High as my impatience justly is, said Lord Moreland, to take possession of the happiness before me, I thought it my duty to do the business of my Master first. I have been shewing to Abenaide her family; I have been shewing my children their heavenly mother.

The procession then set out for the parish church, in this order. First, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Meekly moved away in Mr. Clinton's coach. The family of the Fieldings then followed. Next went Clement and his Arabella, in their post chaise. The duke and dutchess then succeeded. Last advanced the princess's four faithful Moors, mounted on fiery coursers. And last of all came our hero and his Abenaide, in an open phæton. Never will any sight more glorious be exhibited, till the heavenly Jerusalem shall descend upon earth.

The crowd, however, extended wide and far beyond the cavalcade. They bowed respectfully to Mr. Clinton, the duke, &c. as they passed; but as soon as they got a glimpse of the carriage of their young lord, their acclamations became almost insufferable to the ear, like the shouts of a Persian army at the rising of the sun.

Slow as Lord Moreland moved, the multitude strove to retard him, by throwing themselves in the way, that they might satiate their eyes. Bended knees and lifted hands, prayers, blessings, and exclamations, were heard and seen on all sides; and all the way as they went thousands upon thousands shouted the hymeneal of the happy pair.



IN the original Edition of this work the *Author* has here and there interspersed Dialogues between Himself and his Friend. The *Editor*, (J. W.) conceiving them to be superfluous, has altogether omitted them. A few, however, are now introduced; which, it is hoped, will instruct as well as amuse the Reader.

See page 19.

**FRIEND.** Hobgoblin.—In good time—nothing amazes me, so much, as the terrifying apprehensions that the world, from the beginning, has universally entertained of ghosts and spectres.

**AUTHOR.** Do you fear them?

**FR.** No—I can't say—not much—something of this formerly. I should not like, even now, to lie alone in a remote chamber of a ruinous castle said to be haunted, and have my curtains, at midnight, opened suddenly upon me by a death's-head and bloody-bones. All nonsense, I know it; the early prejudices of a dastardly fancy—I fear, while I am convinced there is nothing to be feared.—Do you think there is any such thing in nature as a spirit?

**AUT.** I know not that there is any such thing, in nature as matter.

**FR.** Not know there is any such thing as matter?—You love to puzzle—to throw lets into the road of common sense.—What else do you know? From what else can you form any kind of idea?

**AUT.** The room is warm enough, more heat is needless.—I know that thoughts and conceptions are raised in my mind; but, how they are raised, or that they are adequate images of things supposed to be represented, I know not. What if this something, or this nothing, called matter, should be a shadow, a vacuum, in respect of spirit, wholly resistless to it and pervadeable by it? Or what if it be no other than a various manifestation of the several good and evil qualities of spirit? If one infinite Spirit, as is said, fills the universe, all other existence must be but as the space wherein he essentially abides and exists; indeed, they could not be produced, or continued for a moment, but by his existing, omnipotently, indivisibly, entirely, in and throughout every part.

**FR.** This is new, very new—but I will not batter my brains against your castle.—According to your thesis, when a man is apprehensive of a spirit or spectre, it is not of shadows but of substances that he is afraid.

**AUT.** Certainly; his principal apprehension arises from his believing it more sufficient, more powerful, and more formidable, than himself.\*



FR. Excuse me, there are more tremendous reasons. On the supposition of an engagement, those sort of invisible gentry have many advantages over us. They give a man no manner of fair play. They have you here, and have you there, and your best watch and ward is no better than fencing against an invisible flail.—But, seriously, do you think we have any innate fears of these matters?

AUT. All our fears arise from the sense of our own weakness, and of the power and inclination that others may have to hurt us.

FR. If our horror of apparitions is not innate, how comes it to pass, that soldiers; that general officers, who dare all other danger; that heroes, who, like Brutus, have given death to themselves, or who have been led to execution without a changing cheek; have yet dreaded to lie alone, or to be left in the dark?

AUT. We all see that a spirit has vast power. Nothing else in truth can have any power at all. We perceive, by ourselves and others, with what ease it can act upon what we call matter; how it moves, how it lifts it. Perhaps, were our spirits detached from this distempered prison, to which the degeneracy of our fallen nature has confined them, they might more easily whirl a mountain through the atmosphere, than they can now cast a pebble into the air. The consideration of this power, when joined to malevolence, as is generally the case, becomes very tremendous. The stories told by nurses and gossips about a winter's fire, when the young auditors crouch closer and closer together, and dare not look about for fear of what may be behind them, leave impressions that no subsequent reason or religion can efface. The ideas of an apparition, on these occasions, are connected with all the horror, of which infant imaginations can be susceptible; fangs, horns, a threatening mien, saucer eyes, a flaming breath, and a deadly aspect. When children are told of fairies, who carry off people to dwell with them under ground, and of evil spirits who snatch away soul and body, together, to be their associates in regions of darkness and woe, the fear of such evils greatly surpasses those of death, as it weds misery to existence beyond the grave.—On the contrary side. Had spirits been originally represented to infants as beings of an amiable appearance, and as guardians benevolent and beneficent to man; had they further deigned to visit us under such representations, and, had we experienced the advantage of their instructions and good offices; we should have met them with transport, and have parted with regret.

FR. I observe that, as our female antiquarians drop off, our faith in spectres perceptibly decays. We have not the fiftieth story either

propagated or believed, that was credited as gospel when I was a boy. What think you, is it for, or against religion, that such fables should get footing among mankind?

AUT. I never could think it for the interest of religion that the providence of God should be elbowed, as it were, quite out of the world by a system of dæmonism. On the other hand, I take the Devil to be a personage of much more prudence than to frighten his favourites from him by assuming such horrid and disgusting appearances. He rather chuses to lurk behind temptation, in the allurements of beauty, the deceitfulness of smiles, the glozing of compliments, in revel and banquetting, in titles and honours, in the glitter of ornament, and in the pomp of state. When God sends his spirits on messages to man, there is a meaning of importance in the errand. Such was that of his angel to Manoah for the delivery of a people; and to Zacharias and the blessed Virgin for the redemption of human kind. But, when the Devil is said to send his emissaries throughout the earth, on what errand does this arch-politician employ them? Even such as could suit no other than a dunce or a driveller. I never yet heard of one of these missions that could be construed to any intention of cunning or common sense. I therefore hold the legends of his ghostly visitation to be altogether apocryphal.

FR. Every man of common sense must be of the same opinion. And yet, have you known any person wholly free from such prejudices, who made no distinction, on this fantastical article, between darkness and mid-day, between a lonely charnel house, and a full assembly?

AUT. I have; but they were men of exceeding strong nerves; as also of exceeding clear or exceeding callous consciences, which, coming from opposite points, equally met for the same purpose on this occasion.

Two travellers, the one a man of piety, the other a profligate, met at a country inn just as night came upon them. It was Halontide-eve; the season, in those days, wherein the devils were said to keep high carnival, and when all the inhabitants of the visionary regions were supposed to revel and range throughout the earth at pleasure.

For want of better company our travellers made up an acquaintance, and further cemented it by a jug of good liquor. The night was dark. The girls of the house had new washed their smocks, to be hung to the fire, and turned by the ghostly resemblances of their sweethearts; and the conversation, in the kitchen, ran on many an authentic narrative of spectres, and, particularly, on the man in gib-

bets who hung by the road, and who was reported, between twelve and one at midnight, to descend from the gallows, and take just three turns about the old barn.

Do you believe any of this droll stuff? said the profligate.—I know not what to think, answered his pious companion, I find all the world in the same story, and yet, as the saying is, I never saw any thing more frightful than myself.—As for my share, said the profligate, I think I shouldn't fear the great Devil himself; and indeed I should be glad to have a little chat with the old gentleman.—Stout as you are, rejoined his companion, I will lay you a bet of five crowns that you dare not warm a porringer of broth, and go, and offer it without there, to the man in gibbets. I will depend on your honour for performance of articles.—'Tis done, cried the other. The betts were produced, and respectively deposited in the hands of my landlady.

Our pious traveller, who now began to be alarmed for his wager, stole sliely out, while his companion was busied in heating the broth. He made up to the place where the deceased malefactor was taking the fresh air. The gallows was low, and, by the advantage of a bank behind and his own agility, he leaped up, and fastened his arms about the shoulders of the corpse, so that they both appeared but as one body.

He had just fixed himself to his mind, when up comes his companion with the porringer and a stool. He directly mounted the stool, and, reaching up a spoonful of broth to the mouth of the dead, with a firm and bold voice he cried, Sup, man! why don't you sup?

Scarce had these words been uttered, when, fearful to hear! with a tone deep as hell, and dismal as the grave, the man in gibbets replied—It i—is too ho—t. And d—n you, why don't you blow it then? rejoined the other.

FR. My nerves will not admit of this for fact. The tale indeed is good, though such an instance of intrepidity in any mortal may be disputable.

---

See page 46.

FRIEND. Sir, your hero is indeed a hero; he must be every body's hero.

AUTHOR. Sir, you do him vast honour; and I should be proud of your further instructions towards his supporting the dignity of the character you give him. Pray, what are the ingredient qualities of which a hero is compounded? what idea have you formed of such a personage? Tell me, I beseech you, what is a hero, my good friend.



FR. Pshaw!—what a question—every fool knows that.—A hero is—as though one should say—a man of high achievement—who performs famous exploits—who does things that are heroic—and in all his actions and demeanour is a hero indeed.—Why do you laugh—I will give you the instances approved throughout the world; recorded and duly celebrated by poets, painters, sculptors, statuary, and historians.—There was the Assyrian Ninus, the Sesostris of Egypt, the Cyrus of Persia, the Alexander of Greece, the Cæsar of Rome, and, partly in our own days, there was the Condé of France, the Charles of Sweden, and Persia's Kouli Kan.—What the plague does the fellow laugh at?

AUT. I am laughing to think what a blockhead Themistocles was. Being asked whom he considered as the greatest of heroes; Not him who conquers, but who saves, replied Themistocles; not the man who ruins, but the man who erects; who of a village can make a city, or turn a despicable people into a great nation.

FR. According to your notion of heroism, that boor and barbarian, Peter Alexiowitz of Russia, was the greatest hero that ever lived.

AUT. True, my friend; for, of a numerous people, he disembruted every one, except himself. But then, in all equity, he ought to divide his glory with Kate the washerwoman, who humanized the man that humanized a nation.

FR. Whom do you take to have been the greatest hero of antiquity.

AUT. Lycurgus, without comparison, the greatest of heroes and the greatest of legislators. In those very early days, the people of Lacedæmon were extremely rude and ignorant; they acknowledged no laws save the dictates of their own will, or the will of their rulers. Lycurgus might have assumed the sceptre, but his ambition aspired to a much more elevated and durable dominion, over the souls, manners, and conduct, of this people and their posterity. He framed a body of the most extraordinary institutions that ever entered into the heart or head of man. Next to those of our DIVINE LEGISLATOR, they were intended to form a new creature. He prevailed upon the rich to make an equal distribution of their lands with the poor. He prohibited the use of all such money as was current among other nations, and thereby prohibited the importation of the means and materials of pomp and luxury. He enjoined them to feed, in common, on simple and frugal fare. He forbid all gorgeousness of furniture and apparel. In short, he endeavoured to suppress every sen-

sual and selfish desire, by injunctions of daily exercise, toil, and hardship, a patient endurance of pain, and a noble contempt of death. At length, feigning some occasion of being abroad for a season, he exacted an oath from the Lacedæmonians, that they should strictly observe his laws, without the smallest infringement, till his return. Thus, for the love of his country, he went into perpetual banishment from it. And he took measures at his death, that his body should never be found, lest it should be carried back to Sparta, and give his countrymen a colour for dissolving their oath.

FR. Tell me, I pray you; why has the world, through all ages and nations, universally ascribed heroism and glory to conquest?

AUT. Through the respect, as I take it, that they have for power. Man is by nature weak; he is born in and to a state of dependence; he therefore naturally seeks and looks about for help; and, where he observes the greatest power, it is there that he applies and prays for protection. Now, though this power should be exerted to his damage, instead of defence, it makes no alteration in his reverence for it; he bows while he trembles, and while he detests he worships. In the present case, it is with man, as it is with God; he is not so awful and striking, he is not so much attended to, in the sunshine and gentle dews of his providence and benignity, as in his lightnings and thunders, his clouds and his tempests.

Hero, heros, and *ἥρος*, in the three languages, signify a demigod, or one who is superior to mere man. But, how can this superiority or distinction be shewn? The serene acts of beneficence, the small and still voice of goodness, are neither accompanied by noise nor ostentation. It is uproar and tumult, rather the tumbling of sacked cities, the shrieks of ravished matrons, and the groans of dying nations, that fill the trump of fame. Men of power and ambition find distinction and glory, very readily, attainable in this way; as it is incomparably more easy to destroy than to create, to give death than to give life, to pull down than to build up, to bring devastation and misery rather than plenty and peace and prosperity upon earth.

FR. Were not mankind, in this instance, as blind to their own interests, as they were iniquitous in giving glory where shame alone was due?

AUT. In so doing, they proved at once the dupes and the victims of their own folly. Praise a child for his genius in pranks of mischief and malevolence, and you quicken him in the direct road to the gallows. It is just so that this wise world has bred up its heroic reprobates, by ascribing honour and acclamation to deeds that called

loudly for infamy and the gibbet; for the world was an ass from its very commencement, and it will continue a dunderhead to the end.

From the beginning of things (a long time ago) the joint invention of mankind has discovered but two methods of procuring sustenance on earth; the first by the labour of their own hands, the second by employing the hands of others.

All therefore are excluded, or at least ought to be excluded, from such a world, who refuse to labour, or, what is still worse, who disturb and prevent the labour of others.

Among those who will not labour, we may number all who have the happiness of being born to no manner of end, such as the Monks of every country, the Dervises of Persia, the Bramins of India, the Mandarins of China, and the Gentlemen of these free and polished nations.

These have nothing to do, but to sleep it, to wake it; to eat it, to drink it; to dance it, to doze it; to riot it, to roar it; and to rejoice in the happy earnest which this world has given them of the jollities of the next.

Among those who disturb the labour of others, I reckon all your rascally Alexanders and Cæsars, whether ancient or modern, who, in their fits of frenzy and folly, scamper about, breaking the lanterns and beating the watch of this world, to the great amazement of women and terror of little children; and who seem to think that heaven gave noses and heads, for no end in nature but to be blooded and cracked. In short, I have no patience when I hear talk of these fellows.

---

See page 131.

FRIEND. Your story of Clement, my friend, is truly interesting, and in some passages may be edifying also. I have only to observe, that it is too long for an episode, and that the character of your heroine milliner is constrained and unnatural; it is elevated above the fortitude and virtues of man himself, but quite out of the sight and soaring of any of her weak and silly sex. Had she been a princess, an empress, she could not have figured, in your history, with greater dignity.

AUTHOR. There lay my error, sir; unhappily, I did not reflect that royalty or station were necessary to christian resignation and lowliness of temper.

FR. Your drollery is more provoking than argumentative, I must tell you, sir. I was not speaking of the lowliness, but of the forti-



tude of your Arabella; indeed it exceeds every thing that I have met in romance. Such an exaltation of female character is of evil influence among the sex; each woman will be apt to arrogate some of the merit to herself; their vanity will be inflated, and they will rise, on the stilts of Arabella, to a presumptuous level with their natural lords and masters. Women, unquestionably, have their becoming qualities; in the bedchamber, kitchen, and nursery, they are useful to man; but beyond these, my friend, they are quite out of the element of nature and common sense.

AUT. I have sadly mistaken this whole affair, it seems; I actually apprehended that woman might be admitted as a companion to man, and was intended, occasionally, to soften his temper and polish his manners. They have, at times, formed governors, legislators, and heroes. The great Pericles derived all the powers of his oratory, and the elegance of his taste, from the example and instructions of the lovely Aspasia; and the Gracchi also caught the spirit of their eloquence, and the fire of their patriotism, from their mother Cornelia.

FR. Pshaw, the women you have mentioned were, but as single luminaries, perhaps one in many centuries, who shot away and shone out of their appointed spheres.

AUT. Mayhap, I can produce still better authority to prove to you, my friend, that woman was not merely intended to form and instruct us, to soften and polish the rudeness of our mass; she was also appointed to native empire and dominion over man.

FR. By all means, my dear sir; I am quite impatient to be instructed in the policies and constitution of this your petticoat government.

AUT. Whenever you shall be pleased to turn over to the third chapter of the first book of the prophet Esdras, you will there find it written to the following purpose.

In the reign of Darius Hystaspes, successor to the Grand Cyrus, (whom you may have read of in romance,) Darius made a great feast to all his princes and nobles, chief captains, and governors of his hundred and twenty-seven provinces.

And at the feast, three young and princely geniuses arose, and offered to dispute for pre-eminence before the great assembly. And the question turned on, What was STRONGEST? And the first said, WINE is strongest; and the second said, The KING is strongest; and the third said, WOMAN is strongest. And then the advocate for the bottle thus began:

O ye princes! bear me testimony, that wine gives and takes away

according to its mightiness. It takes away the strength and capacities of nature, and gives powers, virtues, and talents, of its own acquiring.

It trips up the wrestler, and lays a giant low; and bears the feeble and the fearful into the midst of the battle.

Wine is an opener of hearts, and a revealer of secrets. It raises hope into certainty, and gives jollity and enjoyment in exchange for care.

It unfolds the purse of the usurer, and enriches the needy; and frees the prisoner from his chain, and the debtor from his obligation.

It levels the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the king and the clown, to one temper and condition. It can set companions, friends, and brothers, at variance; and cause rivals, competitors, and enemies, to embrace.

Wine enlarges the narrow heart, and thaws the frozen understanding; it instructs the ignorant in arts, and to the silent and illiterate gives phrase and elocution.

It can elevate the peasant from a cottage to a throne; for he who is drunk is as great as an emperor.

O ye princes! what in nature can be stronger than that, by which all the powers of nature are inverted or surpassed?

And having so spoken, he held his peace.

Then arose the advocate for kingly dominion, and waving his hand, thus addressed the assembly:

O princes! how short and sickly is the influence of wine! it passes away as a vapour at the dawning; we recollect it with disgust, or remember nothing thereof. But all power, that is stable or durable, subsists in majesty.

The king is but one man among a hundred and twenty-seven nations of men; yet he overseeth, connects, and governs, the whole. His are the honours, counsels, and strength, of all his people.

The sun, who from on high looketh down on the wide world, beholdeth not at once the extent of our king's dominion. He must travel for the prospect through the blue expanse of heaven, and leave the western nations involved in night, when his beam begins to rise on their fellow-subjects in the orient.

For the king they plow and they sow, they reap and plant vineyards. For him the stars shine and shed influences upon earth, and the seasons change to yield our monarch variety of productions. For him the fruits ripen, the shrubs drop their balm, and the blossoms breathe their odours; all winds blow incense to him, and the four quarters of the world pay him tribute day by day.

If he bids to build, they build; and if he bids to lay waste, the nations are made desolate. Bliss and bane, life and death, ruin and restoration, are in the breath of his lips.

If he cries, War! it is war; the banners of blood are let loose to the wind, and the sound of the clarion kindles all men to battle. His hosts clothe themselves in harness, and range in terrible array; and his horses begin to neigh and tear up the ground, and his chariots to roll as distant thunders. They move and cover the earth wide as the eye can reach. The forests are laid flat, the mountains shake beneath them, and neither the rocks nor rivers impede the march of his armies. They trample into dust the fruits of the field, and the labours of the industrious; houses, vineyards, and standing-corn, the villages and towns, smoke and flame on every side.

Yet none ask the king, Wherefore is peace, or wherefore is war? for he stands exalted on ruin, and is glorified in destruction; his word is the bolt of irresistible power, and his will makes the appointment and sanctitude of law.

And having so said, he sat down amid the applauses of the whole assembly.

Lastly, slow and bashful, arose the young advocate for the FAIR, and bowing thrice around, let his words go forth as the breathing of soft music.

Great, O princes! great is the strength of WINE, and much greater the strength and glory of MAJESTY. But yet there is a POWER, that tempers and moderates, to which rulers themselves pay delightful obedience.

Man is as the rough and crude element of earth, unmollified by the fluidity of water and light. Heaven therefore sent WOMAN, gentle, bright, and beauteous woman, to sooth, form, and illumine the rudeness of his mass.

She comes upon man, in the meekness of water, and in the brightness of the morning beam; she imperceptibly infuses love and delight into him, and bids his affections go forth upon kindred and country.

The planter who planted the vineyard, and the vintner who pressed the grape, were born of woman; and by woman alone the subject and the sovereign receive existence, with all that can make existence advantageous or desirable.

She brings man forth in his weakness, and she brings him up to his strength; he is fostered in her bosom, he is nourished with her substance, and he imbibes into his being the sweetness of humanity with the milk of his mother.



Without woman, where would be father, or where would be child? where the relations, endearments, and connections, of kindred, the charities that bind the wide world together into one inclusive family, the great BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

She comes not against you in the hostility of weapons, or fearfulness of power. She comes in the comfort and mild light of beauty; she looks abashed, and takes you captive; she trembles, and you obey. Yet her's is the surest of all signories on earth; for her dominion is sweet, and our subjection is voluntary, and a freedom from her yoke is what no man could bear.

There are no forms of human government that can exempt us from her sway, no system of laws that can exclude her authority. Do we not study, toil, and sweat, and go forth in the darkness, and put our face to every danger, to win and bring home treasure and ornaments to our love? Even the robbers and savage spoilers of mankind grow tame to the civilizing prerogative of beauty.

If men seek peace, it is to live in kindly society with woman; and if they seek war, it is to please her with the report and renown of their valour.

Even the highest and mightiest, the lord of lords, and king of kings, is caught in the fascinating net of his Apame. I saw her seated by his side; she took the crown from his head, and gave it new lustre by the beauty of her brow and the brightness of her tresses. I saw her chide him in her playfulness, and strike him in her petulance; yet he pressed the hand of her pleasing presumption to his lips; he gazed fondly and fixedly on her; if she laughed, he laughed also; but if she affected displeasure, he spoke and looked submission, and was fain to plead and sue for reconciliation.

Here ended the blooming orator. The monarch rose from his throne and gave loud applause, and the roofs resounded with the shouts and acclamations of the assembly.

Wherefore it was decreed, "by the laws of the Medes and Persians," that female beauty ought to govern the world in meekness, and that men owed thereunto a voluntary obedience.

FR. Pray, my good Sir, this same Esdras, is it among the canonical books?

AUT. I cannot affirm that it is. But it is held as authentic, and very sacred, I assure you.

FR. It is a pity that your system of female government should be apocryphal. But, since you have not proved their dominion to be *jure divino*, permit me to retain my faith, and to go on with my story.

See page 150.

FRIEND. Apropos', to your turning a Lord into a Gentleman: When your hero gave that just, though over haughty reproof, to the insolence and petulance of the gay stranger, had he not a clear conception of the character of your true Gentleman?

AUTHOR. If he had not a positive, yet you see he had a negative apprehension of the matter. If he could not say what it was to be —yet he could tell you what it was, not to be a Gentleman. And he clearly perceived that neither finery, grandeur of equipage, title, wealth, superior airs, affectation of generosity, neither a mischief-making temper, nor a taking delight in the broils, conflicts, passions, and pains, of others, were any constituent qualities in this venerable character.

FR. I beseech you then, at this interval, to satisfy my impatience, and to make good your promise, that you would give me a detail of the qualities that entitle a man to this supreme of denominations.

AUT. That perhaps may be done, with better effect to the understanding as well as the heart, by instancing and exemplifying, rather than defining.

It has already been intimated, that Hector was the finest Gentleman of whom we read in history, and Don Quixote the finest Gentleman we read of in romance; as was instanced from the tenor of their principles and actions.

As Aristotle and the Critics derived their rules, for epic poetry and the sublime, from a poem which Homer had written long before the rules were formed, or laws established for the purpose: Thus, from the demeanour and innate principles of particular Gentlemen, art has borrowed and instituted the many modes of behaviour, which the world has adopted, under the title of good-manners.

One quality of a Gentleman is that of charity to the poor; and this is delicately instanced in the account which Don Quixote gives, to his fast friend Sancho Pansa, of the valorous but yet more pious knight-errant Saint Martin.

On a day, said the Don, Saint Martin met a poor man half naked, and taking his cloke from his shoulders, he divided and gave him the one half. Now, tell me at what time of the year this happened?—Was I a witness? quoth Sancho; how the vengeance should I know in what year, or what time of the year, it happened?—Hadst thou, Sancho, rejoined the knight, any thing within thee of the sentiment of Saint Martin, thou must assuredly have known that this happened in winter; for had it been summer, Saint Martin would have given the whole cloke.

Another characteristic of the true Gentleman, is a delicacy of behaviour toward that sex whom nature has entitled to the protection, and consequently entitled to the tenderness, of man.

Two very lovely but shamefaced girls had a cause, of some consequence, depending at Westminster, that indispensably required their personal appearance. They were relations of Sir Joseph Jeckel, and, on this tremendous occasion, requested his company and countenance at the court. Sir Joseph attended accordingly; and the cause being opened, the judge demanded whether he was to entitle those ladies by the denomination of spinsters?—No, my lord, said Sir Joseph; they are lilies of the valley, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet you see that no monarch, in all his glory, was ever arrayed like one of these.

Another very peculiar characteristic of a Gentleman, is, the giving place and yielding to all with whom he has to do.

Of this we have a shining and affecting instance in Abraham, perhaps the most accomplished character that may be found in history, whether sacred or profane.

A contention had arisen between the herdsmen of Abraham and the herdsmen of his nephew Lot, respecting the propriety of the pasture of the lands wherein they dwelled, that could now scarce contain the abundance of their cattle. And those servants, as is universally the case, had, respectively, endeavoured to kindle and inflame their masters with their own passions.

When Abraham, in consequence of this, perceived that the countenance of Lot began to change toward him, he called, and generously expostulated with him as followeth:

“Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, or between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we be brethren. If it be thy desire to separate thyself from me, is not the whole land before thee? If thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.”

Another capital quality of the true Gentlemen is, that of feeling himself concerned and interested in others. Never was there so benevolent, so affecting, so pathetic, a piece of oratory exhibited upon earth, as that of Abraham's pleading with God for averting the judgments that then impended over Sodom. But the matter is already so generally celebrated, that I am constrained to refer my reader to the passage at full; since the smallest abridgment must deduct from



its beauties, and that nothing can be added to the excellencies thereof.

Honour, again, is said, in scripture, peculiarly to distinguish the character of a Gentleman; where it is written of Sechem, the son of Hamor, "that he was more honourable than all the house of his father."

This young prince, giving way to the violence of his passion, had dishonourably deflowered Dinah the daughter of Jacob. But his affections and soul cleaved to the party whom he had injured. He set no limit to his offers for repairing the wrong. Ask me, he said to her kindred, "ask me never so much dowry and gift, and I will give according as ye shall say unto me: but give me the damsel to wife."

From hence it may be inferred, that human excellence, or human amiableness, doth not so much consist in a freedom from frailty, as in our recovery from lapses, our detestation of our own transgressions, and our desire of atoning, by all possible means, the injuries we have done, and the offences we have given. Herein therefore may consist the very singular distinction which the great apostle makes, between his estimation of a just and of a good man. "For a just or righteous man," says he, "one would grudge to die; but for a good man one would even dare to die." Here the just man is supposed to adhere strictly to the rule of right or equity, and to exact from others the same measure that he is satisfied to mete; but the good man, though occasionally he may fall short of justice, has, properly speaking, no measure to his benevolence, his general propensity is to give more than the due. The just man condemns and is desirous of punishing the transgressors of the line prescribed to himself; but the good man, in the sense of his own falls and failings, gives latitude, indulgence, and pardon, to others; he judges, he condemns no one, save himself. The just man is a stream that deviates not, to the right or left, from its appointed channel, neither is swelled by the flood of passion above its banks; but the heart of the good man, the man of honour, the Gentleman, is as a lamp lighted by the breath of God, and none, save God himself, can set limits to the efflux or irradiations thereof.

Again, the Gentleman never envies any superior excellence, but grows himself more excellent, by being the admirer, promoter, and lover thereof.

Saul said to his son Jonathan, "Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon

"the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdoms; wherefore send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die."—Here every interesting motive, that can possibly be conceived to have an influence on man, united to urge Jonathan to the destruction of David; he would thereby have obeyed his king, and pacified a father who was enraged against him. He would thereby have removed the only luminary that, then, eclipsed the brightness of his own achievements. And he saw, as his father said, that the death of David, alone, could establish the kingdom in himself and his posterity. But all those considerations were of no avail to make Jonathan swerve from honour, to slacken the bands of his faith, or cool the warmth of his friendship. O Jonathan! the sacrifice which thou then madest to virtue was, incomparably, more illustrious in the sight of God and his angels, than all the subsequent glories to which David attained. What a crown was thine, "Jonathan, when thou wast slain in thine high places!"

Saul of Tharsus had been a man of bigotry, blood, and violence; making havock, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter, against all who were not of his own sect and persuasion. But, when the spirit of that INFANT, who laid himself in the manger of human flesh, came upon him; he acquired a new heart and a new nature; and he offered himself a willing subject to all the sufferings and persecutions which he had brought upon others.

Saul, from that time, exemplified, in his own person, all those qualities of the Gentleman, which he afterwards specifies in his celebrated description of that charity, which, as he says, alone endureth for ever.

When Festus cried, with a loud voice, "Saul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad;" Saul stretched the hand, and answered, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Then Agrippa said unto Saul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Saul said, "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were not only almost, but altogether such as I am—except these bonds."

Here, with what an inimitable elegance did this man, in his own person, at once sum up the orator, the saint, and the Gentleman!

From these instances, my friend, you must have seen that the cha-

racter, or rather quality of a GENTLEMAN, does not, in any degree, depend on fashion or mode, on station or opinion; neither changes with customs, climates, or ages. But, as the Spirit of God can, alone, inspire it into man; so it is, as God is, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

FRIEND. It is a standard whereby I purpose, for the future, to measure and judge of all my acquaintance.

---

The following is from the original Edition, and comes in at the end of page 252:

“ While Harry is abroad, said Mr. Fenton, be pleased to give me a general sketch of the manner in which you disposed of your money. —In the first place, sir, answered Clement, you will find, by this list, that, for little more than the five hundred pounds allotted, we released ninety-five prisoners, whose debts amounted from forty shillings to about twelve pounds *per* man. These, in general, had been journey-men weavers, or other tradesmen; and, as they wanted means or encouragement for exercising their respective occupations in gaol, they subsisted on the pence which they got by begging at the gates, or on their dividends of occasional sums, which were sent for their relief by charitable individuals. Nearly all of them were half starved; and more than half naked, and yet they could hardly be said to excite compassion, as they appeared so cheerful and unfeeling of their own wretchedness. Neither was there one of them of whose story I could learn a single circumstance worth reciting.

“ Some, however, were of a quality much superior to this class. Among others, there were a French Marquis and a German Count: the Count had been put under arrest by his caterer, and the Marquis by his tailor; so that something less than fifty pounds set them both at liberty.

“ While the keeper of the Fleet Prison was making out a list for us of the principal debtors, Harry and I took a turn about the court, and observed two fellows, in liveries, bearing several smoking covers up the stone stairs, to a front dining-room. This surprised me, and gave me the curiosity to inquire what prisoner it could be who lived in so expensive and superb a manner. Sir, said the under keeper, there are few men now at liberty wealthier than this gentleman, who has done us the honour to set up his staff of rest in our house. His name is Sink. He is an attorney, and an old bachelor, turned of sixty years of age. He is in for several sums, amounting to upward of nine thousand pounds, and he is reputed to be worth many times that money.



“ During the last twenty years he behaved himself with the strictest probity toward all men, and with the strictest appearance of piety toward God. In the dark, in frost and snow, and all inclemencies of weather, he never missed attending morning service at church. He was equally solicitous to be at evening prayer; and, whatever company he chanced to have with him, or how important soever the business in which he was engaged, the moment he heard the bell ring, he would huddle up his papers, and break away without ceremony. He was eager in his inquiries to know where the sacrament was soonest to be administered, and he never missed receiving it, at least, once in the week. Whenever he heard any profaneness or obscenity in the streets, he would stop to reprove and expostulate with the offender. In short, he so perfectly counterfeited, or took off, as they call it, the real Christian, that many looked to see him, like Enoch or Elijah, taken alive into heaven.

“ This perpetual parade of sanctity gave him such an eclat and unmeasurable credit, that he was left trustee and executor in a multitude of wills; and numbers also deposited their substance in his hands, in order to be laid out at interest on securities, and so forth.

“ Three months since, about the dawning, as his butcher happened to pass by his door, he heard it open, and, turning, saw a number of porters come out heavy laden. This gave him a kind of suspicion. He let them all pass, and walking softly after, he stepped up to the hindmost and offered him half a crown on condition of his telling him where they were carrying those parcels. That I will, said the porter; for the secret, if such it is, is nothing to me, you know. In short, we are carrying them to the wharf, to be put on board a boat that waits to take them in.

“ The butcher said no more, but hurried away to the baker, and, as they both run to the office, they met the brewer by the way. They sued out their respective writs, and, taking a constable with them, they seized on good Mr. Sink as he was stepping into a coach and six to make the best of his way to Dover. He would have paid them their money, and discharged their actions, on the spot; but here the master in whom he trusted, happened to leave him in the lurch. As he had turned all his effects into money, and his money into paper, he had not cash about him wherewith to pay his instant creditors. So they hurried him to a sponging-house; by which means the matter was blown, and action after action came pouring in upon him, before he had time to extricate himself.

“ When he found himself thus at bay, he cast aside his disguise, and

set them all at defiance. His creditors have since offered to accept ten shillings, and some of them five shillings, in the pound; but he swears that he will never pay them a groat; for he is now as liberal of his oaths and impious execrations, as he was lately of his more impious profanation of gospel phrases. And thus he daily revels, in the sensual consumption of those wretches whom he hath so inhumanly defrauded, while hundreds of orphans and widows, and other misera-  
bles, perish for want of the sustenance, which one infernal appetite devours without remorse. Nay, several of his creditors are, at this very time, famishing in this prison, while they see him feasting so lavishly upon their spoils."

